

WOBURN JOURNAL.

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at reasonable rates.

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Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

JUVENILE TALE.

Written for the Journal.

A CHRISTMAS STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY DELIA.

Anna and Fanny were cousins. One autumn day they went to see two other girls. The two cousins felt rather timid, as they were not very well acquainted with Mary and Josephine, but they tried to make it so pleasant, that they were soon as talkative and happy as if they had known each other for years. Anna was an orphan. When her parents died, Mrs. Nelson's sister took Anna and her little sister Martha to live with her. Mr. and Mrs. Wilton, Anna's aunt and uncle, lived in the country, in the State of New York. They were people in moderate circumstances, but could well afford to take care of their sister's two only children, who were very good and amiable girls, and beloved by all who knew them. Anna's age was between ten and eleven, —Fanny was a few months younger, and little Mattie was but three.

But to continue with my story. The girls returned from their visit, and they talked of little else than of Mary and Josephine, and their baby-houses. Each of the girls had a pet, —one, a dog, the other, a lamb, which was named Mary; the dog's name was Dash, —they were little beauties, and Anna and her cousin wished that they had some kind of a pet. Time sped on till it was near Christmas, —that happy day for children, and in fact for most every one. Anna and Fanny were always perfectly delighted when this day was near, and especially they looked forward to this Christmas, for their teacher was going to give them a vacation the week before and after Christmas. They always received presents at that time and they talked about what they should do, and what they expected to have. The first thing, of course, was to run and look in their stockings, which they always hung up Christmas eve. Of that all important day they were to have some company, and expected a grand time. Christmas eve they hung up their stockings as usual, and danced off to bed, saying, "wish you merry Christmas, a happy New Year, a bag full of money, and a cellar full of cheer;" that is what a great many children say.

On that night they did not sleep much, but when they did sleep they were dreaming about St. Nicholas, who is so good to little boys and girls. The next morning, at break of day, away they ran to their stockings, and what did they see but a beautiful snow-white lamb and a cunning little dog. Each of the girls had a pretty wax doll, with light curly hair, and bright blue eyes. Mattie called her little doll Emily, after her Aunt Emily; the other girls called theirs Alice and Lucy, but they could not decide upon the names for their pets, but at last they named the lamb Snow Ball, and the dog Beauty; besides these they found several pretty dresses for their dolls, so they thought St. Nicholas had been very good to them.

All the morning they were busy dressing their dolls, as they wished them to appear in their best dresses for the party; this was all done to their minds, when they heard little Mattie crying in the entry, and they ran down stairs to see what was the matter, and what should they see but little Emily without any head. Mattie felt very unhappy, but her tears were soon dried by Anna's giving her her own doll, and a pretty shawl, shoes, and a little muff. Fanny said Anna could play with her doll. Was not this being very kind to them?

Aunt Emily had heard and seen it all. She was very glad to know they were so kind to each other, but nothing was said about it that afternoon. Soon after dinner, Anna was looking out of the window, watching for the girls that were coming that day, when she saw Uncle William coming up the road, with a bundle under his arm. She wondered what was in it, but only for a minute, and soon forgot all about it, so anxious was she for her little playmates to come. Some one rapped at the door, which she opened, and Jane, the servant girl, gave her a bundle, directed to Miss Anna Nelson, and Miss Fanny Wilton. She called Fanny, and they soon opened the bundle, when, to their great surprise, they saw a doll, exactly like the one Anna gave Mattie, and several other little things, such as a bonnet, shawl, shoes, and muff. They could not think how uncle William found it all out, but Fanny said that mother and father always found out everything. On a piece of paper there was written, "A reward for generosity."

How much happier they now felt for having been so kind to little Mattie. They played with the dolls, dog and lamb, and had all sorts of games, so the time passed off very pleasantly, till, before they thought it possible, it was time for the little friends to go home. When they wished good-night, Aunt Emily said to them, "My dear children, I was where I could hear and see all that took place this morning. Happy was I to think I had such good and kind children, who preferred making their little sister happy by giving her some of their own presents, to keeping them all themselves. Profit by this, and learn that kindness always brings its own reward!"

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1852.

NO. 11.

VOL. I.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

For the Journal.

THE LAST YEAR.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

While musing by my fireside, about the noon of night, I heard a low, faint breathing, that filled me with affright; 'twas a sound like one a dying,—I started up with fear, But soon the voice was near me, and bade me pause and hear?

My heart beat quick within me, a faintness o'er me came, But finding the spirit near me, I asked—"What is thy name?" This answer then it made me—"Frail mortal, dost thou hear?"

I've a message now to leave thee,—I'm the spirit of the year.

My hours are nearly numbered, my moments few on earth,

Some hearts I leave in sorrow, that were happy at my birth;

Some minds are too reflecting upon their past career, And some are drunk in revelry, regardless of the year.

I've tried to do my duty,—to some I've added wealth;

The frail and sickly one now owes to me the bloom of health;

I've turned the heedless wanderer from the way of sin and death,

And to God I now command him with my last expiring breath.

And to thee, ch, erring mortal, my time you see is short, Have you fulfilled your mission, and done the good you sought?

Has vanity and pleasure filled a vacuum in thy mind?

Hast thou forgotten God, and thy duty to mankind?

With joy your heart may welcome the new and infant year,

But e'er its close that heart may lie cold, pulseless, on the bier;

Then boast not of the New Year, for many in their bloom Shall see its birth, but ere its close lie moulder in the tomb.

And the hour of my departure,—you see it's nearly come,

I sight to think my death is thus regarded light by some;

But see thou do thy duty,—this only I've to say,—

Remember there's a night of death when you must pass away."

The sound like one a dying I again distinctly heard, I listened then attentively to catch the parting word; But all was hushed around me, not a sound broke on my ear,—

Thus passed away from earth, to rest, the spirit of the year.

For the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—I have several times noticed insertions in your paper of short articles or sentences, with the announcement that they were written by quite young persons, which I suppose you have done for the purpose of encouraging them, and as a reward to those who have already succeeded. Feeling confident that such is your motive in publishing these articles, I send you a copy of one written by a little girl nine years of age, who is one of the scholars of the Primary School in District No. Six.

J. K. CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

How pleasant it is to cultivate flowers,—the amusement how innocent and instructive,—to go into the open air, and dig the ground, plant the seed, and see it spring therefrom to beautify the earth.

F. S. It is with flowers, so it is with the mind. If we take good care of it, like them it will flourish, and in after days do us a great deal of good; and if rightly used, be an honor and a comfort to ourselves, and a source of happiness to others.

SELECTED FOR THE "JOURNAL."

BY SIMON.

THE DOCTOR'S COAT.—A doctor once returned a coat to his tailor because it did not exactly fit him. The tailor afterwards seeing the doctor at a funeral of one of his patients, said to him, "Ah, doctor, you are a happy man." "Why so?" inquired the doctor. "Because," said the tailor, "you never have any of your bad work returned to you."

It is strange that so many trades, callings, &c., which are really demoralizing, should be deemed honorable and honest. Candle making, for instance, what a *wick-ed* business that is! Blacksmiths, too, how many *ries* they always have; we have rarely known one who has not been guilty of *stealing axes*, &c., and even of *forging*: then they are dreadfully intemperate, and *blow* it night and day. We were about speaking of musicians, but the learned "Digby" has already noted of what *bass-violations* of the Sabbath they are guilty.

WHAT NEXT.—The scientific men of France are speculating on the possibility of freezing a man up, packing him in ice for a few years, and then restoring him to life. A young man, after being frozen up eleven months on the Alps, by having the blood of a living man infused into his veins, was enabled to move and speak! Criminals are about to be demanded of the government to be frozen on experiment. It has been tried on a frozen hare with complete success. This is a capital invention for all who wish avoid a disagreeable event in the future! —Portland Transcript.

Why is a man jumping from a carriage at speed, in greater danger of falling, after his feet reach the ground? Because his body has as much forward velocity as if he had been running with the speed of the carriage, and unless he advances his feet as in running, he must certainly be dashed to the ground, as a runner whose feet are suddenly arrested. The

wind soon shifted and rolled down the same cloud back again, the rain recommenced as the night set in, and the wind ceased. At that season of the year the time of twilight was short; the earth being warm and moistened, evaporation was rapid, and a dense fog arose which soon obstructed vision, and long ere she arrived at the ford she was enveloped in total darkness. Her only guide now was her faithful Narragansett, and the beasts of the forest. She however made the best of the circumstances. She entered into conversation with her mare, as was her custom when riding alone, and when her beast stopped suddenly, tossed up her head and snorted as some wild animal crossing the track before as was supposed, Anna would exhort her to possess courage, assuring her "that nothing could harm her, for the beasts were mere cowards in the presence of a brave horse," &c.

After this manner the long way to the ford was passed over in Egyptian darkness; nor had the thoughts once occurred to Anna that so considerable a river as now rolled before her would be materially effected by a thunder storm of a few hours; whereas, so great was the fall of water in this time that the river, although wide at this place was bank full, and swept on in great rapidity. Nor could the rushing of the waters be heard by reason of the rain still pouring around her. She therefore determined to give the rein to her experienced beast believing that she would keep the ford and land her on the opposite shore at the proper place. The horse entered the stream as soon as at the bank, and in a moment lost her foot hold of terra firma, and was plunging in the waves at a full swim. Such however was Anna's presence of mind, that she made no exertion to rein her beast, but endeavoured simply to retain her seat, which was now under water, while the waves beat with violence against her waist.

The faithful animal made for the opposite shore, but so strong was the current that she was either carried below the ford, or in her exertions to resist it, she over-acted and ascended above it, at one sweep of her fore foot she struck in the bed of the river, which suddenly raised her somewhat from the water forward, but as she soon plunged again, for the rock was cleared the second sweep. This plunge was so deep that Anna was borne from her pannier by the gravity of the water; pitching forward, she seized Narragansett's mane, as she rose, nor did she quit her grasp until they were both safely landed on the happy shore. Adjusting her clothes, she remounted, and soon found that her beast was in her accustomed track, and in a little more than one hour she alighted at the door of her peaceful cabin, where, by her well known signal she broke the slumber of her husband and babes, and upon entering, related in no purer gratitude, or greater joy, than they experienced in hearing the result of that adventurous night!

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

A few months since, while wandering over Europe, we saw in a cemetery, which is well known to foreign travellers for its solitary beauty, the grave of an American. The sight to us was one full of sadness, for it brought to our memory sorrowful scenes and hearts. We thought of those touching lines of Mrs. Hemans:

"The sea, the blue, lone sea hath one,
He has where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep."

"One sleeps where southern vines are dressed,
Abone the noble slain;
He wrap his colors round his breast,
On a blood-red field of Spain."

"And one—o'er her myrrh showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fanned;
She faded midst Italian flowers—
The last of that bright band."

The grave was grassed over and some stranger's hand had planted a bunch of violets at its head. It was a breezless morning of June, when we rested upon a rustic seat near the grave, and while we staid there, thoughts of one, who was once dear to us, were busy at our heart.

Arthur Vinton was the only son of a widow who lived humbly but respectably in a little village of New England. His father had been the pastor of his native town, but perished when Henry was young, leaving his wife a boy and girl, the cottage, and half dozen acres of soil. As Arthur grew up he became not only his mother's pride but her stay and support. We have not time to delineate all the young man's struggles to gain an education, or tell how faithfully he loved his mother and his sister Agnes. He was passionately fond of painting, and from a mere boy had talked of going to Italy as the dearest wish of his heart, but how he could ever get there, steeped as he was in poverty, he knew not. Whenever he talked of going his mother sighed, and Agnes kissed his forehead, saying: "you will not leave us so desolate!"

But a rich man who saw some of his performances at last offered, benevolently, to send him two years to Rome. When the offer came, Henry was in poor health, but his dark eyes lighted up with hope, his heart became buoyant, and he soon was ready to start. It was in vain that Agnes wept upon his shoulder, that his mother looked pale and sighed. I

shall come back famous, and will "make you rich!" he said, and when they saw how his heart was set upon going, they said no more. The stage was to call before daybreak for him at the cottage, and late at night he laid his head upon his pillow—but not to sleep. He saw his mother's heart was breaking, and that his gentle Agnes was drooping beneath her sorrow. It was a quiet village, they were all in to each other; and only such, the poor and neglected, know how hard it is to part with a loved one.

Early in the morning he rose, and greeted his mother and sister. He knew by their faces that they had not slept any that night. He tried to make a breakfast but had no appetite. At last the stag drove up, and in the little porch in the morning starlight he bade them "good by!"

Those who leave homes scarcely ever know how lonely and sad are the places they desert. All that day Agnes felt as if her heart would faint, so cheerless and utterly desolate was their home. It was not for a week that she dared go up to his little chamber. Some of his things were there still, a brush he had used in painting, a few pictures, and a volume of poetry. She sat down, and leaning her head forward on the table, cried as if her heart would break.

By this time Arthur was on the ocean, and had felt the sublimity of its grand scenery. There was a constant succession of new sights, and he was not lonely; but he did not forget for an hour the dear hearts at home.

After a long voyage the vessel arrived at Leghorn, and Arthur started on towards Rome. A strong desire turned him aside far enough from his route through Florence, to go to Pisa, in Tuscany, and see the famous Leaning Tower there.

When he left the ship he was not well, and when he arrived at the ancient and beautiful city of Pisa, he drove to an Inn and went to bed, for he was ill. The reader will anticipate the rest. The next day the poor young man was in a delirium, and was dying with fever. Physicians and medicine could not help him, for his gradually sank beneath the disease.

One afternoon—it was in August—he lay in his chamber, and a western window lay open close by his side. A pretty Italian girl was watching near by him, when suddenly he opened his eyes calmly, and looked out of the window.

"Where am I?" he asked faintly. The Italian bent over him to catch his words, and murmured something in her native tongue. The language at once reminded him of where he was. "Am I very ill?" he asked.

"Ah! yes, signor," replied she, "but we hope you will not die!"

The truth shocked him—he saw by her woful look that he must die.

"My mother—Oh! my mother, and Agnes!" he said softly, while tears rolled down his cheeks. The girl comprehended him; and as if to soothe his heart, pointed to a picture of Christ on the wall. His eye fixed upon it and a pleasant smile came upon his face. What his thoughts were we cannot tell. The Italian girl took her seat by the easement, and looked out upon the beautiful scenery, while her tears dropped fast upon the flowers in the garden below. When she looked again at Arthur, there was a smile upon his face; but how fixed were the features, how marble the eye-lids! A slight shriek escaped her, and then she knelt and kissed his forehead—for he was dead.

Many miles away from Italy, sat Mrs. Vinton one day, in her small cottage, with Agnes, plying her needle, at her side.

"It is strange, mother, we don't get a letter from Arthur—is it not?" said she.

"He is very busy probably at first, in finding him a home and a place to commence his labors," she replied, endeavoring to look upon the sunny side of the matter.

"Yes mother, but I know he would write as soon as he got to Rome—he knows how lonely we are here."

Just then a neighbor's child knocked at the cottage-door, with a letter from the post office.

"Oh! a letter from Arthur!" fairly shouted Agnes. As soon however as the letter was dropped into her hand she turned very pale.

"What is the matter, child?" said Mrs. Vinton, hereby alarmed.

"It is not Arthur's handwriting—it—oh! mother, mother, I can't open it!"

The mother opened it—it was from the American Consul at Florence, and it communicated news of Arthur's death, and said that his trunk and personal property, of whatever kind, had been shipped to New York. We dare not try to describe the scene which followed the opening of that fatal letter. The remembrance of it even now oppresses our heart. There are scenes of sorrow in this world where no stranger may intrude, and this is one of them. Years have passed away since then, and the widow's cottage is going to decay. Mrs. Vinton is not there; and her graves are made in the village church-yard. The shock was too much for the frail widow, and she died. After her death, Agnes supported herself for two or three years by teaching school, but she was spirit-broken; and when the village bell tolled

JOB PRINTING.

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS,
COMPRISING IN PART.

Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Announcements, Show Bills, Shoe Bills, &c., &c.,
PROMPTLY AND FAIRLY

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1852.

While thus warmly—with my heart in my hand—joining in this tribute, I wish to be understood as in no respect encouraging any idea of belligerent intervention in European affairs. Such a system would have in it no element of just self-defence, and it would open phials of perplexities and ills which I trust our country will never be called to afront. But I inculcate no rigid isolation. God forbid that we should ever close our ears to the cry of distress, or cease to swell with indignation at the steps of tyranny! In the wisdom of Washington we may find perpetual counsel. Like Washington, in his eloquent words to the Minister of the French Directory, I would offer sympathy and God-speed to all, in every land, who struggle for Human Rights, but, sternly as Washington on another occasion, against every pressure, against all solicitations, against all blandishments, I would uphold with steady hand the peaceful neutrality of the country. Could I now approach our mighty guest, I would say to him, with the respectful frankness of a friend. "Be content with the outgushing sympathy which you now so marvellously inspire everywhere throughout this wide-spread land, and may it strengthen your soul! Trust in God, in the inspiration of your cause, and in the Great Future, pregnant with freedom for all mankind. But respect our ideas, as we respect yours. Do not seek to reverse our traditional established policy of peace. Do not, under the too plausible sophism of upholding non-intervention, provoke American intervention on distant European soil. Leave us to tread where Washington points the way."

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 3, 1852.

AGENTS.

BOSTON.—MESSRS. S. M. PETTENGILL & CO., State street, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIXE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

THE NEW YEAR.

It is customary on such an occasion as this, to tender to the readers of a paper the printer's best wishes; and we most cheerfully and heartily wish our patrons a "Happy New Year," and may they live to enjoy many returns of this anniversary. We hope that peace and happiness may abide under the roofs wherever the "Journal" finds its way, and that the enjoyments of the past year may be continued and increased during the present.

We doubt not our readers can take a retrospective view of the departed twelve months of '51, and can trace in their history much that awakens feelings of delight and joy, and perchance many things that may cause sad thoughts to rise. As a community, we have been highly favored in health, in peace, and plenty. The seasons have appeared and departed, leaving evident signs behind them of the Great Giver of all blessings, as well as showing who is the wise Author of our trials.

In commencing upon the journey of another year, let all learn wisdom from the past. Experience, that wise teacher, should learn us how "to act well our part," and teach us, by judging from the past, what is the best course to pursue in the future.

As we endeavor to gaze, like Janus, in his temple, from the pinnacle of '51, and pry into '52, we find it a useless task, for it is easy to speculate, but difficult to prophecy. We therefore will not attempt to look into futurity,—to see what is in store for us, (knockings, &c. to the contrary, notwithstanding,) and here we recognize the wisdom of Him who disguises the destiny of man and of nations, and leads us to depend so much upon our own exertions for success and for happiness.

Had we space, it would be our pleasant task to go back and give a short history of the departed year; it would be full of interest, but time and space forbids. We hope, during the present year, to make the "Journal" a mirror of passing events, so that at its close it will form a valuable family history of '52.

Again we say to our readers, "A Happy New Year." Let us press forward with renewed energies, determining to discharge our duties to our country, and to each other; and when the year shall close, it will be our happy experience to know that "we have done unto others as we'd be done by."

A SMALL NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.—We desire our subscribers to accept of the Card Almanack for 1852, which we send them with this number of our paper. It was our wish to show, by some small token, an appreciation of the liberality of our friends, in so promptly and generally responding to our subscription list. We thought a neat Almanack would be as appropriate as anything, and hope our patrons will receive and use it.

SOCIAL ASSEMBLIES.—The first of a series of parties styled as above, came off at Young's Hall on Friday evening of last week, and was well attended, and of course enjoyed by all present. Those who "trip it on the light fantastic toe," are reminded that the second of the series takes place next Friday evening, Hall & Conant's Lowell Band "do up" the music, which we need not say is first rate for everybody knows it.

THE JUVENILE FAIR—on Wednesday evening, was very successful, and well attended, although the weather was quite unpleasant and stormy.

For the Journal.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

Ye patrons and friends of our paper,
We hail you in love and good cheer;
May prosperity ever attend you,
And we wish you a Happy New Year.

Oh, ye who have everything needful,
And from penury's cold grasp do not fear,—
Go visit the widow and orphan,
And gladden their mournful New Year.

And you who love sense and good reading,
I pray you in truth lend an ear;
Just call at our office this morning,
And pay down in advance for—a year.

And when time throws its mantle around us,
And the closing of nature draws near,
May we enter with courage undaunted,
Upon the never-ending New Year.

WOBURN, Jan. 1, 1852.

A PROPOSITION.

We have several times taken occasion to thank our many friends for their contributions to the "Woburn Journal," and have endeavored to act with perfect fairness in our selections from them for publication. Some we have felt proper to exclude, but as a whole, we can truly say that our contributions have been well worthy of a place in a family paper, and we know that no country paper in this Commonwealth is more highly favored than ourselves with able and interesting contributors.

After carefully considering the subject, we have concluded to offer for the competition of those persons who write for the Journal, Two Prizes, each to consist of one of the finest and most costly annuals. And we propose at the close of our first volume, to submit the original articles written for this paper to a disinterested Committee, and the authors of the two best written articles, according to the decision of this Committee, shall receive these prizes; and should it be desirable, the number will be increased to three in place of two.

We hope this proposition will meet with favor among our patrons, and that our corresponding friends will bear in mind, that it will be carried out in good faith on our part, and that we propose to make this distribution for the purpose of encouraging those who contribute to the "Woburn Journal."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Claude Melnotte"—sends a puzzle, which we insert for those who like to try a hand at unravelling a tangle. It is a good one; try it. "Simon's" selections are received, and made use of on our first page. Quite a number of our readers have favored us with selections, the most of them are excellent and appropriate, and will be inserted in due time.

"F. S."—one of our primary school friends, gives a short composition; a corner of our sheet will be always at the service of the "little ones" as one great end in a family paper is answered, if it awakens in young minds a desire to think and act.

"Reader's Enigma,"—we have before us four answers in poetry to the Enigma in our last, they are all well written, and we give place to the two that were first received, and will use the others soon; thanks for them all.

"Ella,"—we shall always be glad to hear from, and feel flattered by the favorable notice of us.

"M. W. W." North Woburn,—you favor us with several interesting original pieces, we shall follow the suggestion of using them from time to time, and know they will do credit to our columns.

"F. L. T."—is at hand; we notice from a hasty glance that it awakens a subject much talked of, and one that has been fully discussed; we will look it over and may publish it.

"C. T." North Woburn,—we thank our friend very much for bringing forth the facts about a "Woburn Revolutionary Patriot," and will publish it next week.

"J. K."—writes on a topic of great interest; the question is often asked, how shall we answer for our treatment of the red man, and we fear no very satisfactory answer can be given.

THE LYCEUM.—We announce as the next lecturer before the Lyceum, that eloquent and popular speaker, Rev. Mr. Giles. He is now on a visit to Boston, to fulfil an engagement to the Mercantile Library Association, which institution pays him a large price for the series he is delivering to them. He is one of the most vigorous writers and fresh original thinkers in the country. The directors of the Lyceum have furnished additional inducements to hear the remainder of the excellent course of lectures, by reducing the price of season tickets to twenty-five cents.

ANOTHER CAMPHENNE ARGUMENT.—One night last week, a lamp exploded in the store of Messrs. Gage & Fowle, and by a narrow chance their stock of goods escaped destruction. Persons may use this article with the greatest care, but it is a dangerous one to have on the premises, and should be handled with the utmost caution.

A BELL.—We learn that a bell is to be procured and placed on the Baptist Church. This will be a desirable addition to our "chimers," and will be another sweet-toned meeting gatherer.

"The commencement of the year presents a fine opportunity to subscribe for the "Woburn Journal," it has already obtained a wide circulation, but there are still "a few more left."

ECCLESIASTICAL.—The Edwards Church in Boston, have unanimously invited Rev. Preston Pond, of Milford, to become their Pastor.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER EIGHT.

MAMMOTH CAVE, DEC. 1, 1851.

I was obliged to leave our "fat friend" in my last, without finishing his case, and will now resume the "thread of my discourse" or "my yarn," by saying that our patient sufferer received as many kinds of advice, as to the best mode of extracting his body from the difficult position in which he found himself, as there were individuals in our exploring party; but they all proved of no avail, and the question "what to do" was yet practically unanswered. At last in the multitude of wisdom it was suggested that the *secret* process be tried, which was in effect, that our friend should twist or screw himself along; this was tried with good success, and we soon had the pleasure of witnessing his egress from "fat man's misery" much relieved of course, although rather the worse for wear. We next found ourselves in "Relief Hall," a most appropriate name, and here we found some natural seats, which we used a few moments, employing the time by informing our fellow-travellers (lest he should forget it) that we must return the same way we came, to which he appropriately replied that he had learned the way, and that he most heartily wished we were all of *his size*. Onward is the word, and on we go, through the magnificent avenue which increases in size and interest, until we enter "Mammoth Dome." Here the effect was almost overpowering, such vastness was too much for us, and we were all speechless, struck dumb with wonder. I can give no adequate idea of the size of these vast chambers or domes, and will not attempt it, as it would be beyond my power. Suffice it to say, that our Common, the churches, and several stores, with the new "Woburn Hotel," could find plenty of room in here.

The "Fairy Grotto" is a lovely little place in the side of an avenue, where several fantastic and beautiful lime-stone formations are to be seen; and as the lights cast a reddish light within, they add much to the illusive scene, and one is ready to believe it a fit residence for those spirits in whose honor it is named. The Star Chamber is another enchanting spot. It is a vast room, with an oval black roof beaded with bright sparkling stars, and as the gazer looks upwards, he can easily imagine that he sees into the "heavens." But it is all an illusion caused by the lights as they bring to sight the shining specks of gypsum on the stone ceiling above us, and here we lingered for half an hour, forgetting all other things, until the guides again cry "onward."

We soon approached "Echo River," a pure and limpid stream of water which rises from some subterranean source, then flows on through the avenue for a mile, and suddenly disappears to be seen no more. Here we all took ship to sail for the other end, or "down the river" as our guide called it. This part of the occurrence was delightful and we could have lingered for hours here, enjoying the scene as our little canoes were paddled slowly along. The roof is not more than 20 feet above the river, and the river is about 50 feet in width; the arch is very perfect throughout the whole distance, and looks like a regular tunnel formed as perfectly as could be done by any experienced masons. The water is about 10 feet deep on the average, but sometimes rises very suddenly for 10 or 15 feet higher, and then cuts off all communication with that portion of the cave to which we were now journeying. But to me the most interesting feature of this part of the cave, was the remarkably fine *echo* on the river. All sounds are echoed through the vast labyrinths with peculiar fitness and perfection. Our guides "tuned their pipes," and being excellent singers, fairly enchanted us by their melodies; even their softest notes were echoed and reflected to us with a most wonderful sweetness. We all sang "Old Hundred," and I verily believe that there are few choirs that can render this tune with more effect, than was done on this occasion,—at any rate I was as much interested and pleased as by any "Handel & Haydn" or "Jenny Lind" concert I had ever attended. It was a fit place to sing the praises of Him who had by his own power placed this wonder near the surface of earth, to show us how "wonderful are his works," and at this time, although a joyful band, all seemed impressed with the sweet solemn strains of music, which had an added meaning in every note from its association.

We also had the pleasure of a fishing tour, for near our journey's end, we turned off from the main river into a vast cavern, and with our nets caught some of the fish that are found in the cave. They seem to be a race peculiar to this part of the world, and presents a curious appearance; they are white or transparent, some 3 inches in length, and are without eyes; and why should they have eyes, they are doomed to never ending darkness, except when the lights of visitors disturb the scene. They seem to be aware of the approach of anything that makes a noise, but can easily be caught if the boat glides noiselessly along. They are about the only living thing that can be found in the cave, excepting the bats and a few crickets.

Many have been the surmises and queries as to where "Echo river" comes from, and whence it goes, so passing strange is it, that a lovely stream of water, should flow through a cave, some hundreds of feet below the earth's surface. It is now generally supposed that it is in some way connected with Green River, not many miles distant to the south of the cave. In support of this theory it is proved that both rivers rise and fall simultaneously.

We soon reached the termination of the river, and again took up our line of march for other and different scenes from any we had

witnessed, so perfectly beautiful that I am almost tempted to relinquish any attempt at description, at any rate will not add more for this letter, as tired nature must have rest.

J. A. F.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN

FROM THE YEAR 1641 TO 1843.

(Continued.)

1678.

Richardson, William, s. of John, 29th of 4th. Hensher, Elizabeth, d. of Thomas, 30th of July.

Poly, George, s. of George Jr., 11th of October.

Green, Frances, s. of William, 30th of 9th. Cleaveland, Hannah, d. of Aaron, 18th of 9th. Kendall, Frances, s. of John, 4th of 10th.

Simonds, Samuel, s. of Caleb, 30th of June.

Richardson, William, s. of Stephen, 14th of 10th.

Buck, John, s. of Ephraim, 1st of January.

Reed — d. of Israel, 2d of 11th.

Wymans, Judith, d. of Frances, 15th of 11th.

Richardson, David, s. of Isaac, 4th of 12th.

Carter, Abigail, d. of Joseph, 1st of 2d.

Winn, Rebekah and Hannah, twin daughters of Joseph, 14th of 12th.

Simons, William, s. of Benjamin, 14th of 12th.

Peirce, Nathaniel, s. of Nathaniel, 2d of 12th.

Read, Timothy, s. of George, 20th of 8th.

Flagg, Ebenezer, s. of Gershom and Hannah, 21st of December.

Walker, Henry, s. of Israel, 1st of 12th.

1679.

Walker, Ezekiel, s. of Samuel, born 5th Mar.

Wilson, Susannah, d. John, 11th of 1st.

Green, Hannah, d. John, 4th of 1st.

Richardson, Mary, s. of Nathaniel, 10th of 1st.

Wright, Timothy, s. of Joseph, 3d of 2d.

Snow, Sarah, 18th of 2d.

Baker, William, s. of John, 18th of 6th.

Sawyer, Abigail, d. of Joshua, 17th of 3d.

Preist, Elizabeth, d. of John, 12th of 7th.

Teed, Elizabeth, d. of John, Jr., 19th of 7th.

Waters, Daniels, s. of Samuel, 30th of 9th.

Winn, Rebekah, d. of Inreas, 5th of 9th.

Roberts, Eunis, d. of Davis, 28th of 8th.

Knight, Isaac, s. of Joseph, 24th of 12th.

Buck, John, s. of Ephraim, 7th of 12th.

Houghton, Mary, d. of John, 7th of 12th.

1680.

1681.

1682.

1683.

1684.

1685.

1686.

1687.

1688.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1852.

For the Journal.

OUR SCHOOLS.

Mr. EDITOR:—As the mental and moral education of our children is of great moment to us, and a subject in which all ought to feel a deep and lively interest, and exert our every effort to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge and of virtue, I am induced to offer a few suggestions, through the columns of your Journal as a medium to those addressed, bearing upon the past and present administration of our schools in District No. 1, avoiding all matters personal, in a sincere hope of eliciting more attention and solicitude on the part of parents, teachers and committees, to the true interest of those for whom we spend our time and thoughts, and our substance so freely, to make useful and happy in life.

Is not apparent to all observers, that some provision or change should be made for the admission of the scholars into their study, or some ward-room comfortably warmed, even though they are at school thirty or more minutes prior to the hour of commencement, and not be excluded and exposed to the weather?

Every school-room should be furnished with two thermometers, placed at opposite ends of the room, carefully watched when there are fires in the stoves, and the mercury not allowed to rise above 68 *Fahrenheit*, and upon every stove there should be placed an evaporating dish, constantly supplied with pure water.

As the subject of a too frequent (and by many deemed unnecessary) change of school books, as a just cause of complaint, was commented upon in a communication to your Journal of the 20th, I would only add that, if in the judgment of the Committee a change of books is necessary for the good of the schools, such books should be supplied to the schools by the Committee, at such prices as merely to reimburse the same.

To speak of the management and discipline of our schools, may be regarded by some as supererogatory for one having no delegated authority in the case; but the love I bear to those whose happiness I desire, must be the only apology offered in extenuation of the act. No scholars should be required to assume an unnatural posture, either standing or sitting, nor any unnecessary or arbitrary restrictions imposed upon muscular motion, not even when seated; the greatest liberty and freedom in the motion of body and limbs, should at all times be allowed, consistent with good order.

To enforce the above remarks, I will quote from Barnard's School Architecture, a very valuable work. He says, "No position, if long continued, is more irksome, or more unhealthy, or at least operates so insidiously, and yet directly to derange the circulation and other vital functions, as sitting, especially upright, or with the neck and chest loan forward." To young children it is cruel in the extreme, and wars directly with all healthy and symmetrical growth, besides ruining the temper, and imparting a lasting distaste to study, the school-room, and the teacher. Little children are made to suffer, and many of them permanently, from being forced to sit long in one position, without any occupation for mind or muscles, on seats so high that their feet cannot touch, much less rest on the floor. The practice long since adopted in Boston, Lynn, and many other places, ought to be adopted in our Primary Schools, especially during the milder seasons of the year, for exercise and health mainly.

No teacher ought to be countenanced in inflicting any blow upon the head, or violently shaking any scholar, under any provocation whatever; the structure and organization of the brain, and the general laws of our being, as also that higher principle of love, forbid it.

The present practice of singing in our Primary Schools was called in question, and its expediency doubted, by a correspondent of your Journal, some time since. Many consider it one of the happiest and most sacred exercises of the school-room; and upon no consideration, at present shown, should be discontinued. Its utility and many advantages I could not here describe, but suffice it to say, that the exercise improves the voice, infuses and benefits the lungs, (if the air inhaled is what it ought to be,) softens the asperities of the disposition, extends and enlarges the social sympathies, and is timely relief and variety to the tedium of the school-room.

Woburn, Dec., 1851. L.

[NOTE.—On account of its length, we were obliged to exclude a portion of friend "L.'s" article.—Ed.]

It is stated by the English papers, as a singular fact, that the second day of December, the day on which Louis Napoleon made his grand movement toward despotic power, was the anniversary of the coronation of Napoleon Bonaparte in 1801, and of the battle of Austerlitz in 1805!

THE SWINDLING CASE—Eaton Devoe, who was found guilty of cheating Amos Lawrence out of \$30, by pretending that he was agent of the Young Men's Temperance Society, to collect \$500 for Father Mathew, has been sentenced to one day solitary, and three years hard labor in the State Prison.

A series of resolutions acquiescing as a finality in the compromise measures enacted by Congress, have been adopted by the Alabama Senate by a majority of two, the vote being 16 ayes to 14 nays.

R. Hinshelwood, after having been engaged three years in engraving a large plate of a view of New York, sent it on Friday for a proof, and the same night it was burned in the great fire.

BURNING OF BARNUM'S PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM.

A telegraphic despatch to the morning papers says:—

Philadelphia Dec. 31 P. M.—Barnum's Museum is wrapt in flames, and, from present appearances, the whole building will doubtless be destroyed.

6 P. M.—The Museum is one mass of flames, and no hopes are entertained of saving the building, Jones' Hotel and the Columbia House are in imminent danger. It is thought the loss will be over \$200,000.

A petition is in circulation in New Jersey, to be presented to the Legislature, praying for a law similar to that of Maine, abolishing the sale of all spirituous liquors except for medicinal purposes.

It is stated that a few days ago a portion of Walden's Ridge, Tenn., rent, with a noise resembling thunder, leaving a huge cleft two miles long, 100 feet wide, and of unknown depth.

Mr. Charles L. Brace, of Hartford, Conn., who has been spending the last year and a half in Europe, and who it will be recollects was imprisoned in Hungary by the Austrians, arrived in New York a few days ago.

RUMOR OF \$2,000,000 IN GOLD FROM CALIFORNIA.—A statement is afloat here to the effect that Adams & Co. alone have \$750,000 on the Golden Gate, which was to leave San Francisco on the 4th inst. If so, the whole freight is estimated at two millions.

FRANCONIA.—A correspondent of the Boston Medical Journal states that the mercury stood at Franconia, on the 17th ult. at half-past 8 A. M., at 18 degrees below zero, and on the 27th inst. at 22 below.

The commerce of the Western rivers is estimated by a memorial in Congress in favor of removing obstructions in the rivers, at \$220,000,000; It is greater than the amount of the total exports of the nation.

INVITATION TO KOSSUTH RETRACTED.—The City Council of Richmond, Va., voted in October last, to extend to Kossuth an official invitation to visit that city. Last week the vote was reconsidered by a very large majority.

Quite a large party of Vermonters, of nearly all ages, arrived in Lowell Wednesday, en route for New York and California. It is said they looked as though they were bound to "go ahead" and succeed.

It is said Abbot Lawrence, our ambassador at London, and his brother, Amos Lawrence, have, during the last twenty years, given away, for literary and humane purposes, over a million of dollars.

INCREASE OF POPULATION.—The population of the United States, so far as returns have been received, is as follows:—Whigs, 19,630,019; slaves, 3,184,262; free colored, 428,637; total, 23,246,301.

Dr. Cogswell, the Superintendent of the Astor Library, has returned from his foreign tour, after having purchased thirty thousand volumes of the most rare and valuable works.

In a single century, four thousand millions of human beings appear on the face of the earth, act their busy parts, and sink into its peaceful bosom.

The thirty-fifth anniversary of the American Colonization Society will be held in Washington city, on Tuesday, the 20th of January.

HARD TIMES IN NEW YORK.—It is stated that the premium on the tickets for the first appearance of Lola Montes in New York brought upwards of \$7000.

An Ohio paper says there is a postmaster in the town of Palestine that does not know the use of postage stamps. He thinks that they are "merely a city ornament."

EPISCOPAL.—The Rev. Wm. Flint, of Erie, Penn., has received and accepted a unanimous call from St. John's Church, Charlestown, Mass.

FROM OREGON.—From Oregon we learn that the troubles between the whites and Conguile Indians have been brought to a close.

The Sandwich Island news is not important.

When one contemplates the resplendent brightness of the Deity, all earthly lights burn dimly, and dazzle not.

The salary of the President of the United States, costs each citizen one-tenth of a cent per annum.

A New Year's Ball is announced in Chicago. The managers are all ladies, and the cards invite "Yourself and gentleman."

It appears that the whole number of newspapers and periodicals in the United States on the 1st of June, 1850, amounted to 2,800.

The Charlestown High School has a Library of 800 volumes.

It is proposed to have a general illumination at Cincinnati on the arrival of Kossuth.

For the Journal.

A PUZZLE.

I am a word of five letters, and a street in Boston and New York. Cut off my head, and I am a title of nobility. Put on my head and cut off my tail, and I am a delicious fruit. Cut off both head and tail, and I am part of the human form. Cut off my tail, and transpose me, and I become the name of a plant. Cut off my two last letters, and transpose me, and I become the name of a well known animal. Take out my first and fourth letters, and read backwards, and I become what you do when you go to a neighbor's house.

Answer next week.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, Dec. 1851.

For the Journal.

A ENIGMA.

I am composed of 30 letters. My 18, 30, 10, 12, 7, is a kind of fruit.

6, 9, 24, 4, is what we all indulge in.

8, 10, 30, 20, is indispensable in Court.

17, 25, 26, 12, 3, is what no one can do without.

2, 16, 27, 15, is the name of a female.

22, 29, 15, 14, 21, 6, is what we should all strive to preserve.

22, 19, 5, is above most mankind.

1, 13, 28, 21, 14, 23, 11, is a post to Society.

My whole is what every citizen should do.

CALISTA.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notice.

All persons desirous of taking measures, either by a Lease, or soliciting subscriptions, or both, to procure to purchase a TOWN CLOCK, are requested to communicate with the Town Hall, on FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 6th, at 7 o'clock. Come all, without distinction of sex or sect.

Woburn, Jan. 3, 1852.

Woburn Lyceum.

The 5th Lecture of the Lyceum will be given on TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 6th, at the Vestry of the Rev. Mr. Edwards' Church, by Rev. HENRY GILES.

Lecture commences at 7 o'clock.

Tickets for the remainder of the course have been reduced to half price, viz: twenty-five cents.

J. C. STOCKBRIDGE, J. C. LEWIS, G. M. CHAMPNEY, COMMITTEE.

Woburn, Jan. 3, 1852.

MARRIAGES.

In Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Huntington, Mr. Andrew Simonds, to Miss E. Ellen Cox, both of Charlestown.

In North Reading, 30th ult., by Rev. E. W. Allen, Rev. George E. Adams, D. D., of Brunswick, Me., to Miss Helen Maria, eldest daughter of Frederick F. Root, Esq., of North Reading.

In Charlestown, 31st ult., Mrs. Rebecca Turner, 95, in Medford, 25th ult., Miss Hulda Hadley, 95, in Waltham, 29th ult., Mrs. Dea. Leonard Lawrence, 75.

DEATHS.

In South Reading, Dec. 29th, Eliza Trull, only daughter of Joel and Eliza Winship, aged 21 yrs., 2 mos.

Calm on the bosom of thy God,

Fair spirit rest thee now;

Even while on earth thy footstep trod,

His seal was on thy brow.

[I. M. In Charles-town, 31st ult., Mrs. Rebecca Turner, 95, in Medford, 25th ult., Miss Hulda Hadley, 95, in Waltham, 29th ult., Mrs. Dea. Leonard Lawrence, 75.

DEATHS.

Blank Books, Blank Deeds and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perforated, Drawing, Bristol, for Office, School and Library.

Boots, Shoes, Leather and Merchandise purchased and sold.

Orders left at Fowle's Bookstore, Woburn, will receive attention.

MOSES POND & CO.

oc 18

DEAR SIR:—

REMAINING in the Post Office at WOBURN, for

quarter ending Dec. 31, 1851.

ADS.—

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1852.

POETRY.

For the Journal.

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN.

"Tis morn; from out the eastern clouds
The sun breaks forth with glowing smiles,
Sending its rays the thick woods through,
And lighting up their winding aisles;
Chasing the shadowy mists away,
That veiled the meadows and the streams,
Wreathing the woods and hills with smiles,
And gladdening all with radiant beams.

The light leaves fluttering in the breeze,
Just risen from their dewy couch,
Whispering their greetings softly forth;
With tears of joy at morn's approach;
Bright tints are on the meadow flowers,
And strung high on the towering trees;
Colors of fairest—rarest hue,
Fall to the earth at every breeze.

There waving stands the gilded birch,
Entwined around with clustering vines,
Wantonly scattering on the ground
Its golden leaves like glittering coins;
There the sad maple bears its form,
And as the morning breeze sweeps past
With magic touch, its deep-dyed leaves
Like drops of blood fall thick and fast.

Clad in their robes of evergreen,
In graceful strength majestic stand
The hemlock and the stately pine,
Towering aloft in columns grand;
The earth beneath is carpeted
With various colors rich and rare,
And every tinted leaf that falls,
Imprints a lovely figure there.

Let others sing of balmy Spring,
Its blossoms and its early flowers;
Of Winter's bright and sparkling snows;
Of Summer's showers and verdant bowers;
But give to me fair Autumn's smiles,
When hill and dale with beauty glow,
And all the rainbow's gorgeous tints,
Are wreathed around the forest's brow.
North Woburn, Dec., 1851. CAMEO.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would drive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

For the Journal.

FOWLS.

Within a few years considerable attention has been paid to the raising and importing of fowls, but after all the puffs that have been given, and excellencies that have been bestowed upon certain foreign breeds, our real Yankee hens are the best layers.

For consumption, the Shanghai fowls are probably the most profitable, as they are large and obtain their growth in a short time, but our Yankee hens will deposit as many eggs in a year as most of the foreign breeds, and it is untrue that it costs no more to keep the former than the latter; and it is equally untrue that the Shanghai produces as large an egg according to their size as the Yankee hen.

We have seen statements similar to the above, given by various writers, which gives quite a corroborative testimony in favor of our native fowls; they are more hardy than most of the foreign breeds, and capable of enduring the cold better than the Shanghai. Having some of the Shanghai fowls in our possession, we give these facts founded on experience.

As the Shanghai fowl eats a little, and often, it is necessary that food should be kept by them at all times; by this means they keep themselves in good condition and obtain their growth a month or two earlier than our common or native breed; they are very harmless, kind and gentle in their deportment, seldom quarrel with each other. For safety, an excellence the Shanghai fowl surpasses that of any which we have seen; but we coincide with that writer who said, if he could be placed in possession of the twenty-four pure Yankee hens he owned six or eight years ago, (which by the way, produced him upwards of 300 eggs annually), he would relinquish his present stock in trade, which consists of upwards of sixty of various breeds.

We shall not think of intrusion if we resume this subject in the Journal; for, though we have appeared at different times in the columns of the N. E. Farmer under this caption, there is still room for much more to be offered concerning the "mania in fowls."

Persons who have not been duped by the extravagant speculations in them, and still retain their native breed, have the best kind of fowls; for their competitors are few, and ere long our real Yankee hens will be as eagerly sought for as have been some boasted, foreign breeds. The Yankees are bound to go ahead, and notwithstanding the extensive competition that has been carried on for two years past in the poultry business, our Yankee hens have not been outdone; any way, if the reader will wait a while, *Fowls* will let you know more about it. More anon.

Winchester, Dec., 1851.

J.

IMPROVED CORN PLANTER.—A patent has been granted to C. C. Van Every, of Victor, N. Y., for improvement in seeding apparatus, in seed planters. The nature of the improvement consists in giving the feed roller an intermittent rotary motion, by which the corn or seed is dropped in hills, of nearly any required distance apart, or in drills. The feed rollers are so constructed, as to separate the kernels in the hill 1/4 or 2 inches apart. It will plant beans, peas, broom-corn, &c., dropping and covering at the same time, and will plant two or more rows at a time, according as constructed.

Cows should always be treated with gentleness, not exposed to sudden extremes by being turned from the barn to a bleak place to drink, where the sharp wind pierces to their bones, and only suffered to remain out through the middle of the day when the weather is mild and sunny. Their stalls ought to be dry, clean, and free from dust and accumulations of every kind. A strong draft should not be permitted to pass up through the floor upon which they stand, as it is liable to give them colds, rheumatism, and injure theudder.

THE AGRICULTURAL LABORER.

BY E. H. FRIDAUX.

Who blushes for labor, for honest toil?
Who scorneth the rough hard hand?
It is nobler to till the soil,
Than simply own the land.

Uncultured by man, only briars and thorns,
Will the earth to its children yield;
But, blessed with its labor, the wilderness
blooms,

And the waste is a fruitful field.

Let the titled, the rich, and the idle scorn,
The worker cares not for them,
Who decks them with pearls from the ocean
wave?

With gold and the priceless gem?

Let the monarchs boast in their pride and
power,
Of the millions who own their sway;

The Victor over poverty, time and death,
Is a mighty king than they.

FARMER'S APPLE PUDDING.—Stew some tender apples; if the apples are juicy, they will require very little water to cook them; add to one pound of the mashed apple, whilst it is hot, a quarter of a pound of butter, and sugar to the taste. Beat four eggs and stir in when the apple is cold.

Butter the bottom and sides of a deep pudding dish, strew it very thickly with bread crumbs, put in the mixture, and strew bread crumbs plentifully over the top. Set it in a tolerably hot oven, and when baked, sift sugar over.

This is good with a glass of rich milk.

It is a good substitute for pie, and can be eaten by those who cannot partake of pastry. —*National Cook Book.*

GREAT FEATS.—Mr. Levi Parks, of Winchendon, raised upon his farm this year an English turnip, weighing, with the top, *forty-three* pounds, and without the top, *thirty-one* pounds!

The same man caught in the *Shadage Woods*, about six miles from Lake Champlain, in the State of New York, the past season, *forty-three* hundred dozen pigeons in ten weeks, and sent them to Boston market! Will any body beat this?

There are several advantages in cultivating the cherry. The tree itself is highly ornamental, it puts forth early in spring, and is covered with clusters of snow-white blossoms. The fruit is wholesome and is in demand in the market. It is easily cultivated, and produces one of the earliest and best fruits for pies or the dessert.

VIRGINIA CORN BREAD.—Dissolve a table-spoonful of butter in three and a half pints of milk; add one quart of Indian meal, half a pint of wheat flour, a little salt, and two eggs well beaten; mix well together, and bake in a buttered tin.

MISCELLANY.

PERSECUTIONS IN ITALY.

The fierce persecutions have been exemplified in the case of a boy, about sixteen years of age. Just before the English steamship, Arno, left Leghorn, he was brought on board in a bag, by a person who paid his freight, as "a parcel." After the boat left the port, it was found that the parcel was alive. The sack was opened and a dark eyed boy came out and appealed to the captain for protection. It appeared that this young gentleman and a number of other precocious spirits had formed themselves into a secret society or club, for the printing and circulation of religious and political works, among which, the distribution of the Bible, and pamphlets on the "Freedom of Italy," formed a prominent part. The authorities having got wind of their proceedings, several of the members were arrested and summarily shot; and to escape a similar fate, our hero was embarked on board the Arno. His parents knew nothing of his connection with the affair, until startled by the appearance of the soldiers, to demand the person of their son; and for a couple of days previous to the Arno's arrival at Leghorn, he had been removed from house to house to escape detection.

There somebody, speaking of the hurrying propensities of Yankees, says; "If a mortar could be constructed, which would throw an immense bomb-shell, containing fifteen passengers, from St. Louis to Boston in five minutes, with an absolute certainty that fourteen out of fifteen would be killed by the explosion, tickets for state rooms by the "Express Bomb shell line" would at once be at premium; each passenger being anxious for the chance to prove himself of the "lucky fifteen."

An Irishman complained of his physician, that he kept so stuffing him with drugs, that he was sick for a week after he was quite well.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE HUMAN SPIRIT AND ANIMAL MIND.

The human soul is as clearly distinguished from all animal mind, notwithstanding the partial resemblances that exist, as the bee is from the sponge, or the elephant from the oyster. Independent of all metaphysical discrimination, the literature, the history, the arts, the mechanisms, and the manufactures of mankind—all that ennobles, enriches, and delights a cultivated nation, show at once, with an irresistible certainty, the immense superiority of the human soul. It has discovered and acquired the sciences, composed the works, displayed the feelings, performed the actions, and created the buildings, the ships, the statutes, the music, and all the other wonders of civilized society. These are sufficient facts to separate the human spirit from the animal mind. That never improves; that, in no age or country, has effected any progression; though it sees, hears, and feels as we do, and thinks and reasons, wills and judges on its perceptions, so far as its appetites are concerned, much as we do on ours. But there is its limit. Beyond that small, though useful circle, it never advances. In our appetites, and acquire, we have a kindship and a similitude, but no further. When our moral principles begin—when our improbabilities develop—when we rise beyond our animal wants and desires—when we study nature—when we cultivate literature—when we seek after knowledge—when the reason and the sympathies ascend to their Creator—we distinguish our spirit from the animal mind forever. To none of these things can that attain. It is incapable either of receiving or of comprehending them; and these ennobling powers and their phenomena express and illustrate the amazing difference which parts us from our fellow brutes, more impressively than any verbal definitions or descriptive particularity. Their faculties, instincts, are admirable for their class of being, and enlarge our notions of the benevolence as well as of the almighty-ness of our Common Maker; but they bear no comparison with the transcending capacity, qualities, and achievements of their human masters.—*Turner's Sacred History.*

FARMER'S APPLES.—Stew some tender apples; if the apples are juicy, they will require very little water to cook them; add to one pound of the mashed apple, whilst it is hot, a quarter of a pound of butter, and sugar to the taste. Beat four eggs and stir in when the apple is cold.

Butter the bottom and sides of a deep pudding dish, strew it very thickly with bread crumbs, put in the mixture, and strew bread crumbs plentifully over the top. Set it in a tolerably hot oven, and when baked, sift sugar over.

This is good with a glass of rich milk.

It is a good substitute for pie, and can be eaten by those who cannot partake of pastry. —*National Cook Book.*

GREAT FEATS.—Mr. Levi Parks, of Winchendon, raised upon his farm this year an English turnip, weighing, with the top, *forty-three* pounds, and without the top, *thirty-one* pounds!

The same man caught in the *Shadage Woods*, about six miles from Lake Champlain, in the State of New York, the past season, *forty-three* hundred dozen pigeons in ten weeks, and sent them to Boston market! Will any body beat this?

There are several advantages in cultivating the cherry. The tree itself is highly ornamental, it puts forth early in spring, and is covered with clusters of snow-white blossoms. The fruit is wholesome and is in demand in the market. It is easily cultivated, and produces one of the earliest and best fruits for pies or the dessert.

VIRGINIA CORN BREAD.—Dissolve a table-spoonful of butter in three and a half pints of milk; add one quart of Indian meal, half a pint of wheat flour, a little salt, and two eggs well beaten; mix well together, and bake in a buttered tin.

CHILDREN AND HOME.

Draw your children to you by *real* kindness; let them see that you study their best interest and happiness rather than your own pleasure or convenience. Take especial pains to make home the most pleasant place on earth to them. It may perhaps sometimes be a tax upon your ingenuity to do so, but you will reap a blessing from it which will more than repay you. This will effectually keep them from bad company. The memory of *home, sweet home*, happy associations, and a mother's love, watchfulness and prayers, have been the talisman which has enabled many a soul to bear up and buffet in after years, against the wind of adversity and the tide of temptation which have assailed them through a long life; and who shall limit a mother's influence?

An ingenuous Yankee has invented what he calls the "office-seekers' suspender."—He says they cross three different ways, and change sides just as easy. Now is a capital time to introduce them, it being so near another Presidential "tussle."

Deal gently with those who stray. Draw back by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold. Think of this and be on your guard, ye who would chase to the grave an erring brother.

The reason why the Vermont and New Hampshire boys are so tall, is because they are in the habit of drawing themselves up so as to peep over the mountain to see the sun rise.—It is dreadful stretching work.

Take but a single drop of rain, cloistered in the green fold of a blade of grass, and pour upon it one ray of morning sun, where will you get a lapidary, with his utmost skill, to cut a diamond that shall shine like that?

It is proved that a pair of sparrows, during the time they have their young to feed, destroy on an average 3360 caterpillars.

Laziness begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains.

Law is like a sieve; you may see through it, but you must be considerably reduced before you can get through it.

Dr. Franklin says, "He who rises late may trot all day, but never overtake his business."

Pulverized charcoal is found to be the best article with which to cleanse knives and forks.

The more honesty a man has the less he affects the air of a saint; affection of sanctity is a blotch on the face of society.

A year of pleasure passes like a floating breeze—but a moment of misfortune seems an age of pain.

Dr. Holmes, in one of his poems, says, "I never heard a hearty laugh from a villain's throat."

DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER.

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Carefully prepared articles on money matters are given from a competent and authentic source.

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Ample means have been secured for obtaining the *full* details of Foreign News, on the arrival of the trans-Atlantic steamer, the *Brooklyn*, from New York; a valuable Correspondent, in various points of the Union, throughout the country, has been established; experienced and competent Reporters are employed; and extended arrangements have been made for obtaining, through the *Electric Telegraph*, and other means of communication, the most accurate and reliable intelligence upon all matters of public interest.

To accomplish these objects, and to make this newspaper a valuable addition to the daily press, the Traveller is edited, printed, and published, at a small advance from wholesale prices.

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Oct. 18. " 11

J. CLOUGH, M. D., SURGEON DENTIST,

No. 9 TREMONT TEMPLE, OPPOSITE TREMONT HOUSE, BOSTON.

W. B. HIGGINSON, DENTIST,

11 TREMONT ST., BOSTON.

Extract from the Boston Courier.

A DENTIST.—This is probably one of the most advanced in this art. Having had successively to do with this branch of mechanics and surgery, chiefly in a year's practice myself, and also in operations on my own person, the object of this notice is to call attention to J. CLOUGH, M. D., Surgeon Dentist, who is known here for years as one of the most scientific and conscientious Dentists. He has devoted his life to the study of the science of dentistry, and has made many important discoveries, especially in the method of *filling teeth*. In this, the Doctor excels. His practice, too, is conducted with the greatest care and exactness, and he has a large number of patients, both foreign and domestic, who are satisfied with his skill and thoroughness, and constant attention to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of dentistry, and has a large number of patients, both foreign and domestic, who are satisfied with his skill and thoroughness, and constant attention to his profession. The Doctor practices all branches of dentistry, and has a large number of patients, both foreign and domestic, who are satisfied with his skill and thoroughness, and constant attention to his profession.

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JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.
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TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE TWO BARONS;

—OR—

THE SPIRITS OF THE MINE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

There is a story current in the Black Forest which might be turned into a capital melo-drama, if one knew how to do it. Suppose that I dash down a few notes, just to keep the action in my head. I have already attempted sermons, tales, travels, essays and poems—at least verses—who knows but I may yet soar to a drama, and get my friend Stanfield to paint the scenes?

The story was told me on the spot it referred to. I was wandering as usual, alone and on foot, exposing my mind carelessly to external impressions, and gathering in, without examination, what it received, good, bad, and indifferent, just as it came. The scene was a forest, partially cleared in two spots, forming the bounds, at opposite sides, of the visible horizon, which the nature of the ground rendered very confined. These spots were eminences resembling the Lilliputian "mountains" of the Rhine, and each was surmounted by the ruins of an old castle. On one side, the broken lines of these monuments of the olden time were sketched firmly and yet delicately on the golden sky; where the light of departing day still lingered like a memory; and on the other, the dark mass stood indefinite and dream-like, resembling a phantom, of whose presence the imagination is conscious, without being able very clearly to separate its outline from the shadows around it. The scene was sufficiently striking to induce the inquiries which drew from a peasant, in whose hut I took up my quarters for the night, the following *Memoires pour servir a un Melo-drame*.

Long, long ago, when Europe was yet steeped in her morning twilight, there dwelt in these two castles two rival families. How the rivalry commenced I cannot say, nor is it necessary to inquire. The jarring elements of society had not attained the form of civilization to which we are now accustomed; the people were unborn; the kings were merely the chief nobles; public justice was unknown; and all men governed themselves by that good old rule,—

"the simple plan—

That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

The two families, instead of growing rich, like their neighbors, by robbing those who had anything to lose, hung upon one another's throats, till they threatened to realize the story of the Kilkenny cats. Their estates wasted away—their lands remained uncultivated—they were overwhelmed with debts—and it seemed tolerably certain that in a very little while longer the houses of Wolfenhausen and Schwartzwald would relax from the struggle out of mere exhaustion, and expire of inanimation.

In those days, the women, although they did not take an active part in the private wars that desolated the country, were yet fully as much interested as the men in their event. They were brought up in the hereditary loves and hatreds of the family, and were taught to interweave curses with their earliest prayers. Sometimes it happened, no doubt, that an old feud yielded to policy and expediency, and was terminated by a marriage between the rival houses; but in this case the young lady was a mere political agent. Indeed, to love the enemy of her house, was in general not only morally, but physically out of the question; for unless his head happened to be stuck upon her father's gate by way of a trophy, she had no opportunity of even looking upon his face.

For instance, the fair Amalia of Schwartzwald had reached her twenty-fifth year without having once set eyes upon her neighbor's son; and Christian of Wolfenhausen had never seen, even in a dream, the daughter of his enemy. That Amalia had reached so respectable an age, and still

"Sat lonely in her castle hall,"

need not be a matter of wonder, for marriages were managed in the iron age pretty much as they are in ours. The heiress of Schwartzwald was, in fact, only worth her value as a pretty girl, her inheritance demanding more mouths to keep it than it could well feed.

At the age of twenty-five, however, Amalia should not be called merely a pretty girl. It has always surprised me that the romancers and melo-dramatists should pitch upon seventeen or eighteen as the heroic age of woman. Beauty is not a mere physical formation, as they suppose; it is made up of thought, sensation, passion, hope, memory, regret, delight. Till the character is formed, the eyes opened, and the heart unsealed, the girl is only progressing towards beauty. Beauty is womanhood; and its era commences about twenty-five, and extends to—But this is a digression.

Nor was Amalia so much to be pitied for her long spinsterhood, for she loved all God's creatures. The first pet was a kitten, and when this grew into a cat, even then she loved it. After puss came a puppy, and then a full-grown dog, and then a horse. The horse died when she was twenty-three, and after drying

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he eyes, she took up a book, for Amalia was one of the most accomplished young ladies of her time, being able both to read and write. Her heart was vacant; she had time for study, and needed consolation, so she read on. By degrees reading became a pleasure and a habit—her book was a new pet.

In those days the favorite literature treated of Alchemy and the other hidden powers of nature; it detailed the process by which gold might be found in the bowels of the mine; and it named, numbered, and described the various spirits whose province it is to keep watch over the hidden treasures of the earth. This was strange reading for a young lady; but Amalia was an enthusiast in her way, and besides, after a time, her studies were made holy by the feelings of a daughter.

Her father waxed poorer and poorer every day; his countenance grew grimmer, and his hair whiter; the knight, indeed, was at that point when long disappointment and exasperation hardened into despair. Yet still he kept up his baronial state, so far as outward appearance went, for to lay this aside, would be to yield to his enemy. The precious wines of the Necker still sparkled on his board, but sparkled only to the eye, without being allowed to cheer the old man's heart. One by one his usual indulgences, and at last even comforts were laid aside on some hollow pretence, that sounded like a mockery, and Amalia, with a timid look and choked voice, in vain besought her father to taste the morsel which once was dear to his palate.

"Gold, gold!" cried the maiden of Schwartzwald, on such occasions, as she started up suddenly from table, and flew with a bursting heart into her study; "give me but gold, ye spirits that keep the keys of the earth, and—save in aught displeasing to Our Lady—I will be your handmaiden for ever!" She studied, she pondered, she dreamed. She knew that a vase of Romish coins had actually been found in the neighborhood by her preceptor, the late Father Gottlieb—and found through the knowledge imparted by his books. This had occurred when she was a child; but well she remembered the glow of enthusiasm which lit up the old man's face as, turning his eyes towards the spot, he exclaimed—"There are more behind!"

"To what spot?" she demanded in her meditations—"O that I could find it!"—but here her memory failed her. She could only conjure up a confused mass of crumbling walls; and the idea occurred to her like a dream, that the good father was angry when he saw her, as she emerged from a small doorway, and fled away from the spot. Proceeding upon these data, however, she came to the conclusion, that the doorway must have been within the walls of the castle, since she herself had never at that time been without, and that it must have led into some subterranean passage communicating with the forest.

In the middle of the forest, half way between the two castles, she was aware there existed the ruins of a mine, said to have been wrought by the Romans. It was there, no doubt, that Father Gottlieb had found his vase of Roman coins. She even remembered a tradition, that this mine was the original bone of contention between the houses, and a nursery rhyme, which declared that the fate of both lay hidden in its womb. So many sanguinary conflicts had taken place, and so many assassinations been committed, within the fatal precincts, that at length the spot was left to the custody of the demons of the mine; and well did they keep their charge. The place was a desert, sacred even from the footstep of war. No sound had been heard there for half a century, save the laughter of the goblins, who held their sabbaths there every stormy night, and no human foot had dared to invade its mysteries—save that of Father Gottlieb.

If a priest could achieve the adventure, why not a woman? Avarice only could have instigated the holy father; while her motives would be respected by the good angels themselves. Amalia's determination was taken. While exploring the ruinous parts of the castle, her recollection of the localities returned gradually, being called up by the associations around her; till at length she recognized so distinctly the very spot she was in search of, that she could almost have fancied she saw her late preceptor standing at the little doorway. The timber of the door was by this time decayed, and a few shaves was sufficient to remove the barrier. As it fell down, a hollow sound, resembling a groan, broke upon her ear, and died rumbling away in the distance. She looked into the aperture; it was as black as night; some hideous faces seemed to grin at her through the darkness, and among them Father Gottlieb, arrayed in white, as she had seen him in his coffin, glided shadowlike through the gloom.

Amalia was in her own room again, and on her knees before a crucifix, before the arrested pulses of her blood could have beat a dozen. In the blessed light of the sun she could be a heroine; but she had not been prepared for darkness. And yet, what was darkness to her more than light? Did she fear spirits, who sought to compel them to her power? She became ashamed of the baby fancies that had peopled the cavern with shadows. It was evidently a subterranean passage communicat-

ing with the forest without; hence the gloom that had scared her; hence the groan-like noise of the falling door as the sound echoed through the vault. The next day she provided herself with a lamp, and inserting between the leaves of a missal a paper inscribed with the names of the most famous spirits both of earth and air, and the incantations necessary for summoning their assistance, she set out on her adventure.

The visionary faces were less numerous at this visit to the cavern, although she still saw in the distance the white grave dress of Father Gottlieb, and heard the foot of the phantom as it paced slowly before her. It is true, she conceived it just possible that the appearance might be only some projecting point of the wall, or roof, touched by the dim light of her lamp, and the sound nothing more than the echo of her own footsteps; but her heart, nevertheless, beat audibly, a cold perspiration broke upon her brow, and her skin began to creep with cold. She stood still, and looked back. All was dark behind her, as dark as all before. She was, perhaps, in the middle of the subterranean passage, and might get into the light of day as easily one way as the other—

"Returning were as tedious as go o'er!"
So on she went.

There is hardly an old castle in Germany, where the ruins of some such subterranean communication are not seen to this day. In several instances they seem to have extended from one castle to another, or from a castle to the neighbouring town; and Amalia, as she proceeded, terrified at the length of the passage, began to think that at the end of it she should find herself in the dungeons of Wolfenhausen. As this idea occurred to her, she saw a small light in the distance, like that of a lamp, and stood still in dismay.

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"A voice from the gulf. Help, queen of Heaven!"

Amalia. The demon mocks me. Shall I answer him again? Come forth! (looking down into the gulf.) Can this be a fiend?—Is like an angel. Come forth!—appear!

Voice. Most blessed and most beautiful! I cannot obey thee. The rock is as smooth as steel: I have no hold for my hand and no purchase for my feet. Fling me but a single hair of thy divine head, and it shall be the cable of my salvation.

Amalia. Hah! is it so? Get thee behind me! If thou art a spirit thou requirest not my assistance.

Voice. And if thou wert the Blessed Virgin thou would know that I am no spirit. But even if the unearthly mistress of the mine (and surely thou canst not be less), forgive my boldness in prying into thy secrets; I sought but a little treasure, and for no bad purpose. Alas! help me or I sink! my footing gives way—help! help!

Amalia. There, take my hand, while with the other I cling to the rock—but stay. Holy Mary, if it should be fiend after all! Tell me, what man art thou?

Voice. Quick, or I am gone.

Amalia. What wilt thou give me for thy life? (Aside.) If he is a fiend he will promise largely.

Voice. It is a woman, and no spirit. I can give thee nothing but the poor service of my sword. I will be thy knight, and thy upholder against all gainsayers. I will compel the world to worship thy beauty, or fall a martyr to the faith myself.

Amalia. And whose honor dost thou plough for this?

Voice. I am Christian of Wolfenhausen.

Amalia. Sacred Heaven! the deadly foe of our house! Out, scorpion!—thou who hast stung my father to the death! Parish—for I am Amalia of Schwartzwald!

Voice. Amalia of Schwartzwald!—then my hour is come. By the holy saints, if I had known what nest this ladybird of paradise had risen from, I'd die like a wolf without a howl! If thou art generous, Amalia, let my father know that I have not perished by the hand of a woman and a foe. Now, Farewell.

Amalia. Hold! I must save thee wert thou a fiend! There (she raises him out of the gulf)—Sir Christian, thou art my knight and my father's foe.

Christian. Lady Amalia, thou hast bought me with a price; I am the friend of thy friends, the enemy of thy enemies, and thy own true knight.

Two days after this adventure the Baron of Schwartzwald was sitting alone in the apartment which now-a-days would be termed the study, as it was appropriated to solitary meditation. He was unarmed, and wrapped in a loose gown, but in his black and stern visage one would have read of anything rather than peace.

"The measure is full," said he, aloud, through his clenched teeth; "land and revenue gone, and now my daughter—praised be the saints, they have left me no room to die! Unhappy girl! child of an unhappy father!—if I could but know thy fate!—but it is better as it is; for I would fain retain my senses to the last. And yet how can they have seized her? I have threaded every inch of the subterranean passage, and what was once an open communication with the mine is now sealed up by the fall of the rock. Besides, if they had discovered the passage, instead of stealing a harmless girl, would they not have surprised the castle, and put us all to the sword? Can it be that my infatuated Amalia has come to an ill end through her studies? No woman ever prospered in this world or in the next who understood Latin. On the day she disappeared the earth shook, and a roar filled the air like the laughter of a thousand demons! Well, well—with her my last hold of the world is gone, and to-morrow I shall find both vengeance and a grave." He was interrupted in his meditations by the entrance of his esquire, who came to announce that a stranger desired to see him.

"Has he no name?"

"None that will disclose."

"What sort of man is he in person?"

"A soldier-like man enough, and an old man to boot; but he wears his vizor down."

"No matter; he is but one—let him enter."

and the baron arranged himself on his chair so as to assume an appearance of dignity, which in more prosperous times he cared nothing about.

The stranger strode into the room, and, with scarcely an obeisance, took a vacant seat by the table, to which the other pointed. He then drew off his gloves, flung them carelessly on the floor, laid down his helmet upon a chest before him, and sinking his elbow upon the table, leant his chin upon his clenched hand, and looked the baron in the face. The baron recoiled, but almost imperceptibly; and the only sign which betrayed more than usual emotion was his grasping, as if with the pressure of a vice, the arm of his chair on which his hand rested.

"Baron of Schwartzwald," said the Baron of Wolfenhausen, "where is my son?"

"I demand of thee, rather, where is my daughter?"

"I know not of the maiden, and I am not here to trifle. My son is the last branch of my roof-tree. If thou hast slain him, although I came not here with thoughts of violence, yet will I spill thy blood upon thy own hearth-stone. Nay, start not—my sword is undrawn, and if the youth still lives, it shall remain so. I am in thy power: a single shout, if it did not save thine own life, would sacrifice mine. But I am a desperate man, and have come upon a desperate venture. Return my son, and name thy terms."

It may be conjectured that the two old men were not long coming to an understanding. They were not smooth enough either to intend or suspect fraud; and in the spirit of the time, they at once arrived at the conclusion that their children, who disappeared on the same day, had been spirited away by the goblins of the mine.

The entrance to the cavern on both sides having been completely blocked up by the revolution which the mining operations of Sir Christian had caused, or perhaps only hastened, in the interior, it was necessary to dig an opening through the earth. This was at length effected through the united exertions of the retainers of both houses who had never met before, within the memory of man, except in the field of battle.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1852.

entailing a devastating Slavery on our posterity, born and unborn, to the latest generation, this would be to them a great wrong and injustice.

Therefore we confide in your integrity and resolution, y^t you will not Consent to any measures that may have the Least appearance of submission to any unconstitutional Edicts that may prevent us or our posterity from asserting our invaluable English privileges and Liberties, and that you shall do all you can to prevent others from being wheedled and bribed, or by any means drawn into such measures.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 10, 1852.

AGENTS.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—David Youngson, Richardson's Building, agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

SUCCINAM.—Mr. G. W. DIXE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

THE MORMONS.

We have before us a report occupying about three columns in the New York Herald, being an official document relating to the treatment of United States agents and officers by this people. It confirms many of the reports that have gone abroad in regard to this strange people, and shows them to be a sect who desire to throw off all law. They are also determined to do as they please, and set our government at defiance.

The sedulous sentiments of Gov. Young are assigned as reasons for withdrawing from the territory, and consequently the Judicial United States officers, and others, came home and make this report. It explains at length the religious and moral organization of the Mormons, with an account of all their assumed powers, and gives in detail all the misdemeanors of the Governor and his associates.

The Government of the United States is, according to the report, shamefully spoken of by this people; the officers sent out for the government of the Territory were refused a hearing; and Governor Young indulged in sundry maledictions upon the memory of Gen. Taylor. These reports have already been noticed. In regard to the charge against Governor Young of anathematizing General Taylor, the report says:—

"In reply to the remarks made by one of the undersigned upon the subject, before a large audience, the Governor reiterated and declared, 'I did say that Gen. Taylor was dead and in hell, and I know it.' A man in the crowd, seemingly to give the Governor an opportunity of fixing its truth, spoke out and said, 'How do you know it?'—to which the Governor promptly answered, 'Because God told me so.' An elder in the church, laying his hand upon the shoulder of one of the undersigned, added: 'Yes, Judge, and you'll know it, too, for you'll see him when you get there.'"

A very comforting assurance to the Judge, certainly! The report proceeds to comment upon the prevalence of polygamy in the territory. Plurality of wives is openly avowed and practised under the sanction and in obedience to the direct command of the Church.

The report states the following facts in regard to the system of oppression exercised towards the "Gentiles," as the Mormons designate all who do not belong to their sect:—

"The city of Great Salt Lake is an important point in the overland route to Oregon and California, for the emigrant to replenish his stores or to winter if overtaken by the advance of the season; but the intimidation which is produced by the denunciations and conduct of the Mormon church and people upon the citizens of the United States passing through or engaged in business there, is such as to induce the emigrant to avoid it, if possible, and the resident to submit, without a murmur. No man dare open his mouth in opposition to their lawless exactions without feeling its effects upon his liberty, his business, or life. And thus upon the soil of the United States, and under the broad folds of its stars and stripes, which protect him in his rights in every part of the civilized world, there is a spot where the citizen dare not exercise the liberty of a freeman. We were told that many of the "Gentiles" (as all are called who are not members of the Mormon church, and have only one wife) have been sentenced, for trivial offences, to two, five, and ten years of labor upon the public highways, with ball and chain to their legs, with no shelter at night but caverns dug in the earth with their own hands. We have seen one of these highways, cut out of the side of a mountain, and the caverns far down at the base, but the approach of the federal officers, we were told, was the signal for the release and banishment of these convicts from the territory into Texas."

The report urges, that in view of all the circumstances, Congress shall immediately investigate the affair; and as it looks like quite a serious matter, we hope it will be looked into, and that justice will be done. Before judging, however, we should bear in mind that the Utah delegation in Congress claim a suspension of public opinion, until such time as a further report shall be made out.

"THE BAY STATE"—of Lynn, published by friend Josselyn, Clerk of the House, comes to us enlarged, and also appears in a new suit of type. We are glad to notice these evidences of its prosperity, and hope the paper and all connected with it will long live to enjoy continued prosperity. The appearance of the "Bay State" reflects great credit upon Mr. P. L. Cox, who has charge of the printing office.

LIBEL SUIT.—The proprietors of the New York *Herald* have been sued by the proprietors of the *Art Union* for libel, in stating in an article in that paper that the *Union* was in the hands of an abolition clique, that its funds have been spent for oyster suppers and champagne, and that a portion of its funds have been spent in establishing the *N. Y. Times*.

PRESENTATION OF SILVER

TO THE CONDUCTOR AND BRAKEMAN OF THE WOBURN BRANCH TRAIN.

This ceremony came off on Wednesday, P. M., at the Station of the Boston and Lowell Railroad, in Boston. Mr. G. M. Champney, of this town, was appointed to address the recipients in behalf of the donors. The following are the remarks of Mr. Champney, and the replies of Messrs. Carter and Willey, which sufficiently explain the object of the testimonials:—

Mr. CARTER:—In behalf of the Season Ticket holders of the Woburn Branch Train, I present you with these articles, not only as an expression of their regard to yourself personally, but as a testimonial of their appreciation of the courtesy which you have uniformly exercised towards them, and the care, skill and prudence which has characterized your management of the cars upon this road. You have now for seven years filled the station which you so acceptably occupy, and have had the care of transporting many thousands of passengers over the road; yet no accident of a serious nature has ever occurred to your train.

We trust, sir, that the future of your life may be as prosperous and happy as the past has been useful and honorable.

Mr. Carter replied—

GENTLEMEN:—It is with the liveliest emotions of gratitude that I meet you here, to receive at your hands this substantial token of your regard and esteem. It is in the faithful discharge of my duties as a public servant, I have merited your approbation, then my highest ambition is gratified. This beautiful testimonial will be kept and carefully preserved, as the brightest treasure in my possession.

Be assured, gentlemen, that in future nothing shall be wanting on my part to make the passages in the Woburn Branch cars comfortable and pleasant to you all, and especially the ladies, while I continue to pass to and fro.

To Mr. WILLEY:—Although filling a less conspicuous post than that of the Conductor of this train, the passengers cannot forget presenting you with these trifling articles, as evidence of their good feeling to you as a man, as well as a just tribute to your industry and faithfulness in the discharge of your duties as Brakeman.

As in times past was the office of a Corporal, so in your case you trust that in the present time the post of Brakeman will be a "rising one."

Mr. Willey said he could only reply by thanking the gentlemen who had so liberally contributed to give him this valuable present, and hoped he should always be found at the post of duty, and ready to "man the brakes."

The pieces of silver presented were as follows:—

To Mr. Carter, an elegant Cake Basket, a dozen heavy Forks, and a large Pie Knife, the whole valued at fifty dollars. The blade of the knife bore this inscription:—

"Presented to Mr. Albert Carter, by the Season Ticket holders of the Woburn Branch Train, (B. & L. R. R.) January, 1852."

To Mr. Reuben Willey, one dozen Tea Spoons, two Table, and one Dessert Spoon, of the heaviest manufacture, and valued at twenty-five dollars.

The silver was from the celebrated establishment of Newell Harding, Boston.

The whole affair was conceived and executed in the best spirit, and reflects great credit upon the liberality of the Season Ticket holders, as well as renders a due testimonial to the efficiency and gentlemanly deportment of the worthy beneficiaries.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our old friend "Hermit" is gladly received. We can most always find room for him.

"Lipha"—your answer to the Enigma is excellent; may we not hope to hear from you again? Your Enigma in due time.

The Poetry on the "old year" of "A. B." is placed on the outside. It is pleasing to know that there are those who drive the *plane*, that can also drive the *pen*.

F. L. B.—after carefully perusing your letter of last week, we think best not to publish it. We fear the effect on the minds of our youthful readers might not be beneficial, and it would probably give rise to discussions upon magnetism, spiritual knockings, &c., which would not be likely to be of much benefit either way.

We have received answers to last week's Enigma and Puzzle, from "Touchstone," "Elsie," "School-boy," and others. All appear correct.

X.—we hope will be perused by all the youthful readers.

H.—your poetry of "Homeward Bound" is well expressed, and will receive attention.

Answer to the Puzzle of last week have been received from Mrs. Wellman, and a fine one from "Gertrude," of Reading, which came too late for insertion.

We have a letter from "D" our New York correspondent; received too late for use this week.

Other contributions we have not space to notice this week.

LYCEUM.—The Rev. Mr. Giles lectured before the Lyceum last Tuesday evening to quite a full audience. It is gratifying to notice the attendance at the last lecture, although given on quite a stormy evening, showed no lack of interest in them. We noticed present a large number of fair hearers.

A lecture may be expected, at the usual hour, on next Tuesday evening, unless a contrary notice shall be given during the week. It is hoped that Daniel Kimball, Esq., of this town may be able to give a lecture at that time.

The value of tea imported into the United States, last year, was four and three-quarters millions of dollars, about twenty-one cents to each inhabitant. During the same period, we consumed twelve and a half million dollars' worth of coffee, which is fifty-four cents to each inhabitant.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

NUMBER NINE.

MAMMOTH CAVE, DEC., 1851.

DEAR JOURNAL:—After travelling two miles beyond "Echo river," passing many objects of interest which time will not permit me to enumerate, we came to a part of the cave entirely different from any portion that we had previously seen. It seemed like a spot of enchantment—a fairy grotto—a fit dwelling place for the fabled beings of whom we had heard and read in our younger days. It was a long series of galleries, or domes, with the roof and sides covered with pure white formations of gypsum, of all imaginable shapes and sizes.

We first entered what was called the "Snow Ball room." It was about 70 feet high, a perfect dome spreading some 200 feet in width and several hundred in length. The white formations were such, that the room looked as though some person had taken the trouble to make thousands or millions of snow-lalls, and then throw them at the roof above, where they had adhered and remained unto this day. It was a most beautiful and perfect illusion, and was a spot where we could have lingered with delight for hours.

Outward we went, and the beautiful avenues of gypsum now broke upon our astonished views in all their splendor. It was a scene that would repay a journey of weeks, and I am sure none of our party had now any feeling of disappointment, except of the pleasurable kind.

We travelled onward amid the enchanting views for about two miles, forgetting all earthly scenes and objects, our minds and attention completely absorbed in the scene before us. The storm was very severe, and considerable snow fell, and now lies from 8 to 10 inches in depth. At 2 o'clock, Wednesday, neither of the trains from New York had reached Boston. The first train from Nashua did not reach the city till past 10, and the Woburn Branch train did not arrive till past 11. All trains were late on the other roads from the heavy accumulation of snow on the track, and the branch roads generally did not get in running order till the middle of the day. In many exposed situations the snow is piled up in large drifts. Sleighting in the town and immediate vicinity is now as good as can be wished.

We wish some of our readers who are fond of noting the weekly changes in the weather, would favor us with an account of their observations; it would form an interesting feature in the Journal, to read of the various weather changes for the week.

For the Journal.

HE HAS "PASSED AWAY."

Written on the death of William C. Moore, who died at North Woburn, May 9th, 1851.

He has "passed away;"—In his youthful prime, Death's mandate he obeyed; But we trust he lives in a fair clime, Where flowers will never fade.

He has "passed away;"—From the casket fair, Is taken the precious gem, But 'tis placed with jewels bright and rare, In the Saviour's diadem.

He has "passed away;"—Those weary days And sleepless nights are o'er; For sorrow, pain, and sore distress, Will never reach him more.

He has "passed away;"—Friends tried in vain To smite his cruel stroke; But the silver cord has loosen'd been,— The golden bough is broke.

He has "passed away;"—To the silent grave They've borne his lifeless clay; When a few more suns shall rise and set, We, too, shall have "passed away."

He has "passed away;"—Friends, dry your tears, For rest to him is given; May when life's short dream is o'er, With William meet in Heaven.

ELAINE, THE PEASANT GIRL.

North Woburn, Jan. 1851.

THE WEATHER.

Since last week, a severe north-easter has ruled supreme. The gale was very severe on the coast, but we hear of no marine disasters.

On Tuesday night we had one of the heaviest snow storms we have had for years.

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We have no complaints to make of the past. I have had my full share of all the chequered scenes of life, and although my locks are white as the drifted snow,—my forehead furrowed with the marks of time, and my oaken staff requisite in my daily walks,—I can yet inhale the pure air of Heaven with strength, and look upon nature with feelings of pleasure and gratitude, and realize in every change the hand of an all wise and benevolent Being.

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The young may suppose that the aged are cold and senseless,—that their faculties become benumbed by time, and that there is nothing left them for enjoyment in the world,

—that all must be dark and dreary; but my young friends are mistaken. Could they look in at my little cottage, they would find me seated by a glowing fire,—it burns bright and beautiful,—the oaken table always spread for a friend, and—

For the Journal.

THE "HERMIT" AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR:—I have been blocked up with snow, and the cold weather has prevented friends from making their accustomed visits to the Hermit's cottage. The snow-paths are but few around my domain, and the world goes cheerfully on without troubling me. I find many happy hours in my secluded cottage; the wind whistles round its corners, the snow banks up my windows, and the cold and freezing air penetrates my old frame: still I am not without the hermit's comforts of a home.

That word *home* has a thrilling sound, and to one who has passed through all the busy scenes of a long life,—who has had his joys and sorrows,—his domestic fireside,—his happy Christmas and New Year's greetings,—to be left alone to tread the down-hill of life, without one companion to cheer him on his way, to him home is of the past—the present is but a short journey to the tomb. Age matures our minds, and inclines us to reflection; the past, the present, and often the future, are before us, and it is in the quiet of retirement, free from the noise and troubles of the world, that our minds act with clearness, and our imaginations, like a mirror, are placed before us, all the past objects and excitements, and all the little incidents of these never-to-be-forgotten days and hours of youthful enjoyments,—it is a relief to the heavy burdens of life, and memory is made the medium through which the aged find enjoyment.

It is well known to the older part of this community, that the town of Woburn furnished two of the first martyrs in the cause of liberty—Asaak Porter and Daniel Thompson, both fell in the battle of Lexington and Concord, on the 19th of April, 1775.

Having collected a few facts in relation to the latter of these martyrs, I now offer them for publication in your useful paper, should you think they possess sufficient interest.

Very respectfully yours, C. T.

North Woburn, Dec. 23d, 1851.

DANIEL THOMPSON was born in the north part of Woburn, on the 9th day of March, 1734. He was a lineal descendant of the fifth generation of James Thompson, one of the first settlers of the town in 1642. His father's name was Samuel, and his mother's maiden name was Ruth Wright, and he was brother of the late Samuel Thompson, Esq., and Abijah Thompson, senior. At about 14 years of age he had the misfortune to lose his father, and soon after became an apprentice to learn a trade. When of age, he became an active and enterprising man, set up and carried on his business successfully in his native town. His place was that now owned and occupied by Mr. John J. Richardson. Mr. Thompson possessed an ardent temperament, so that whatever he undertook was performed with untiring energy. He zealously espoused the cause of his country, in the troubles which preceded the Revolution. Early on the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, on hearing of the march of British troops towards Concord, he instantly mounted his horse, and rode to the north village, to alarm his friends, and urge them to resistance. One, and one only, of those he addressed, asked if he was not "too fast"—if he was not exposing himself? His prompt and energetic answer was—"I tell you, friend, that our tyrants are on the march to destroy our stores, and if no one else opposes them to-day, I will." This was no idle threat; he hurried to the scene of action, boldly took his position, and poured his fire among the ranks of the enemy.

At length, on the retreat of the British from Concord, he took a position near the road, stopping behind the barn to load, and then advancing around the corner of the barn, he would fire diagonally through the platoons of the enemy, so that every shot might take effect. This being observed by a British grenadier, so exasperated him, that he came around the corner of the barn and shot Mr. Thompson dead, before he had finished reloading his gun. Tradition says that a ball from another Woburn gun, prevented the grenadier from ever rejoining his corps.

The place where Mr. Thompson fell, is said to be on that part of the road between Concord and Lexington, which passes through a corner of Lincoln. His body was brought home, and buried in the "old burying ground," near the centre of which, among the locust trees, now stands a stone, on which is inscribed the story of his death. Thus early in the contest, fell an ardent patriot, a useful citizen, and an honest man. In 1760, Mr. Thompson was married to Miss Phoebe Snow, their children were two sons and one daughter. The oldest son, Isaac S., was a physician, and settled in Baldwin, Maine, the daughter Phoebe married Josiah Pierce, Esq., of the same place, and (if the writer is not misinformed,) was the mother of the present Judge of Probate for Cumberland County, Maine. The second son, Daniel, settled in Berlin, Vt., and was the father of the Hon. Daniel Peirce Thompson, of Montpelier, Vt., author of the "Green Mountain Boys," &c.

The towns of Lexington, Concord, Acton, &c., have erected monuments to the memory of their citizens who fell in this first effort against oppression.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1852.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 7, 1852.—SENATE.—This branch of the Legislature was called to order at 11 o'clock by the Hon. Myron Lawrence, of Hampshire, the senior Senator elect. Shortly afterward His Excellency the Governor entered the Chamber and administered to the Senators present the usual oaths of office.

After the Governor had retired, the Senate proceeded to ballot for President, with the following result:—

Whole number.....	27
Necessary to a choice.....	14
Henry Wilson.....	16
Charles T. Russell.....	10
Myron Lawrence.....	1

And the Hon. Henry Wilson was declared elected and conducted to the chair. The President returned his thanks in a few well chosen remarks.

Francis H. Underwood of Webster, was then elected Clerk of this Branch, receiving 16 out of 28 votes cast.

IN THE HOUSE.—The members appeared at an early hour in great numbers.

The Clerk of the last session announced that James Small, Esq., of Truro, was the senior member elect, and at 10 minutes after 11 o'clock the House was called to order by that gentleman.

The committee having reported that a quorum was in attendance, Messrs Earl of Worcester, Fuller of Boston, Hunt of Orange, Perkins of North Bridgewater, and Payson of Howley, were appointed a committee to wait on the Governor, and inform him that a quorum being assembled, the members were ready to be qualified.

Shortly afterwards, the Governor, Lieutenant Governor, and Council, came in, and the usual oaths of office were administered by his Excellency, and subscribed by the members. The Governor, &c., then retired.

On motion, a Committee was appointed to receive the votes for Speaker. In the ballot, the names of members were called by the Clerk, and checked as they came down into the area and deposited their votes. The following is the result:—

Whole number of votes.....	399
Necessary to a choice.....	197
N. P. Banks, Jr., had.....	201
Ensign H. Kellogg.....	191
Erastus Hopkins.....	1

The Chairman declared Nathaniel P. Banks duly elected Speaker of the House for the current year, and a committee were appointed to conduct him to the chair.

Mr. Banks, on assuming the chair, addressed the House in some very appropriate remarks.

On motion, a committee was appointed to raise, sort and count the votes for Clerk of the House, and the result of the balloting was as follows:—

Whole number of votes deposited.....	399
Necessary to a choice.....	197
Lewis Josselyn had.....	199
Samuel Bowles had.....	101
And Lewis Josselyn was declared duly elected.	

For the Journal,

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AS IT WAS.

Mr. FOWLE.—In a recent number of your Journal, the writer promised your juvenile readers some account of the school that he attended in his boyhood. It is not his object to draw a picture that shall provoke a smile from any one. He will endeavor to portray before their minds some of the many inconveniences, disadvantages, and discomforts, experienced by the scholars of the district schools at that time. Should his sketches and reminiscences interest the youthful reader of the Journal, and lead them to a better appreciation of their own favored lot, the object of the writer will be attained.

THE SCHOOL-HOUSE;

In locating a school-house formerly, the object aimed at mainly, was to place it as near the geographical centre as possible. But very little regard was had to the *fitness* of the place—whether it was protected from the scorching rays of a summer sun, or the piercing blasts of winter. If the centre of the district was the bare summit of a hill, then the house was erected, regardless of its exposure to the heats of summer, or the blasts of winter.

The house of the school under consideration, stood in the angle formed by the junction of a cross road with the main street. The location in this instance was tolerably good, better than that of most school-houses. On the south and east was presented to the view a fine range of mountains, a mile or two distant. On the west were gently rising hills, while to the north was spread out an extended and fertile plain. 'Twas a pleasant spot, though a rural district, somewhat remote from any village. The building was square, as were all school-houses in those days, with a four-sided roof. At the entrance, a large flat stone was placed for the "door stone." The outer door opened into a small entry where the boys hung up their hats and caps upon *nails* furnished by themselves. There was a "cupboard," without a door, in the school-room, where the girls deposited their bonnets and shawls, and where were placed the "dinner baskets" of those who remained at the school-house during the intermission. The school-room was small, not more than half as large as was demanded by the number of scholars. It was as large, however, as school-houses usually were in those days, and no one thought of complaining, if he could only secure a place to sit down. The room was lighted by four windows—two on the south, one on the east, and one on the north. There were no blinds, or curtains, except when the scholars pinned up shawls or handkerchiefs, to shut out the rays of the unclouded sun. There were no chairs and desks like what are seen in school-rooms at the present day. Against the wall, on two sides of the room, was a "writing bench." This was a wide shelf, inclined like a desk, and fastened to the wall. In front of this was the seat for the large scholars. When they sat facing "the master," their backs rested against the edge of the "writing bench." When they sat at the bench, their backs had no support. The seat was so high that the feet of the scholars hung several inches from the floor. In front of these, on two sides, were

long settee-like seats, made of boards, with a broad back. These were for the "little shavers," as the small boys were called, and for the little girls, who were not old enough to write, and read in the "first class." The scholars on the high seats generally rested their feet upon the settees, much to the annoyance of the occupants, whose clothes usually bore away the mud that was brought in upon the boots of the large scholars. There was no stove in the room, but the house was warmed by means of a large fireplace built of stone. This was so constructed that nearly all the heat went up the chimney, while the cold air found ample means of ingress through the cracks in the floor and in the ceiling. The windows—to the honor of the "committee-man" it is spoken, were always kept in good repair. It will be seen at once that the room was provided with a ventilator fully as effectual as Emerson's, even when aided by Ventiduct and Hedenberg's Patent Store. Whether it was done as well, is another thing. The old motto, "keep the feet warm and the head cool," was imitated in part, for the head were almost always cold, and the feet also. There was a chair, and a low, moveable desk for the master, where he set the copies for the writers, and in which he locked up at night his own books, the writing books and pens, and the books of any scholars that desired it.

The room was always warmed by a fire, made with green wood, usually green beech. Dry wood was never furnished. The wood was cut to fit the fireplace, and was usually about three feet long, "firewood length," as it was called. In the morning a fire was built, and the fireplace filled full, with green sticks standing in front of the fire, so as to hinder effectually any heat from finding its way into the room. The room was usually very cold till about eleven o'clock. By that time the wood was burnt to coals, and the seats near the fire were as uncomfortably warm, as the more distant had been cold. A very good illustration was afforded of the zones from the torrid to the frigid. About half a cord of wood "firewood length," was consumed daily. The room was usually very cold all at once becomes again what people call an *ear*; Cut off my tail, transpose me then, and all at once, you see!

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at reasonable rates.
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the Editor, at Woburn, or at No. 9 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

From the Knickerbocker.
THE ESCAPE:—A TALE OF THE SEA.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK MARLINSPIKE'S YARN."

"List ye landsmen all to me!"

The morning broke hazily upon the Atlantic, with a fresh breeze from the Eastward, attended by frequent squalls of light rain. The sea had assumed that dead lead-color which always attests the absence of the sun; and a dark curtain of clouds, that were slowly heaving up to windward, threatened an interval of heavier weather before the close of the day. About an hundred miles from that part of the coast of South America situated between the Brazil shoals and Cape Frio, a large and beautiful ship was dashing along under press of canvas. She had the wind abeam, and everything that the weather would allow was packed on a low and slop. On her quarter deck a group, consisting of the passengers and officers of the ship, had collected to observe a strange sail, which, since daylight, had been discovered two or three points forward of the beam.

"Give me the glass," said a stout, good-looking middle-aged man, whose countenance betrayed, or more properly indicated, a fondness for glasses, and whose authoritative tone at once christened him skipper. Taking the proper instrument, he adjusted it at the proper focus, and commenced studying the stranger, whose hull, by the aid of the telescope, was but just visible, as she rose upon the crest of the waves.

"He's edging away for us," muttered Captain Bangem; "just got a pull of the weather braces; devilish suspicious-looking craft, too."

"A guineaman, from the coast, perhaps," said Skysail.

"The fellow thinks it's getting too black to windward for all his duck," resumed the captain; "he's reefing his topsail, and we must follow suit."

"Passing the glass to a sailor at his elbow, he took up a trumpet, and looking at the mouth-piece for a moment, applied it to his lips, and gave the order to take in the studding-sails, royals, and flying jib. When this movement had been executed, Bangem again thundered forth:

"Man the top-gallant clew-lines—clear away the sheets—clew up—man the topsail reef-tackles and buntlines—clear away the buntlines; round in the braces—settle away the hilliards—clew down, haul out the reef-tackles, and up the buntlines—trice up the buntlines—lay out, and take in the second reef!"

The ever-ready seamen sprang upon the yards, and extending themselves along either extremity, caught up and secured to the spar the canvas contained between the first and second reef-bands. When all three of the top-sails had been reefed, the yards were again mast-headed and trimmed, the top-gallant sails sheeted home, and the Niagara once more freshened her speed through the water.

In the meantime the stranger was fast coming down, and so rapidly had he overhauled the Niagara, that those on board of the latter were able to distinguish her build and rig with a naked eye. She was a long, low clipper-schooner, with spars that seemed much too stout and square for the little hull out of which they rose. Captain Bangem had been watching her for some moments with the utmost interest, when, turning to Skysail, he ordered him to hoist the ensign. "Now," said he, "we'll see what hunting the fellow wears. Ah, there it goes!—the stars and stripes!" A rolling billow of smoke rose from the bows of the schooner, and the report of a gun thundered along the breeze.

"Man the weather main-braces—clear away the bowlines—put the helm down—ease off the jib-sheet!" shouted Bangem; and in another moment the Niagara was lying to, with the main-topsail to the mast. The skipper again resounded the spy-glass; but scarcely had he raised it to his eye, when, relinquishing it to another, he seized the trumpet, and in a voice that betrayed unusual excitement, he sang out, "Haul aft the jib-sheet!—hard up, hard up!"

"Hard up!" answered the man at the wheel, and the obedient ship fell rapidly off before the wind.

"Lay aft to the braces!" said Bangem; "meet her now, boy."

"She's got the lee helm," was the immediate reply. "Steady as you go—steady so."

"Steady so, Sir," responded the steersman.

The sullen report of a gun told how the stranger had received this manœuvre; and when the smoke rolled off to leeward, the American ensign was no longer at his peak. Before the Niagara had been kept away, she was running along with the wind abeam; the stranger was on her weather-bow, and heading so as to near her at each moment, and eventually cut her off; but now the former had assumed the same position with regard to the wind as the latter, and both vessels were running with the breeze sharp on the quarter. There were but few questions asked on board of the Niagara; the unlooked-for deviation from her proper course, and the subsequent manœuvres of the schoon-

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1852.

NO. 13.

OF ALL THE VARIOUS KINDS AND POSSIBLE DESCRIPTIONS,
COMPRISED IN PART

Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, Blanks, Catalogues, Pamphlets, Shop Bills, Shoe Bills, Notices, &c.

PROMPTLY AND TASTEFULLY EXECUTED AT THE

JOURNAL PRINTING OFFICE,

OVER FOWLE'S BOOKSTORE.

The office has been furnished with new type throughout, and we are prepared to execute all orders for print in the best manner and at short notice.

Printing in Gold, Silver and Bronze done in superior style, at reasonable rates.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN

FROM THE YEAR 1641 TO 1843.

(Continued.)

1682.

Houghton, Marcy, daughter of John, born 15th

day of 1st month.

Kendall, Frances, s. of John, 11th of 2d.

Knight, Ruth, d. of Joseph, 7th of May.

Walker, Nathaniell, s. of Israel, 15th of 2d.

Richardson, Sarah, daughter of Samwell, 20th

of 6th.

Read, Thomas, s. of George, 15th of July.

Pierce, Mary, d. of Nathaniell, 31st of 5th.

Bateman, Abigail, d. of John, 18th of 8th.

Houghton Isabell, d. of Robert, 6th of 5th.

Ruck, Samwell, s. of Ephraim, 13th of 9th.

Wyman, William, s. of William, 18th of 11th.

Snow, Ebenezer, s. of John, 6th of 8th.

Richardson, Timothy, s. of Stephen, 6th of

10th.

Cutter, John, s. of John, 15th of 11th.

Flagg, Mary, d. of Gershom, 2d of 12th.

Kendall, Samwell, s. of Thomas, 29th of 8th.

Wilson, Elizabeth, d. of Samwell, 28th of 11th.

Green, Michitable, d. William, 30th of June.

Carter, Thomas, s. of Samwell, 3d of April.

Read, William, s. of William and Elizabeth, 23d of August.

Polle, Mary, d. of George and Mary, 25th

of November.

1683.

Simonds, Joseph, s. of Benjamin, 1st of 1st.

Converse, Josyah, s. of James, 24th of 3d.

Carter, Timothy, s. of Timothy, 12th of July.

Johnson, Henry, s. of Matthew, 7th of 2d.

Simonds, James, s. of Caleb, 16th of 11th.

Hensher, Hannah, d. of Thomas, 21st of 3d.

Winn, Joannah, d. of Inceas, 24th of 4th.

Bigett, Samwell, s. of Samwell, Jr., 21st of

10th.

Richardson, Martha, d. of Nathaniell, —

Peirce, Lydia, d. of Samwell, 25th of 3d.

Richardson, Mary, d. of Isaac, 14th of 5th.

Tompson, Ebenezer, s. of James, 26th of 5th.

Carter, Mary, d. of Thomas, 5th of 8th.

Waters, Abigail, d. of Samwell, 29th of 9th.

Carter, Mary, d. of John, 17th of 5th.

Richardson, Abigail, d. of Stephen, 14th of 9th.

Knight, John, s. of John, 31st of 11th.

Snow, Richard, s. of Samwell, 10th of 10th.

Fowl, Hannah, d. of James, 23d of 11th.

Doyle, Martha, d. of Robert, 9th of 12th.

Read, Ruth, d. of Israel, 6th of 11th.

Wyman, Prudence, d. of William, 26th of 10th.

Hamblet, William, s. of Jacob, 8th of Sept.

Carter, Henry, s. of Joseph and Bethiah, 4th

of October.

Wright, Jacob, s. of Joseph, 22d June.

Baker, Hannah, d. of John and Hannah, 5th

of Dec.

Russell, John, s. of John and Elizabeth, 20th

of September.

1684.

Read, John, s. of John and Eliza, 22d March.

Lock, Thomas, s. of John, 20th of 1st.

Pierce, Hannah, d. of Nathaniell, 24th of 2d.

Brush Margery, d. of George, 24th of 2d.

Sawyer, Joshua, s. of Joshua, 20th of 4th.

Lock, William, s. of William, 28th of 4th.

Jeme, s. of Jeme, negro of Widow Wyman,

5th of August.

Carter, Anna, d. of Timothy, 17th of July.

Teed, Joseph, s. of John, 8th of March.

Richardson, Susannah, d. of John, Jr., 5th

of August.

Walker, Israell, s. of Israell, 26th of July.

Converse Josyah, s. of James, 12th of Sept.

Richardson, Thomas, s. of Samwell, 25th of 7th.

Kendall, John, s. of John, 7th of October.

Polle, Elizabeth, d. of George, 5th of August.

Kendall, Samwell, s. of Samwell, 13th of Aug.

Winn, Anna, d. of Joseph, 1st of November.

Roberts, David, s. of David, 24th of October.

Green, Hannah, d. of William, 7th of October.

Fox, Jabez, s. of Jabez, 2d of December.

Cutter, John, s. of John, 7th of December.

Knight, Ebenezer, s. of Joseph, 24th of Aug.

Bateman, Abigail, d. of John, 1st of 11th.

Snow, Nathaniell, s. of John, 17th of 9th.

Richardson, John, s. of Nathaniell, 25th of

11th.

Winn, Increase, s. of Increase, 9th of 12th.

Warner, John, s. of John, 26th of 3d.

Green, Hannah, d. of William, 30th of Oct.

Converse, Sarah, d. of Samwell, 10th of Jan.

Abatt, Mary, d. of John, 21st of September.

1685.

Read, Mary, d. of William, 12th of March.

Mackginnis, Edmond, s. of Daniell, 23d of March.

Bloggett, Daniell, s. of Samwell, Jr., 24th of March.

Simonds, John, s. of Bent, 23d of March.

Pierce, Joseph, s. of Samwell, 28th of March.

Carter, Nathaniell, s. of Samwell, 7th of April.

Lock, Marah, d. of John, 1st of April.

Wilson, Mary, d. of Samwell, 10th of April.

Peirce, Abigail, d. of Thomas, 14th of April.

Flagg, Thomas, s. of Gershom, 19th of April.

Kendall, Ralph, s. of Thomas, 4th of May.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1852.

Converse, Samwell, s. of Edward, 9th of Oct.
Wright, Ruth, d. of Joseph, 10th of Oct.
Russell, Joseph, s. of John, 3d of October.
Tattingham, Arrah, d. of Elijah, 24th of 7th.
Chadwick, Mary, d. of Samwell, 2d of 9th.
Richardson, Elizabeth, d. of Isaac, 8th of November.

Hensher, William, s. of Thomas, 25th of Nov.
Cutler, John, s. of John, 4th of January.
Wyman, William, s. of William, 15th of Jan.
Richardson, Prudence, d. of Stephen, 17th Jan.
Brooks, Mary, d. of John, 4th of Dec.
Reel, Abigail, d. of George, 6th of Feb.
Habibah, d. of Joahah, negro servant to
Francis Wyman, 1st of 9th.

Hambert, Jacob, s. of Jacob, 4th of Jan.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 17, 1852.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

Winchester.—Dr. David Youngman, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Stoneham.—Mr. G. W. Dixie will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Boston.—Messrs. S. M. Pettingill & Co., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

TOWN CLOCK.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers, reports of two meetings of the citizens of Woburn, held to adopt measures to procure a Clock. It will be seen from the Secretary's report, that plans are already matured, and the evening appointed, on which to commence action. We are much mistaken if these measures are not sustained, and think many will be greatly disappointed if they do not shortly see the pretty dial-face of a Clock in our midst.

It is gratifying to know that the intention is to enlist the approbation and aid of the whole town,—to try and get all to lend their aid in this cause; and of course if all do something, the Clock will surely come, and in every sense of the word it will be a *Town Clock*: and whoever gazes upon it after it begins its long story of time-telling, can do so with an honest pride, knowing that their *mite* has helped place it there.

From remarks made at the meetings, and also from the names of the Committee, it is very evident that the parties interested in the enterprise knew where the power lay, for it will be noticed that the *ladies* come in for their part of the work; and we know it is expected and hoped that they will lend their valuable aid in the matter. One gentleman, at the first meeting, very properly made the remark, that if the ladies favored the project, and would lend their influence, the Clock would be obtained. Whoever knew the *fair* part of a community to be backward in any good cause? And we feel quite sure they will stand ready to take an active part in this.

It was decided to hold a Levee at the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 27th, in aid of the funds for this enterprise; and next week we hope to be able to state some of the arrangements made by the Committee in whose hands the matter is left. In the meantime, let all be preparing to have a grand time, and to aid, by their influence and purse, the procuring of a fine Town Clock.

REPORT OF MEETINGS.

At a meeting of the citizens of Woburn, held at the Town Hall, on Friday evening, Jan. 9th, for the purpose of taking some measures for procuring a Town Clock, Mr. John A. Fowle was called to the Chair, and Horace Collamore was chosen Secretary.

The following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That it is expedient that immediate and active measures be taken to procure a Town Clock.

Voted, that a committee of three persons be nominated at large, to report a list of names for a general committee, to carry out the object of the meeting.

J. E. Littlefield, Eli Jones, and Geo. M. Champney were chosen.

The committee retired, and reported the following names:

Mrs. D. P. Eager,
Horace Collamore,
Charles Choate,
Theodore Ladd,
Edward C. Cooper,
Horace Collamore,
W. T. Grammer,
J. A. Fowle,
Bowen Buckman,
Walter Wyman,
J. E. Littlefield,
G. M. Champney,
S. W. Drew,
Jotham Hill,
Miss Susan Estell,
Sarah Frost.

Voted, that the Secretary notify the above committee of their appointment.

Voted, that when a Clock is procured by the contributions of persons interested, and located, if the town will accept and keep the same in good repair, they shall have the right to change the location at any time when the citizens thereof, by a vote at a legal meeting, shall so decide.

Voted, that when this meeting does adjourn, it adjourn to Tuesday evening next, at the Vestry of Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church.

Voted, to adjourn.

TUESDAY EVENING, Jan. 13th.

Met according to adjournment. The meeting was called to order by the Chairman, and the proceedings of the last meeting were read by the Secretary.

Voted, That if any persons have names they wish to add to the Committee, they now have the privilege to do so.

Voted, that Abijah Thompson be added to the committee.

Voted, that the committee have power to fill vacancies.

After some remarks from different persons,

as to the best method of raising funds to carry out the object of the meeting, it was—

Voted, that we hold a Levee as soon as practicable.

Voted, that a Levee be held at the Town Hall, two weeks from this evening.

Voted, that the entrance fee be twenty-five cents for single tickets.

The meeting was informed by Mr. John A. Fowle, that the American Brass Band, of Boston, had volunteered their services in case a Levee was held.

Voted, that the preposition of the Band be gratefully accepted, and that they be so informed by the Chairman of this meeting.

Voted, that a subscription paper be opened after the Levee.

Voted, that the Secretary call a meeting of the committee on Friday evening, Jan. 16th, at the Vestry of Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church.

Voted, to adjourn to two weeks from this evening, and meet at the Levee.

Horace Collamore, Sec'y.

NEW HALL.

We hope our readers will take an early opportunity to call at Winchester and examine the New "Lyceum building," and see how admirably it is adapted for the purpose intended. It is at once convenient and beautiful, and will undoubtedly prove to be good property.

It reminds us very strongly of the *necessities and wants* of our town, and makes our public building look sorry indeed. We should have in this place a structure *worthy* of Woburn, and we much mistake public sentiment if this is not the opinion of all our citizens.

There can be no reason to doubt, that, if our spirited citizens would take hold of this matter in *earnest*, procure plans for a fine Hotel, combining all desirable conveniences, and have connected with it an elegant hall, which could be used for lectures, concerts, and other secular purposes, the structure would soon rise in our midst, and prove a profitable investment.

We are informed, on good authority, that persons stand ready to subscribe for the undertaking; it only needs a start. Let a stock company be formed, and the shares be put at a price that will be within the means of our citizens generally, and success will be sure and attend well directed efforts; and it would not be long before we should have the pleasure of making a report similar to that which occupies to-day a portion of our columns in describing the new building at Winchester.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received several communications in relation to the Town Clock. We publish one from "Citizen" and one from "Amelia." The others are crowded out; they express one opinion, and that is that we must have a Clock.

"Claude Melnotte"—is informed that the "Wellerisms" have not been received by us. "Elie" was correct in her expression, for the General was in existence, but his name is in existence, and she properly says her enigma is the name of a General, &c.

When, therefore, the town was incorporated, in April, 1850, and some large audience-rooms became still further necessary for municipal purposes, it was hoped and expected that a Town-house would be erected which should fully meet all the demands of the public convenience. This expectation was strengthened by the fact that Col. Winchester had given to the town the sum of \$3000, with special reference to such a building.

But this expectation, after having been kept alive, in a kind of feverish existence, for nearly a year, by a variety of town-meetings, discussions, committees, investigations and reports, was finally extinguished by the refusal of the town to engage in any such enterprise.

What the town would not undertake, it therefore remained for private individuals to attempt, and as the result shows, to accomplish with triumphant success.

"S"—we have the piece you refer to on file, and shall in due time use it with some others of your articles. The poetry in to-day's paper from your pen is good, but you will notice some of the lines are rather lengthy for acrostic lines.

"Elie's" beautiful lines will be inserted.

"E. A. L."—as soon as possible, perhaps next week.

"Amelia," will find in next week's paper a short history of Kossuth which is crowded out from this.

If "Clara C." will look over her lines again, she will find that by not being particular in the *metre* she has much injured the *sense*. We like the sentiment, and hope she will re-write the lines.

"L"—Our friend "Jonathan" is recommended to you, and we hope he will attend to your case next week; shall be glad to hear from you again.

Our correspondents must excuse any apparent neglect in not publishing their articles with more promptness. Want of room must be our excuse—they will be inserted in due time.

VETO ENGINE COMPANY, No. 2.—At the annual meeting of Veto Company, No. 2, for choice of officers, held January 7th, the following persons were chosen as officers for the ensuing year—John R. Cudworth, *Foreman*, W. R. Bennett, *First Assistant*. Edward E. Thompson, *Clerk and Treasurer*. The company numbers, including officers, thirty-four.

A RIDE.—The scholars of the Grammar School, in this district, took their annual sleigh-ride on Wednesday, visiting Boston and attending the Museum. They went off and came back in high glee, and no doubt enjoyed themselves exceedingly well.

THE PHALANX.—gave another party Wednesday evening, which equalled in every respect those which have preceded it. The company was gay and spirited, and the music rich and enlivening. The Phalanx can boast many a good "trainer."

ANOTHER—social party at Young's hall on Friday evening next. A good time may be expected by those who participate in its festivities.

We want copies of the Journal No. 2; by handing them in at Fowle's Bookstore, they will be paid for.

WINCHESTER LYCEUM BUILDING.

This Lyceum Corporation have just completed and opened to the public its new and beautiful Hall, an edifice that does equal credit to the enterprise and taste of the members of the Lyceum.

The first public meeting of the Lyceum was held in the Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 7th, when John A. Bolles, Esq., made a brief statement of the history and purposes of the institution, and ex-Governor Briggs delivered an address on the subject of education.

On Monday evening, Gov. Boutwell delivered in the same place, the first lecture of the season before the Lyceum and Library Association of Winchester, on the subject of Government, in the course of which he gave a pretty full statement of his views on the great question of "intervention."

On Friday evening, the great audience room of the hall, which has been let to the Baptist Church and Society of Winchester, for Sunday use, was dedicated by religious exercises. Rev. Dr. Neale, of Boston, preached the sermon.

Voted, that a subscription paper be opened after the Levee.

Voted, that the Secretary call a meeting of the committee on Friday evening, Jan. 16th, at the Vestry of Rev. Mr. Edwards's Church.

Voted, to adjourn to two weeks from this evening, and meet at the Levee.

Horace Collamore, Sec'y.

Its building Committee, one and all, is entitled to great praise. But, Sir, I should violate my own sense of justice, as well as dissatisfaction every member of the corporation, did I fail on this occasion to say, that to you especially, to your unwearied labor, care and skill, to your good judgment and taste, are we chiefly indebted for what we this night behold and enjoy in the consummation of our plans and our hopes.

Long, Sir, very long, may you be spared to enjoy the success which crowns your exertions in our behalf.

It is now proper to say a few words in regard to the building which our corporation has erected.

Upon its ground plan it measures 50 by 75 feet. It is four stories in height. On the floor above us are two committee rooms, and a hall 53 by 20 feet. In the basement story there are four convenient shops and six cellars. On the first floor there are two spacious stores, and a hall 48 ft. by 27, divisible by folding doors into two separate apartments, each with its appropriate entrance.

Upon the second floor there are four large offices, nearly 20 feet square and 11 feet in height, besides the beautiful room in which we are assembled, and in which we can conveniently seat upwards of 450 persons.

The building is warmed by one of Duncker's furnaces, and will, after this evening, be lighted throughout by gas manufactured by the corporation, with apparatus that forms a part of this establishment.

The architecture of the building is of that style which, for no very good reason, is called Gothic. The carved work which adorns it is from the chisel of Hobbs & Pratt: and the mouldings around the desk, the doors, the windows and the orchestra, were designed and executed by Berry & Rogers.

Instead of indulging in the extravagance of glass of monstrous dimensions, our windows, as you see are filled with colored and emblled diamond panes, of moderate size.

There remains yet to be mentioned the decoration of our ceiling, walls and wood-work. And here I feel sure, Sir, that you, and all our associates will agree with me in thinking that very high praise is due to Messrs. Mayer & Fischer, of Boston, the two young German painters, who have inscribed all around us in forms and colors of exceeding beauty, a record of their artistic merit.

The wood-work is painted by them, in water colors, in *encaustic*; and while it gratifies the eye by its gentle and harmonious tints, it offers to the touch a surface as polished and almost as hard as enamel.

The ceiling and walls present, in two diversities of style, a pleasing example of that description of water colored painting, sometimes called dry fresco, but more properly *distemper painting*. In looking at the architectural designs upon our right and left, it is hard to believe that those walls are as smooth as the trowel could make them; and who would hesitate to believe me were I to assure him that, in this shady arcade behind the rostrum, there is room to seat a multitude of people?

The ceiling is in the Arabesque, or Moresco style of design, and the eye loves to dwell upon its graceful combinations and brilliant yet well-toned and beautiful hues. That ceiling is worthy of an evening's lecture by itself.

Within the vast and splendid cathedral of St. Paul, in London, is buried the body of its illustrious architect, Sir Christopher Wren. Upon his tombstone are inscribed these memorable words—

"Si monumentum quies circumspice!"
"If thou seekest his monument look around thee!"

We hope, sir, that our young friends, Mayer & Fischer, whose pencil has so splendidly adorned these walls and that ceiling, will need no epitaph for many years to come; but we also hope that, for years to come, we may point to this, their work, and say in language resembling that upon Sir Christopher's tomb, "*if thou seekest their monument, behold it all around thee!*"

And now, fellow-citizens, we have met, joyfully to behold the completion of our work, and its dedication to one of those uses for which it was designed—"the purpose of mutual improvement, and the promotion of common education." Another evening will soon witness its dedication to a more sacred purpose—the worship of Almighty God. We have invited you, on this occasion, to assemble with us and participate in our pleasure. Hereafter, we trust that many of you, with us, will often listen while pious voices chant the praises of our Maker beneath the harp that hangs above our Orchestra, and to those holy lessons which under this emblematic shield shall teach us how to "gird on the whole armor of God."

We have invited to address you this evening, in our behalf, a distinguished fellow-citizen, whose good fortune it has been to preside many years over the Councils of our Commonwealth, and whose more enviable fortune it now is to command the respect and affection of a whole people. To his address you will listen, I know, with none the less satisfaction because preceded by these imperfect sentences of mine, to which you have given so patient an attention.

* Upon the ceiling, above the pulpit, is painted a shield, and above the choir, a harp.

TOO BAD.—Owing to some pressing necessity, quite a number of the Cambridge printers have been compelled to—go to the almshouse. So we see where a poor "type" brings up at last.

Rev. O. W. Wight will preach in the Universalist Church, in this town, on the last Sabbath of the present month.

For the Journal.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

Wanted, by a lady not quite forty-one,

A Husband bred 'neath New England sun;

A Party will not do for her,

Nor any kind of a *farrier*.

She admires the Englishman's sound mind,

The Frenchman's baw and smile so kind,

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1852.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.
TUESDAY, JAN. 13.—In the Senate, nothing of importance was done this forenoon, except waiting the action of the House in the selection of candidates for Governor.

A message was received from the House, announcing that that body had made choice of G. S. Boutwell and R. C. Winthrop as the constitutional candidates for Governor.

The Senate proceeded to ballot for Governor with the following result:

Whole number of votes.....39
Necessary to a choice.....20

Geo. S. Boutwell.....28

R. C. Winthrop.....11

George S. Boutwell was declared Governor for the year ensuing.

On motion of Mr. GRISWOLD, five minutes of three was specially assigned as the time for the choice of a Lieutenant Governor on the part of the Senate.

At the time appointed, the rules were suspended, and the Senate appointed Messrs. Alley, Torry, and Brinley, a committee to receive, sort and count the votes for Lieut. Governor. The Committee reported the

Whole number of votes.....32

Necessary for a choice.....17

H. W. Cushman of Bernardstown.....25

Geo. Grennell of Greenfield.....7

And Mr. CUSHMAN was declared elected.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 14.—In the Senate, the special assignment for 11th o'clock was taken up, being the election of nine Councillors.

COALITION TICKET.

Johnson Gardner of Seekonk.....229
Noah Gibson of New Marlboro.....220
John T. Heard of Boston.....177
Rodolphus B. Hubbard of Sunderland.....229
Francis W. Bird of Walpole.....229
Francis R. Gourgas of Concord.....229
Albert G. Brown of Salem.....229
Cyrus Gale of Northboro.....229
Gershom B. Weston of Duxbury.....224

For the Journal.

CONVERSATION.
Perhaps there is no more profitable, as there is no more pleasant mode of gaining instruction, than is afforded by conversation. From the mouth of a friend a truth comes with double the influence it might have possessed, when met as a dull, cold formula in the work of some author which we read. "Thoughts that breathe" need "words that burn" to effect their mission rightly; and we never seem to know or to feel so well the force of a sentiment as perchance at some moment when the kindling thought in another's breast lights a kindred spark within our own.

The advantages of conversation when duly considered in relation to our progress in being, are very many. By it we are enabled, not only to understand what is passing in the minds of others, but are better able thereby to arrange our own ideas in a shape to make them readily understood—to improve our own method of thought and expression. Listen to a man's conversation, and you may know the sort of man he is. This of course is a rule subject to exceptions, "that a man speaks so as he is." But certainly there is no surer way to improve the understanding and the heart, unless we seek the source of all good, than by frequently conversing with those whose minds are well stored with profitable knowledge and good thought, the result of well sustained endeavors to form a good and excellent character. Trivial conversation is apt in the majority of instances to weaken the understanding. "As the mind grows by what it feeds on," its nutriment should be sound and efficient, or its health and vigor will decline. As much as our own character is influenced, such is our influences upon those around us; and considering a man's words as well as his actions to be in conformity to his life, we should be careful to say that only which is likely to convey a good impression of ourselves.

W. S. E.

THE EXECUTIVE AND THE HULSEMANN LETTER, &c.—Washington, Jan. 14th.—The President and Secretary Webster held an interview yesterday morning on the subject of Hulsemann's letter in reference to Mr. Webster's presence and speech at the Congressional Banquet. Mr. Webster is preparing a reply, and it is not improbable that Mr. Hulsemann will be presented with his passport.

Mr. Webster is also preparing an urgent letter to Mr. Lawrence, for the release of Smith O'Brien and his companions.

The President, in taking his leave of the Mexican minister yesterday, expressed the hope that in a short time every difficulty between the two countries would be amicably and satisfactorily adjusted.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—We are informed that the Sons of Temperance, which number six thousand strong in the State, are to appear in procession in full regalia, on Wednesday next, when the great petition is to be presented to the Legislature of Massachusetts, for a law like the one recently passed by the Legislature of Maine for the suppression of intoxicating drinks.

THE CUBA PRISONERS.—The pardon of these men by the Spanish Sovereign must be a subject of congratulation to all who are desirous of preserving the amicable relations of the United States toward foreign powers. Nothing now prevents the restoration of perfect harmony between this country and Spain.

NAVAL.—Norfolk, Jan. 12th.—Orders have been sent to the Navy Yard to fit out the *Levant*, to repair the *St. Louis*, and examining the condition of the frigates *United States*, *Columbia* and *Savannah*.

It is reported that Sir Henry Bulwer immediately return to Washington.

RAILROAD COLLISION MONDAY AFTERNOON.—The out passenger train of the Maine and Fitchburg Railroads came in collision at the crossing, near the Prison, in Charlestown. It seemed that the Fitchburg train stopped at the depot near the crossing, to take in some passengers, the locomotive standing across the track. The usual signal was given, but from some cause, the engineer of the Maine train, which was then advancing, did not hear it, and the engines came together with fearful violence. The Fitchburg locomotive was nearly, if not quite, destroyed, and the Maine locomotive was pretty essentially used up. The engineers and firemen of both trains leaped from their machines and fortunately escaped with but little damage. The Prison yard fence was broken down to the extent of some 50 or 100 feet, the Fitchburg locomotive having been thrown against it. Both trains were heavily loaded and it is a wonder that no lives were lost.

ANOTHER DISTRESSING CALAMITY IN NEW YORK.—Six persons killed and nine injured.—New York Jan. 13th.—Another melancholy accident occurred about 10 o'clock last evening, at an emigrant boarding-house, No. 140 Centre street. There were some 60 persons in the building at the time, most of whom had retired, and false alarm of fire being raised a general rush was made to the stairs. The balustrades gave way and precipitated a large number to the floor below. Six persons were taken out dead, and nine were badly injured, five of whom it is feared cannot survive.

THE HUNGARIAN EXILES.—It is said that there are now about one hundred of these exiles in New York, and they are generally in a very destitute condition. We are glad to learn by the New York papers that some of the merchants of that city are arranging to give them employment. This is furnishing them with real "aid and comfort," and if a portion of the \$20,000 spent in New York in parades, banquets, &c., had been given to relieve the actual and pressing wants of these suffering exiles, it would have been much better appropriated.

DIVORCES.—In the Supreme Court, Judge Fletcher presiding, Margaret Wyman was divorced from her husband, on the ground of adultery. The parties belong to Lexington, Mass. The decree allows her to resume her maiden name, and an alimony of \$300 per year, in quarterly payments.

Caroline P. Shaw, wife of Joseph Shaw, was decreed a divorce from her husband, on the ground of desertion and non-support for the last seven years. She is to resume her maiden name, and an alimony of \$300 per year, in quarterly payments.

TREMENDOUS SNOW STORM.—Buffalo, Jan. 13th.—We are in the midst of one of the most violent storms ever known. No mails have arrived, and business is at a stand still. The snow is drifting in huge hills, and the air is quite blinding. It covers windows, doors and the sides of houses, till whole blocks look like masses of snow. The storm has raged nearly twenty-four hours and is still unabated.

MISS DIX.—"May she live forever!"—The Senate of Alabama have done one good thing, and done it well, this session, and the State looks up. Miss Dix's bill for a State Hospital for the Insane, which remained of a good deal of unfinished business the last session, in consequence of the loss of public property, by the total destruction by fire of our State Capitol, has passed the Senate by an overwhelming majority.

MISS HAYES AND THE SCHOOL CHILDREN.—Miss Catharine Hayes gave a concert on Saturday afternoon, at Metropolitan Hall, exclusively to the teachers and pupils of the free schools of New York, Brooklyn and Williamsburgh. The hall was completely filled, mostly with girls. As Miss Hayes was retiring from the stage, a party of young girls in white advanced, bearing a magnificent basket of flowers.

MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—Two hundred and sixty, out of the three hundred legal voters in the town of Falmouth have signed a petition to the Legislature of Massachusetts in favor of the passage of a law known as the "Maine Liquor Law," and one hundred, out of one hundred and thirty legal voters in the old town of Lincoln, in favor of the same object.—Traveller.

PROPOSITION TO DEPARE THE EXPENSES OF KOSUTH IN WASHINGTON.—Washington, Jan. 12th.—The Senate Committee have agreed to defray the expenses of Kossuth and suite in Washington, out of a contingent fund that was set aside for another purpose, but which was not wanted. The proposition will probably be made to the Senate to-day.

REDUCTION OF FARE ON WEDNESDAY.—We understand that all the railroads that have been waited upon have agreed to reduce the fare on Wednesday next, it being the day appointed for the presentation of the mammoth petition to the Legislature for the passage of the Maine liquor law in this State.

THE LEGISLATIVE AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS which have hitherto been attended with so much interest and profit, are to be continued the present season, each Tuesday evening.

It is stated that Daniel Webster has signified his intention of delivering the annual address before the New York Historical Society, about the middle of the present month.

For the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.—I am composed of 25 letters.

My 6, 12, is a pronoun.

11, 14, 5, is sometimes very annoying.

7, 15, 8, has ruined thousands.

2, 10, 24, is an article of food.

19, 25, 3, forms a part of the community.

16, 18, 4, 2, will be found in stores.

21, 18, 17, 12, is often seen in Cambridge.

18, 20, 22, 7, 2, causes many a wry face.

17, 1, 22, 13, 23, 4, 25, 9, should claim the attention of every one.

My whole is the name and residence of a person whose writings I would like to see in the Journal.

CALISTA.

For the Journal.

A CHARADE.—I'm a guard to your house.

Against thieves, day or night:

A fair lady's ornament,

I am dark or am light.

In old Scotland's country,

A lake I become;

And am in a canal,

Faraway or at home.

The poor sighing prisoner

My strength known full well;

The old miser's treasure

I guard like a spell.

The lady's choice trinkets,

Her jewels so rare;

Pray, how could she trust them,

If I were not there.

"CLAUDE MELNOTTE,"

North Woburn, Jan. 1852.

For the Journal.

ANSWER TO "EFFIE'S" ENIGMA.—ACROSTIC.

G-lady my pen I've taken, to solve if solve I can,

E-FFIE's well-wrought Enigma, that now my eyes do see;

N-ever Hampshire, with her mountains, that rise in grandeur there,

E-keeps within her borders the quiet town of Ware.

R-ich blessings may kind Heaven around thy pathway ring,

A-sa, onward, fair Lenora, time flies with viewless wing.

L-on may you live 'mid sunshine, where blooms the Orange tree,

J-oyous as when, light-hearted, you roamed from sorrow free

O-er your own native mountains, where grows the towering Ash;

S-one wild song sweetly sing; or, where the waters splash,

E-nsnared stood and listened to song of bird and brook,

P-round of the Wren and robin that charmed the forest, nook.

H-ow dear to you that brooklet your childhood's years have known!

W-ould you not rather see it, than view the far-famed Rhone?

A-nd would you not much rather sleep 'neath the roof of home,

R-ude though it be, and lowly, than 'neath a palace dome?

R-ich is our own New England, in sons of deathless fame,—

E-ngraven upon our hearts, all, is JOSEPH WARREN's name,

N-ever to be forgotten while burns bright freedom's flame.

To the Hon. Samuel P. Fay, Esquire, Judge of the Court of Probate in and for the County of Middlesex, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

THE petition of WILLIAM WINN, Jr., of Burlington, in the County of Middlesex, guardian of FREDERICK PARKER, of Woburn, in said county, an idle and dissolute person and spendthrift, respectfully represents, that he is the owner of a certain real estate, to wit: the homestead of the said Frederick Parker, situated on Lexington and Cambridge streets, in the western part of said Woburn, containing about seventy-five acres, consisting of mowing, tillage, pasturing and woodland, with a few buildings thereon, of which the value of the property is more than commensurate with the income therefrom, and that thereby the estate of said ward is liable to be diminished, and that it will be for the benefit of said ward that the interest therein shall be sold off, and the proceeds of the same applied to the support of the said Parker. Wherefore the said Guardian prays, that he may be authorized and empowered to sell and convey the same agreeably to the law in such case made and provided.

WILLIAM WINN, Jr.

MIDDLESEX, Jan. 18, 1852.

Upon the petition aforesaid, this day presented by the aforesaid William Winn, Jr., that he is the owner of a certain real estate, to wit: the homestead of the said Frederick Parker, situated on Lexington and Cambridge streets, in the western part of said Woburn, containing about seventy-five acres, consisting of mowing, tillage, pasturing and woodland, with a few buildings thereon, of which the value of the property is more than commensurate with the income therefrom, and that thereby the estate of said ward is liable to be diminished, and that it will be for the benefit of said ward that the interest therein shall be sold off, and the proceeds of the same applied to the support of the said Parker.

WILLIAM WINN, Jr.

Attest,

S. P. P. FAY, Judge of Probate.

Jan. 17 31

A. V. LYND, Register.

MIDDLESEX, Jan. 18, 1852.

To the Heirs at Law and others interested in the estate of BARTHOLOMEW RICHARDSON, son of William Richardson, deceased, who was a citizen of Woburn, in said county, deceased, yes-

ter, and the homestead of the said Richardson, situated on the third Tuesday of February next, by serving them with a true copy of the foregoing petition, with this order to be held in abeyance, and to be filed in the office of Probate, Boston, by advertisement of the foregoing petition, with this order, three weeks successively, in the newspaper called the Woburn Journal, printed in Woburn, the last publication to be on seven days at least before the said third Tuesday of February, when and where they may be heard concerning the same: and make known to the said heirs the contents of the same.

WILLIAM WINN, Jr.

Attest,

S. P. P. FAY, Judge of Probate.

Jan. 17 31

A. V. LYND, Register.

MIDDLESEX, Jan. 18, 1852.

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WILLIAM WINN, Jr.

Attest,

S. P. P. FAY, Judge of Probate

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1852.

POETRY.

For the Journal.

Ms. Editor:—The following lines were composed and written while returning from a five year's whaling cruise in the Pacific; and no doubt, as the writer informs me, every word and expression comes from the heart, having been learned from that wise teacher—experience. I have requested them for the "Journal," knowing that you would willingly grant a corner to the voice of an "old salt."

WOBURN, JAN. 7, 1852.

OUR SHIP IS "HOMeward BOUND."

We sail with joy those rapturous words,
How sweet, how free they sound;
They raise anew bright hopes deferred,
Sweet words—"We're Homeward Bound!"

The blisful day has dawned at last,
With choices blessings crowned;
Like troubled dreams our toil is past,
And we are "Homeward Bound."

From slavish power we'll soon be free,
And petty tyrant's frowns;
Oh, welcome! day of Liberty!
That frees the "Homeward Bound."

With Friendship's mantle over us,
And Hope's bright wreath around,
How sweet the days roll over us,
While we are "Homeward Bound."

Perchance the treacherous elements
May call their furies round,
But still we'll trust in Providence,
To shield the "Homeward Bound."

Adieu, Pacific's gentle waves,
Adieu, each whaling ground;
Atlantic's storms we freely brave,
They're bound to the "Homeward Bound."

Through danger's dark and dreary night,
While fearful storms surround,
Bright Hope displays the beacon light
That guides the "Homeward Bound."

"Tis hope that bursts the galling chains
Oppressive hands have bound,
And bids the sailor rise again,
When he is "Homeward Bound."

Oh, reformation! on the wave
Thy power is seldom shown;
They visits us no more, even
Are always "Outward Bound."

But still we look for happiness,
The future wears a crown;
It shines with gems of richness
Around the home we've found.

C. H. Jr.

MISCELLANY.

JEDEDIAH'S RETURN FROM A PARIN' BEE, NEW YEAR'S.

But cum to look around there want anybody goin' our way but what had got fergs 'cept Hetty Gawkins. Thinks I'll stay all nite and court Liz, but jest then I seed Mike Longly with his arm round Liz's waste, and lookin' at nothin' as a coon in a corn field, so I seed very plain that it was Hetty or hum alone, so tu make the matter short I axed her.

She sed she don't kere if she went with me, sein' I'd got a wagon, so we went and tumbled in. Thair want but one seat, so I sat in Hetty's lap, and Jim sat in Prudence's lap, and off we started. I didn't feel like bein' long on the road, and I guess the old mare didn't neither, for we hadn't gone far before her tale began to whish, which, and her fore feet kept commin' down harder and harder, and putty soon she tu a clean run, which made the wagin jump from one stone to another, as if 'twould shake your liver out.

"Hold the critter in, doant let her breake," says Jim.

"Never fear," sez I, "I'll fetch her up easly at enny time."

Just then we cum to a little peace of boun' hill which was as ruff as a cats back when she skeered and I set out tu pull her up, but the moar I pulled the wussur she ran. I braced agin the fore part and told Hetty tu hold on behid, and then give one almyt twich!—sumthin' give way, though I couldn't tell what it was, but seemed as if I'd split the critters jaws clear up tu her ears, but it didn't stop her no moar than it would chane litenin. On she went faster and faster, and at every plunge the old wagon seat and all that was on't would jump us few feet rite in end sartin.

The trees and fence flew by us so quick we couldn't count 'em, and the moon which was almost down, kept rollin' and tumblin' about orfully, while as for the stars the sky was all cuvered with little shinen specs, and kept daning and chitterin' about jest like the sparks in a blacksmith's chimney. The gals screamed, and Jim he got hold of one rain and hollered "Whoa! and I griped tother and hollered Whoa! but there was no whoa in her—she only pulled a little harder and made the fire roll out of the rocks terribly. I thort for a minnit that the judgment was cum, and we was death on the pale hose! When we got opposite old Square Gawkins' Hetty sung out like a pig under a gate to git ou—ou—ou. She couldn't speak at once, you no, on account of the motion, and she screeched so you mout have heard her tew miles.

"Hold your tung, you infarnal wild cat!" sez Jim "or this old critter hear ahead, will lead us into sterility in less than no time."

Prudence blubered, and put her arms around Jim, and hugged about the closest. I kinder felt that I shouldn't much care if we did go all to the place he spoke of, if I could see in his seat: it would be a kind of satisfaction tu be chawed up in a stone heap, if the smash wood only cum when I had a few sick purty arms around me.

But as for Hetty, she dug her long bony nuckles intu my ribs, and griped as if she'd tear the bones out. It was Heaven's meroe how the old maid kept the road, for coodn't steer her eny moar than we cood a rhinoceros, and the smoke rolled out of her nostrils like Bulzbybul himself. Well on we went lichtly smash, over the rocks and gridirons, sumtimes

on one wheel and sumtimes on nun at all—Jehu how she made the gravel fly; my teeth rattled in my head as if they was all los in the socket. At last we came in site of Deacon Dimon's.

"Now," sez Jim, "hold her in, for if she turns up the Deacon's lane we are all gone suckers."

"Well," sez I, "lend us a hand at this off rane," and we placed ourselves.

"Give off the word, Jim," sez I.

"Now then, together," sez he, and we setled upon her.

But we mite jest as well tried to hold a bull moose by the tale. At that minnit the rane broke and let us back on tu the gals.

"Oh!" sez Prudence.

"Waugh!" sez Hetty.

"It's a comin'," sez Jim, and I seed it was at that instant the old maid turned the corner like a weather rooster in a whirlwind.

"Hold on," sez I, and Hetty let in her bread hooks like the grip of death to a dead nigger. I felt a sort of dizzy feelin' just as a body duz afore they womit, so I drawed in my head, shot my eyes, and over we went! There was a yell and then a smash, and then when I cum tu myself I was stickeen forked end up, drove clean over my shoulders in a heap of corn fodder! As soon as I cood dig out I looked around for the fragments. Hetty was lyin' on her back with near half the back side of my trowsers in her clutch that she griped and never let go on when the smash cum. The old maid was gone with the fore wheels, and the rest of the wagon was bottom up in the ditch. Prudence was not hurt much—she fell as I did, on the storks; but as fur poor Jim, I thort it was all up with him. He lay deep in the foder, and kicked masterly. I hollered to him, and axed him if he was hurt? but he grunted and kicked wusser. At last I got hold of his laigs and pulled him out, and such a looking site I guess never was heard on in these parts. There he lay with his head drove clean up to his shoulders in one of Deacon Dimon's hard shell pumpkins! and tu git out agin he coodn't no how, but kept flounderin' about like everything broke loose.

"Hold still Jim," sez I, "and I'll fix it: so when he go easy I took a stan, and standin' rite over him, you no, I let her drive. I smashed the pumpkin ey how, and cum plaugy my drivin' Jim's smaller down his throt, in the bargain. But putty soon he got up, and begun tu spin and chaw, and sputter, and then he was bound tu cuss, and such orful wicked words! "Darnashun tu golly grashus," sez he, "if this aint just the last sprec I ever did see! Whoop! chaw me into shew strings, if I didn't think I was clean into next week, when I was only into that infernal punkin! Whew! if this aint some punkins!"

EXAMINATION OF ATTORNEYS.
A correspondent sends us the following racy examination of a candidate for admission to the bar. It is taken from the Western Law Journal, and will be called a good hit:—

"Do you smoke, sir?"
"I do sir."
"Have you a spare cigar?"
"Yes, sir"—extending a short six.
"Now, sir, what is the first duty of a lawyer?"
"To collect fees."
"Right. What is the second?"
"To increase the number of his clients."
"When does your position towards your client change?"
"When making a bill of costs."
"Explain!"
"We then occupy the antagonist position—
A suit decided, how do you stand with the lawyer conducting the other bill?"
"Check by jowl!"

"Enough, sir—you promise to be an ornament to your profession, and I wish you success. Now, are you aware of the duty you owe me?"
"Perfectly."
"Describe the duty."
"It is to invite you to drink."
"But suppose I decline?"
Scratching his head—"There is no instance of the kind on record in the books; I cannot answer that question."

"You are right, and the confidence with which you make the assertion shows that you have read the law attentively; let's take the drinks and I will sign your certificate."—N. Y. Atlas.

PIETY AND MENTAL GROWTH.—An hour of solitude passed in sincere and earnest prayer, or the conflict with and the conquest over a single passion or "subtle bosom sin," will teach us more of thought, will more effectually awaken the faculty and form the habit of reflection, than a year's study in the school without them.

"Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it; for such do always see that every cloud is an angel's face. Every man deems that he has precisely the trials and temptations which are the hardest of all others for him to bear; but they are so, simply because they are the very ones he needs."

"A lady being about to marry a man who was small in stature, was told that he was a very bad fellow."
"Well," says she, "if he is bad, there is one comfort—there is very little of him."

TO CURE NOSE BLEEDING.—Roll up a piece of paper and press it up under the upper lip. We have tried this plan in a great number of cases and have only seen it fail on one occasion—*Scientific American.*

TRESPASS ON TIME.—Dr. S., of Massachusetts, was a very eccentric old fellow. He had one day set out to visit a sick man who lived at some distance, and got nearly half his journey, when in conversation with the person who had been sent for him, he chanced to inquire the age of the patient. "He is eighty years old," replied the other. "Is he so old?" rejoined the doctor; "then he has already lived ten years upon trespass, and I won't go another step." He coolly turned about his horse, and in spite of all entreaties and remonstrances of the other, went home without seeing the patient.

SHUT THE DOOR!—The winds are blowing-freezing—why stand there talking—talking why don't you shut the door?

"The you, my friend, may boast a gifted mind, A soul of honor, and a taste refined, These bitter times, we seek for something more, The first of virtues is—**TO SHUT THE DOOR!**"

LE—A newly married individual, just enjoying the first blisses of the honeymoon, advertises in one of the eastern papers for a "small second hand locomotive," that he may lose as little time as possible in going home from his business.

LE—An Irish editor, in speaking of the miseries of Ireland, says—"Ireland's cup of misery has been for ages overflowing, and it seems to be not yet full."

LE—At the trial of Avery, years ago, Jeremiah Mason asked a female witness if she was married; "No," she replied, "I have not had that privilege."

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

THE PLEASURES OF A GARDEN.
Rural scenes, of almost every kind, are delightful to the mind of man. The verdant plain, the flowery mead, the meandering stream, the playful lamb, the warbling of birds, are all capable of exciting emotions gently agreeable. But the misfortune is, that the greater number of us are hurried on in the career of life with too great rapidity to be able to give attention to that which solicits no passion. The darkest habitation in the dirtiest street of the city, where money can be earned, has greater charms with many, than all the freshness and luxuriance of an Italian landscape. Yet the patron of refined pleasure, the elegant Epicurus, fixed the seat of his enjoyment in a garden. He thought the tranquil scene of his garden, with a simple view to the public good,—and to do equal justice to the public men. In no sense, indeed, is it a partisan paper. Wholly uninterested in the politics of the day, it is, however, in the interest of the public, and to do equal justice to the public men. It is a newspaper of the most advanced and most select class, and is well worth the price of a copy.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TRAVELLER.
A paper is given to us for obtaining the *full details of Foreign News*, on the arrival of the trans-Atlantic steamers, both at Boston and New York; a very extensive Correspondence, at various points of importance throughout the country, has been established; expanded and improved, and the news is more comprehensive and more accurate than any other paper of the same size in the United States.

It is designed to furnish, in a clear but compendious manner, the PRESHEST ADVICES, both FOREIGN and DOMESTIC.

Reports of Lectures.

Particular attention is paid to reports of Lectures upon scientific, literary, and moral subjects, and to reports of meetings of various societies, and to reports of the meetings of the American Institute, and the like.

Railroad Matters.

Railroad intelligence, including information respecting the condition and progress of railroads throughout the United States, constitutes a distinguishing feature of the Traveller.

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ing towns, solicited.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

OUR SCHOOL AT STOKEVILLE.

A STRAY CHAPTER.
Among my early recollections of the primitive days of Stokeville, the Village School is the most vivid. It was buried in a walnut grove that skirted the western border of the town, and was an old brown building, carved and slashed end to end. In the spring of the year the whole grove was sweet with bursting buds, and vocal with the songs of birds. In midsummer we used to find shelter in it from the rays of heat that steeped its canopy. In autumn, its long shadows pointed eastward into the village, while its western border was kindled into a living flame. I see the old school-house now, as it was when I trudged to it a boy. But it is swept away!

Such was our school-house—the only one within three miles. It was to this spot that all Stokeville was driven for knowledge and power—for 'knowledge is power.' We hired our school-masters then; nine dollars a month, and boarded; and such specimens of humanity as fell upon us were never before nor since paraded.

MR. EPHRAIM MILLS, from Connecticut 'strait' was the first gentleman who took the urchins of Stokeville in hand, 'for better or for worse.' I am not about to inflict upon the reader a minute account of Mr. Mills' inauguration, nor of the 'gang' over which he had been called to preside. We had Bill Jones, a red-headed, freckled-faced boy, who swore he would whip the master before the week was out; Jack Janes, a tall, loose-jointed, long-limbed fellow, who didn't care how many rules the master made—he shouldn't obey 'em; Pete Pierce, who prided himself upon his tricks never being found out; and Bob Boles, and Ned Hawkes, and a score of 'Hanks' and 'Dicks' and 'Johns,' all together as wicked and perverse a generation as ever tried the temper of man.

Monday morning, bright and early, the school was to 'begin.' All the children in Stokeville had white collars and clean aprons on that morning at least. There was a great strife among mothers, and greater pride among their offspring.

I well recollect the day on which Ephraim Mills took the boys of Stokeville in hand. I was at my post at nine o'clock precisely. The 'master' made his appearance at half past nine. He was a short pot-bellied little man, with a full, red face, and a head as big and green as a pumpkin. His little round eyes stared to the right and left, as wild as an owl's as he waddled along to take his throne. He wore a white hat upon a head which was covered with a profusion of red hair; a bandanna handkerchief was about his neck; and he sported a checked vest, and a pair of corduroy pantaloons.

Mr. Mills hung his hat upon a peg. He then turned slowly around, and calmly surveyed the field before him. The school sank at once in profound silence. He walked across the floor and back again, and after taking a second survey, addressed us as follows:

'Boys, I have come here to teach school. Now, every one on you has got to behave yourselves. I have taught school 'fore, now I tell you; and if you behave yourselves, all will go well; but if you don't, there will be trouble! I whip terribly when I do whip; but I am a good master when you behave. Now mind what I tell you; you must all on you behave yourselves.'

There was a subdued 'snicker' from one end of the schoolroom to the other, when Ephraim concluded.

'The next thing I shall do,' continued Mills, 'is to divide you into classes. There is nothing like system in schools. And first I must have your names.'

Mr. Mills then began at one end of the school room, and asked the name of every scholar in order; in the course of which duty a laughable colloquy occurred.

'What's your name?' said he, to a lank Yankee boy.

'Aaron.'

'Spell it, if you please,' said Ephraim.

'Great A, little a, r-o-n,' answered the pupil, promptly.

'Dutch Honnes,' as he was called, a thick-headed urchin, came next.

'Well, what's your name?' inquired Mr. Mills.

'My name's Honnes,' he answered.

'Well, how do you spell it? See now if you can do it as slick as Aaron did.'

'Great Honnes, little Honnes, r-o-n.'

The laugh was decidedly against the 'names.'

'Now,' said Mr. Mills, when the confusion had a little subsided 'as I said before, I'll divide all on you into classes. All on you who study grammar, go together; all on you who cipher, go together; all on you who are learning to read, go together.'

The school wheeled into divisions as suddenly as a military company; and the 'master' seemed to look upon us with an intense air of self-superiority as Bonaparte would have done upon an army of new-recruited soldiers.

'Very well, very well,' said Ephraim. 'Now all on the grammar class take the high

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benches on the east; all in the geography class, the high benches on the west; and all the reading scholars take the low benches. SCHOOL'S COMMENCEMENT!

'School's commenced!' was uttered by Ephraim with infinite authority, accompanied by a stamp of the foot, and a whirling of the ruler, which was terrific. It had the desired effect. Every boy was as whist and silent as though he had suddenly changed to stone.

An hour passed, when the voice of Ephraim was again heard. 'Third class, that is reading-class, come up to read. Bring your books; form in a line; stand up straight, and speak plain.'

The class struggled along up, and some coughing, some blowing their noses, some grinning, and some leering.

'Fine healthy-looking lot of boys,' said Ephraim, as he surveyed them. 'Turn to your places.'

Every boy wet his thumb and turned to the place selected in the 'English Reader,' which chanced to be that beautiful paraprase of the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, commanding, 'The Lord my pasture shall prepare.'

'Now begin,' said Ephraim.

The boy at the head commenced in a whining tone, taking care not to make a pause, or catch a breath, until he had reached the end of the verse, when he drew one that might have been heard far out in the grove, looking up at the same time for a word of praise.

'You do well,' said Ephraim; 'you read quick and smart, and that's what I like to see. Now the next thing I want to know,' said he, 'is, do you understand what you read? Everything depends on that. I have commenced this school with a determination of making all my boys understand. Now,' he added, abstractedly, 'what is understood by the first line you have read, "The Lord my pasture shall prepare?" Can you tell me, Jack Janes?'

Jack looked on the floor, and seemed sadly pensive. Hesitating for some time in this position, he at length broke out:

'I don't know, Sir.'

'Don't know, Sir!' repeated Ephraim; 'why I am thunder-struck at your ignorance! Why, it is as old as Greece and Rome, and used to be spoken by Cicero and Demosthenes. Can't you tell, Bill Jones, what that line means?'

Bill Jones was about as much troubled as Jack Janes. He couldn't tell, and so it went to the foot of the class.

'Well now every boy pay attention, while I explain, and do n't none forget what I say. This sentence, as I said before, has reference to the Greeks and Romans, who were a great people, living in Africa, about four thousand years ago; but I don't recollect the exact period. They were a roving race of people, and lived pretty much as many folks in New-England do, by their pasture land, and the manufacture of butter, cheese, and such like; and as they were all believers in the Christian religion, and somewhat superstitious, they used to sing this hymn at the beginning of each year; "The Lord my pasture shall prepare." That's it. Will you all recollect?'

Every child nodded his head, and muttered 'Umph.'

'Now,' said Ephraim, 'you can all take your seats; and be sure to understand your reading lesson next time.'

The bustle of the reading-class returning to their seats had not subsided, before the master's voice was again heard:

'Class in astronomy and geography! Re-cite.'

The astronomy and geography class formed with more dignity than the junior class which had preceded it. Mr. Mills seemed to look upon its members also with an increased degree of respect. After they were collected in order, Ephraim told them that geography was a great study; that he himself didn't know nothing of the world only what he got from this; that his grandfather had studied a great deal of it and once visited Lake Erie in person. He said he hoped we would all meet his expectations in this sublimest of all sciences. He would now proceed to ask some questions:

'William Dobbs, how is the state of Maine bounded?'

'On the north by the Gulf of Mexico, east by Arkansas, south by the Potomac, and west by Massachusetts.'

'Very well, Sir. The next—Nicholas Rice: What is the principal river in Maine?'

'The Sabine.'

'Very well. The next—Joseph Mills: What is its capital?'

'St Augustine.'

'That's right. The next—Henry Dobbin: What is its produce?'

'Hemp and beeswax.'

'Right. The next—Israel Booth: How many parts of the earth are covered with water?'

'Europe and Asia.'

'How many with land?'

'Africa and North America.'

'What is the shape of the world, Nicholas Rice?'

'Partly round and partly flat.'

'What part is flat?'

'That part near the equator.'

'Very well said, indeed: The next—Joseph Mills: What is an equator?'

'An equator is a large brass ring put around

THE ORPHAN BOY.

The bustle of the fight was over; the prisoners had been secured, and the decks washed down, the watch piped, and the schooner had once more relapsed into midnight quiet and repose. I sought my hammock and soon fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed by wild dreams, which, like the visions of a fever, agitated and unnerved me; the last strife, the hazard of my early life, and a thousand other things mingled together as figures in a phantasmagoria. Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder, and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate.

'Little Dick, sir, is dying,' he said.

At once I sprang from my hammock. Little Dick was a sort of protege of mine. He was a pale, delicate child, said to be an orphan, and used to gentle nurture; and from the first hour I joined the schooner, my heart yearned towards him, for I too, had once been friendless and alone in the world. He had often talked in confidence of his mother whose memory he regarded with holy reverence, while to the other boys of the ship, he had little to say; for they were rude and coarse, he delicate and sensitive. Often, when they jeered him for his melancholy, he would go apart by himself and weep. He never complained of his lot, though his companions imposed on him continually. Poor lad! his heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had lighted his task as much as possible. During the late fight I had owed my life to him, for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was leveled at me; and by interposing his feeble cutlass had averted the deadly blow. In the hurry and confusion since, I had quite forgotten to inquire whether he was hurt, though, at the time, I had inwardly resolved to exert all my little influence to procure him a midshipman's warrant in requital for his service. It was with a pang of reproachful agony therefore, that I leaped to my feet.

'I fear, sir,' said the messenger, shaking his head, sadly, 'that he cannot live till morning.'

'And I have been lying idle here!' I exclaimed with remorse. 'Lead me to him.'

'He is delirious, but at the intervals of lucency he asks for you, sir,' and as the man spoke, we stood beside the bed of the boy.

The sufferer did not lie in his hammock, as it was hung in the very midst of the crew, and the close air around it was so stifling, that he had been carried under the open hatchway, and laid there in a little open space of about four feet square. From the sound of the ripples, I judged the vessel was in motion, while the clear, calm blue sky, seen through the opening overhead, and dotted with myriads of stars, betokened that the fog had broken away. How calm it smiled down on the wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a light current of wind—oh, how deliciously cool in that pent up hold—eddied down the hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks of the sufferer, as with his head resting on the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unquiet slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned, and his childish bosom, as white as that of a girl, was open and exposed. He breathed quick and heavily. The wound, of which he was dying, was intensely painful, but within the last half hour had somewhat lulled, though even now his thin fingers tightly grasped the bedclothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle-stained and gray-haired seaman stood beside him, holding a dull lantern in his hand and gazing sorrowfully down upon the sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his finger on the boy's pulse. As I approached, they all looked up. The veteran who held him shook his head, and would have spoken, but the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said—

'He is going fast—poor little fellow—do you see this?' as he spoke, he lifted up a rich gold locket which had lain upon the boy's breast, 'he has seen better days.'

I could not answer, for my heart was full—here was the being to whom a few hours before, I had owed my life—a poor, slight, unprotected child—lying before me, with death already written on his brow—and yet I had never sought him out after the conflict. How bitterly my heart reproached me at that hour. They noticed my agitation, and his old friend, the seaman, that held his head, said sadly—

'Poor little Dick—you'll never see the shore you have wished for so long. But there'll be more than one, when your log's out,'—he spoke with emotion—"to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes, and looked vacantly around.

'Has he come yet?' "Why don't he come?"

'I am here,' said I, taking the little fellow's hand "don't you know me, Dick?"

He smiled faintly in my face. He then said—

'You have been kind to me, sir—kinder than most people are to a poor orphan boy. I have no way to show my gratitude—unless you will take the Bible you will find in my trunk. It's a small offering, I know, but it's all I have.'

I burst into tears: he resumed—

'Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?' said the

little fellow, "for my sight grows dim. God bless you, Mr. Danforth."

'Can I do nothing for you, Dick?' said I; "you saved my life. I would coin my blood to buy yours."

'I have nothing to ask—I don't want to live—only, if it's possible, let me be buried by my mother—you will find the place, and all about it in my trunk.'

'Anything, everything, my poor lad,' I answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly—it was like an angel's smile—but he did not answer. His eyes were fixed on the stars flickering in that patch of blue sky overhead.

"It's a long, long way up there, but there are bright angels among them. Mother used to say that I would meet her there. How near they come, and I see sweet faces there smiling on me from among them. Hark! is that music?" and lifting his finger, he seemed listening for a moment. He fell back, and the old veteran burst into tears—the child was dead! Did he indeed hear angels' voices?—God grant it.—*National Intelligencer.*

WOBURN JOURNAL.

Written for the Journal.

LOVE.

If Love flies from the window
When Poverty enters the door,
His flight I would not hinder,
But with his gone before,
Surely 'tis a wretched love,
And full worthy to be spurned,
Who lives but in the sunshine,
And as soon as he has learned
That darksome clouds are rising,
And that tempest hover nigh,
Spreads his little dainty wings,
And away will swiftly fly.
If Love comes when we need him not,
Too often we discover
Misfortune comes and we're forgot,
He's gone to seek another.
But if he comes when golden chains
We have not fast to bind him,
We need not fear that he will range
Where we can never find him.

E.

Written for the Journal.

TO PARENTS.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.
"Parents, when your babes are young,
Command their ways with hand and tongue,
That wickedness may not abound,
When grace in childhood may be found.
When twigs are green, you can them tie,
But if they stand still, or stubborn stand,
They will so stiff, or stubborn stand,
You cannot bend them with the hand."
Is there a thing on earth more important to parents, then to cherish those priceless plants God has given them to cultivate? A tender slip taken from an old stock, requires double the care to rear it, and make it like the old plant, firm and strong; and thus it is with youth; the child that is brought up as carefully as the tender slip, nourished and guarded by the parent's hand, as the flowers are watered by the dews of heaven, is truly a gem. But how often and how sad the fact, that parents neglect the children God has given them for comfort and support. Instead of bringing them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, their examples teach them to despise his laws, and mock at the instructions of his servants.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1852.

should tread through life; and remember what were the words of our blessed Redeemer, when on earth, when he took such lambs in his arms and blessed them. Can you reject his holy precept, and let his words have no effect? I beseech you never to cast such a veil over the youthful mind, as not to be removed until he stands in the presence of God, his judge, and there receive condemnation on account of the false teachings of those who should have reared him for God, and a holier state of things. Look well, parent, to these things. But a few days and we shall be no more. Then with our lambs we shall appear before the Great Shepherd of souls, there to render up our account to our great glory or shame.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 24, 1852.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

Winchaster.—Dr. David Youngman, Richardson's Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Stowam.—Mr. G. W. Dixie will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Boston.—Messrs. G. M. Pettingill & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

KOSSUTH.

Below we give our readers a brief history of Kossuth, the great Hungarian patriot's early career. Did our columns permit, we should be glad to make it longer:

LUDWIG KOSSUTH was born in 1806 in a little village of the Zemplin district in northern Hungary. He was of a Scavonian family. His parents were so poor that he was obliged to provide for his own education. After completing his legal studies in Pesth, he lived in the greatest poverty until several deputies made him their agent. By this means he acquired that accurate knowledge of complicated affairs of the country for which he was afterwards distinguished. The necessity for completing his education brought also the means of doing so. His literary talents, which were discovered by his employers, were still further developed when he commenced the editorship of a parliamentary journal. Hitherto no such paper had existed in Hungary.

His journal was lithographed in order to avoid the censure to which all printed works were subject. The police managed to interpret the law so as to include lithographs under the head of printed documents, and forbade the political reports. Kossuth now had recourse to the expedient of circulating his journal by means of written copies. His editorial office in Pesth was daily frequented by a number of law-students and other young men, each of whom took a copy of that day's journal. The copies thus produced travelled from house to house, from province to province.

One quiet night a police force broke into the house where Kossuth lived, and made him rise from his bed, and took him off to prison. The people invest this persecution of their hero with a somewhat romantic dress. According to their statement, Kossuth was led round with bandaged eyes, and was taken to prison also blindfold, so that he did not know where he was confined. His imprisonment commenced in 1837; it terminated in 1839.

Kossuth came forth with impaired health, but unsubdued in spirit, to labor unspareingly for the renovating of his country. The regulations concerning the press being now less adverse to liberty, Kossuth founded a political journal in Pesth, which soon became more generally read than any other in the country. "His abilities," says a Scavonian writer, "were now acknowledged by all."

Above all things he labored to maintain, strengthen and do honor to the Magyar nationality; to foster the democratic element and the independence of the country at large.

With these views he endeavored to rouse the activity of the now noble representatives of the country, and also to effect a change in the city members, in order to pave the way for a truly representative Government. Though he was of a speculative turn of mind, he engaged in practical labors with zeal and distinction.

He founded an industrial union, the first act of which, an industrial exhibition, completely removed the erroneous idea that the country had nothing worthy of notice.

In 1847, Kossuth offered himself to the Pesth district as a candidate for the Diet. His opponent was the Conservative, Balla, who obtained 1,314 votes, while Kossuth had 2,943. In this Diet Kossuth rose to the position of first speaker of the Opposition. By his brilliant eloquence, by his moderation and dignity, he gained the approbation even of his political opponents. The innumerable slanders by which he had been assailed were silenced by his distinguished talent. This Diet was the last of the old *regime*. A new era was commenced in Hungary by the thundering eloquence in which Kossuth denounced all the sins and failings of the Metternich system.

Now was his influence confined to Hungary alone; it extended to Austria, and prepared the way for the outbreak of the revolution. When the Emperor granted the demands of the people, and permitted the formation of an Hungarian Ministry under the presidency of Bathyani, Kossuth, the "Liberator of Hungary," took office as Minister of Finance, and as such was the directing spirit of the new Government.

During the summer of 1848 Kossuth's health was extremely bad, and he was often so weak as to be obliged to speak to the deputies in a sitting posture. This, however, did not interfere in the least with his activity.

In spite of his physical weakness, he framed the financial measures which replenished the exhausted exchequer; he electrified the Diet with his eloquence; he sent appeal after appeal among the people, rousing them to the holy contest.

When the struggle with Austria commenced, Kossuth's activity was redoubled. Notwithstanding his numerous duties as President of the Committee of National Defences, he found time to hasten from place to place, rousing the people to arms.

The sequel is undoubtedly known to our readers, and we will go no further; we had written something about his great powers in eloquence, but it is crowded out. Those who have perused his speeches, are probably convinced of the great power he possesses in the use of language, although they may differ from him in some of his sentiments.

Written for the Journal.

ANSWER TO "L.'s" ADVERTISEMENT.

BY JONATHAN.

My darling, my dear "old maid,"
I'm your man to make a trade;
And stand ready, with open arms,
To take and love you, with all your charms.

Forty years of age, and near another one!

O come, yes! to my bosom come;
I'll love you, and your hand will squeeze,
Age must improve you,—it does old cheese.

I've seen many young and lovely girls,
Got in love with their charms, and their pretty curls!
But to love an "old maid!" how truly sublime!

The thought's so happy I can hardly make rhyme.

Mathinks, dear "L.,"
I can suit you to a T,
I'm rich in nothing, and still likely to be;
I reckon I'm handsome, and know I'm smart,
For when I appear the "gals" soon depart.

Then "meet me, love, at the moonlight hour,"
Down by the fence at the "Hay Scale" bower;
And then we'll court, and talk it o'er at night,
While all around—the cats and dogs may quall and fight!

Woburn, Jan. 20, 1852.

NEW SURGICAL WORK.

We have been favored with a sight at the forthcoming surgical work of our townsmen, Richard U. Piper, M. D. This elaborate and extensive work is the result of three year's close labor, and reflects great credit upon the author. The book contains about two thousand engravings, and when we consider that it has been all done by the Doctor, besides attending to his medical practice, we think it can truly be called a triumph of art.

We notice in the "Medical and Surgical Journal," from the pen of Dr. J. V. C. Smith, a well-merited compliment to Dr. Piper, and copy it below, to show what a good judge thinks of this extensive work. The Doctor deserves the thanks of the medical community for this valuable addition to their surgical works. We doubt not the book will meet with a ready sale.

From the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal.

"ILLUSTRATED SURGERY.—Messrs. Ticknor & Co. will soon publish a rich volume on Surgery, with 296 pages of beautifully drawn plates, and 300 pages of text, by Richard U. Piper, M. D. All the illustrations were executed by the persevering and ingenious author, who has shown himself to be an accomplished artist as well as writer. We shall soon give a specimen of some of the plates, in a number of the Journal."

LYCEUM.—Mr. Whipple's lecture was a graphic delineation of the life and character of the great leader of the Protestant Reformation. Perhaps there was less of philosophical analysis and metaphysical subtlety in describing the mind of Luther, than is the custom with the lecturer; but the clearness of thought, and burning energy of diction which distinguish his (the lecturer's) writings, pervaded the whole performance.

Next week the lecture will be given on Wednesday evening, at half past six o'clock. The reputation of Mr. Stone as a brilliant writer and orator, will no doubt fill the house with an admiring audience. Subject, Kossuth.

OUTSIDE.—We place on the outside of our paper quite a number of original articles written for the "Journal." We were obliged to take this course with them, as we find our contributors' favors come in so fast, that we can scarcely find space for them, and now have on hand a large number, which we shall use in due time.

We take pleasure in calling the reader's attention to these pieces, and think they will repay a perusal; it will also show them that a decided literary taste pervades this community.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We have received during the past week a large number of communications, in the shape of poetry, prose, enigmas, &c. They are so numerous, and our space this week so limited, that we cannot notice them in detail, but will simply say that we are glad to receive them, and shall be happy to give them all room. The French translation by "X. Y. Z." was received, and will be used before long. "Albert," "Bard of Crisis," "Anchore," "E. A. L." "Edward," "F.," "E.," "Elsie," "L.," "T.," "W. F. B.," and "Clara," are included in the above notice.

WORK AT THE NAVY YARD.—Since the orders from the Navy Department were received at the Charlestown Navy Yard, to fit out the frigate Cumberland and propeller Princeton, an extra force of between 60 and 70 mechanics have been employed. The late very severe cold weather somewhat retards the progress of business.

There will be five Sabbaths in the month of February this year. The same will not occur again until 1880. Where shall we all be then?

TOWN CLOCK.

The "good cause prospers," and we are enabled to state that all the necessary arrangements are completed, and the prospect is, that those who attend the levee will enjoy a most delightful evening, besides the satisfaction of knowing that they have helped set the clock agoing.

The committee, of whom we gave a list in last week's paper, have had several meetings, and appointed the sub-committees to attend to their various duties.

J. B. Winn, Esq., is Treasurer; Geo. M. Champney, Esq., is President for the evening, assisted by Mrs. J. C. Stockbridge and Miss Susan Edgell, and the other members of the committee have each their part to perform. The ladies will have under their charge the tables, and all cake and fruit sent in will be disposed of by them, and we hope the men-folks will go prepared to pay liberally for all they get, remembering that it all goes towards the Town Clock.

We stated last week that the levee would be held on Tuesday evening, and would now add, that the hour of assemblage will be about 7-1/2 o'clock. The evening will be spent in social intercourse, interspersed with singing by ladies and gentlemen, and instrumental music by the "American Brass Band," of Boston, who with commendable liberality have volunteered their services for the occasion.

In another column will be found a notice from the committee, to which we invite the especial attention of the ladies. The notice was printed and circulated a few days since, and we publish it to-day, so that all may see it, as some might have been omitted in the first distribution. We hope a liberal response will be given to the invitation. We are also requested to state that any literary labors for the "Levee Post Office" will be thankfully received. Cannot some of our numerous correspondents try their hand at letter-writing?

The committee also voted to accept of the offer made by some ladies and gentlemen of this town, to give, on some future evening, a Tableaux representation and Concert, in aid of the fund, the particulars of which will be announced at the levee, or in our next paper.

The amount needed to procure a clock is \$450, and it will be very creditable to the town of Woburn if this sum can be raised in a small way, for then all will have a share in it. We are satisfied that having the clock, is "a fixed fact," for the ladies in town have become quite interested in the matter, and this fact of itself is *proof positive*. Let all who would pass a pleasant evening, and aid in a good cause, be present at the Town Hall next Tuesday evening. The price of tickets will be twenty-five cents each.

Written for the Journal.

THE WEATHER.

You requested, Mr. Editor, some one to furnish the "Journal" with the changes of temperature and state of the atmosphere, in this vicinity. I will undertake to do it, and succeed as well as I can.

Thursday, Jan. 15th.—Wind S. W.; hazy atmosphere; thawing freely.

Friday, 16th.—Remarkable change in the night; thermometer at 7, A. M., 12 degrees below zero; wind N. W.; clear and very cold.

Saturday, 17th.—A light fall of snow in the night; thermometer at 7, A. M., 6 above; at 10, P. M., 2 above.

Sunday, 18th.—Wind North; thermometer at 7, A. M., 6 above; commenced snowing at 11, A. M., and continued through the day and evening; at 10, P. M., thermometer at 2 above.

Monday, 19th.—Snow fell until noon today; being very light and fine, it drifted badly; at 7, A. M., thermometer at zero; afternoon and evening clear and cold; at 10, P. M., thermometer 9 below. Aurora very brilliant.

Tuesday, 20th.—Thermometer at 7, A. M., 9 below; clear and cold through the day; at 10, P. M., 4 below.

Wednesday, 21st.—Sky overcast; wind S. W.; thermometer at 7, A. M., 6 above; at 10, P. M., 4 above.

FRANKLIN.

[We are much indebted to "Franklin" for his offer, and shall be glad to publish his reports.—Ed.]

MESSRS. Menzies & White, of Boston, place their card in another column. They deal in the usual variety of Dry Goods wanted by the ladies, and we would say that they make rules and adhere to them, viz:—"one price," "small profits," "nimble steps," &c.; and if goods are not as represented, they take pleasure in refunding the money paid. Give them a call, in Winter street, Boston.

SELLERS OF REAL ESTATE—may find it for their advantage to employ as agent, in Boston, Mr. John Hammond, a gentleman who has been long in the business, and one whose word can be depended upon. His office is in Congress street, as will be seen by his card in another column.

UNIVERSALIST COLLEGE.—The location of this Institution, after a consideration of some three month's time, has finally been settled upon Walnut Hill, Somerville. A portion of the estate extends into Medford, the line dividing the two towns passing over the Hill. The College Building will be in Somerville.

THE WEATHER AT THE SOUTH.—Baltimore, Jan. 20.—We have no mail beyond Washington this morning. The weather last night was colder than ever known here. Thermometer 5 below zero. The harbor is closed with ice.

At Washington, to-day, the thermometer marks 2 degrees below zero.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN

FROM THE YEAR 1641 TO 1843.

(Continued.)

1686.

Knight, John, s. of John, 3d of March. Warner, Sarah, d. of John, 18th of March. Convers, Ruth, d. of Josiah, 28th of May. Williams, Damaris, d. of Thomas, 6th of June. Lock, John, s. of John, 14th of May. Kendal, Jacob, s. of Jacob and Pierces, 20th of January.

Snow, Hannah, d. of Samwell, 8th of June.

Peirce, Isabell, s. of Nathaniel, 23d of Sept.

Polly, John, s. of John, 21st of May.

Prest, Daniel, s. of John, 19th of July.

Baldwin, Hannah, d. of Daniel, 21st of August.

Carter, Thomas, s. of Thomas, 13th of June.

Kendall, Isaac, s. of Samwell, 13th of September.

Wyman, Seth, s. of Seth, 13th of September.

Walker, Hannah, d. of Isrill, 24th of Sept.

Peirce, James, s. of John, 8th of October.

Carter, Timothy, s. of Timothy, 19th of Oct.

Simonds, James, s. of James, 1st November.

Sarah, d. of George, 30th of October.

Converse, Patience, d. of James and Hannah, 6th of November.

Reed, Ralph, s. of John, 6th of September.

Kendall, David, s. of John, 14th of November.

Wyman, John, s. of John and Hannah, 16th of November.

Converse, Samwell, s. of Samwell, 22d of Nov.

Covell, Elizabeth, d. of Joseph, 25th of Nov.

Green, Mary, d. of William, 1st of Nov.

"James Convers began to keep ye Records

Augst, 1686 & entered ye children with both

ye parents names."

Boggett, Thomas s. of Thomas and Rebekah,

Augst, 5th.

Pierce, Isaac, s. of Thos. and Rachael, De-

cember 23d.

Brooks, John and Ebenezer, twin sons of John

and

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1852.

Written for the Journal.
POPULAR EDUCATION.
NUMBER TWO.

(Continued from "Journal" No. 3.)

Let an observing, attentive mind be encouraged. Let children be accustomed to notice carefully, all the various transactions of life, and listen to every remark calculated to increase their knowledge or aid their memory. In fine, let the mind be so educated as to reflect more upon itself—upon its own resources—to form habits of association—to comprehend enlarged ideas, and to consider and apply general truths and principles.

One word more and I leave this division of my subject.

The laws of the Commonwealth require teachers of common schools to be competent to teach "good behaviour."

Now this, as well as any other kind of education, to be effectual, must be commenced at home. And it is commenced there. Parents give the very first lessons in behaviour to their children. How important is it, then, that these lessons be good! The very first impressions made upon the child have more influence on its future character, than all that may be made afterwards. Numerous examples might be given to prove this statement, were it necessary. I would only repeat, for the sake of enforcing the principle, that these impressions are made much earlier than parents have any idea of.

How important it is, then, that parents should place a double guard about themselves! Every habit they indulge in; every incorrect pronunciation; every sentiment expressed; in short, every word, every action, and I had almost said, every thought, is heard, seen, and remembered by children; and their impress stamped indelibly on their future characters.

Having spoken of Parental Education, which was supposed to be confined to the period between extreme infancy and the age at which it was proper to commence attending school, we shall now proceed to offer a few remarks on the second division of the subject, viz.; School Education; or, more definitely, the responsibilities that parents should feel, and the influence that they should exert, over their children while attending school. In doing this, it will be necessary to point out some of the faults which we believe parents almost daily commit; and also suggest some means by which these faults may be corrected.

We have said that many parents send their children to school much too young, merely to avoid the trouble of their at home. It may be asked, at what age should they be sent? This question cannot be answered definitely, as it must depend on a great variety of circumstances; some could commence much earlier than others. A child should not be sent to school until he can read simple sentences, not until he is old enough to study. It is one of the greatest mistakes ever made by a parent, to send a child to school to learn his alphabet.

Immediately connected with this, is another evil, for which both parents and teachers are answerable; and that is the custom of keeping children confined in the school-room too long at a time. Sent at the age they generally are, they are incapable of studying, they are forbidden to play, and consequently, they become weary and restless, sleep comes in, as a kind friend, to their relief. Young children should never be confined to their seats more than half an hour without a recess, and generally not in school more than an hour each half day.

Winchester, Jan. 1852. D. Y.

Written for the Journal.
CHANGING SCHOOL-BOOKS.

Mr. EDITOR:—Something has been said in your paper on the subject of changing books in our schools. The remarks I consider pertinent, and those which should not be lightly treated. It is a fact, that it requires something of a library for a child now to acquire an education in our common schools. It requires two or three kinds of Geographies, two or three kinds of Arithmetics, Spelling-Books, Readers, Grammars, &c.

I do not see the utility of all this. I do not see the utility of throwing Porter's Readers from our schools for other authors. Is it not a good book? Cannot children learn to read from it, as well as from Russell's, Swan's, or Mandeville's? I do not see why. Why need we, in our primary schools, change Spelling-Books and Readers two or three times before going into the upper schools? Why throw away Adams' for other Arithmetics? And when I ask these questions, I mean, why compel a class to change the one for the other? I don't see into this? What is the utility of it? Perhaps those who favor it can explain.

TEACHER.

Woburn, Jan. 22, 1852.

SINGULAR CAUSE OF DEATH.—Mr. Francis Choate, of Lynn, aged 48 years, died at the Massachusetts Hospital a few days since of mortification of the bones of the jaw. The business of the deceased was the manufacture of friction matches, and it is supposed the poisonous exhalation thus imbibed, was the cause of the disease which resulted in his death.

PROTECTIVE UNION STORE BURNED.—Montpelier, Jan. 12th.—The Protective Union store in East Montpelier, was entirely consumed by fire this morning, but a small portion of the contents being saved. Loss about \$2000; goods insured for \$900. The fire was doubtless the work of an incendiary.

Ohio.—The Senate of Ohio has passed resolutions declaring that the United States ought to interfere, should Russia, or any other power, meddle with the internal affairs of other nations struggling for freedom.

PRESENTATION OF THE MAMMOTH PETITION.

The procession arrived at the State House at 12 o'clock, and in the procession, among others, we noticed the cheerful countenance of Hon. S. A. Walker.

Long before the arrival of the procession every part of the House accessible to the public, galleries, aisles, and alcoves, was crowded, and hundreds who were unable to gain admittance waited in the hall below. In the alcoves and galleries we noticed a number of ladies, who felt a great interest in the proceedings.

As the procession approached, considerable sensation was manifested in the House.

At half-past 12 the petition was brought in by Chief Marshal Cowdin and the Committee of the Convention.

Mr. Smith of Chelsea here asked leave to introduce petitions, which was granted, and he then made the following address:—

"Leave has been asked to present petitions, and might it not with propriety be asked to present the petition. It will be seen that this is a petition of no ordinary magnitude, it has not been equalled in this or any other country on the globe.

It enrolls more than 120,000 names of people of this Commonwealth: of which number 50,000 are legal voters, and of the residue there are many other legal voters who have not been designated, as the signatures were obtained promiscuously. At the head of this petition is the honored name of G. N. Briggs. The women of Massachusetts have been represented, and I may say they have peculiar claims upon our attention; it is true they have no voice in legislation, but they have been peculiar sufferers, and have a right to a hearing in the matter.

The petitioners ask no charters for corporate bodies—they ask no appropriations—they ask but for protection to man—for protection to our religion, to our institutions of learning, our halls of legislation, our courts, and above all else protection for our domestic relations.

It is believed that this evil, which the petitioners would have suppressed, has filled our lunatic asylums, our almshouses and graveyards with those who have fallen premature victims. They believe that the Legislature has power to put a stop to this evil, and having such power, they should exercise it. Their object is not selfish one, and my earnest prayer is, that the spirit of the petition may find a responsive throb in the breasts of the members of this body.

I would, therefore, move for the introduction of this petition, and also to introduce a petition from twenty-five teachers and pupils of the Wilbraham Academy; of five male teachers and twenty-seven pupils of the Wesleyan Academy; of sixty-five teachers and pupils of Amherst Academy; of the officers, the President, five Professors and one hundred forty-nine students of Amherst College; of the citizens of North Bridgewater; of the teachers and pupils of the Normal School in that town; of thirty persons in jail in Norfolk county; and twenty-eight prisoners in the House of Correction at Dedham."

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, Mr. Clements, of Alabama, presented a series of resolutions passed by the Legislature of that State against intervention in the affairs of Europe.

Mr. Fish presented a memorial from E. K. Collins, for additional facilities for carrying the mails.

In the House, the several States were called on for their bills, when the following among others were introduced.

Mr. Conger asked leave to introduce a joint resolution declaring the non-intervention law of nations to be the right of every nation to establish whatever government the people may choose, and to express the opinion of the people and government of the United States respecting the Russian intervention in the affairs of Hungary.

Mr. Jones objected to the introduction of the resolution on the ground that no previous notice had been given.

GREAT TEMPERANCE CONVENTION AT TREMONT TEMPLE.—At about 10 o'clock Wednesday morning, the Tremont Temple, Boston, was filled with delegates from all parts of the State to the Temperance Convention.

The meeting was called to order by Wm. B. Spooner, Esq., and was organized by the choice of Mr. Ashael Huntington, of Salem, as President, and opened by prayer by Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher.

At 11 o'clock, the Committee having in charge the petition to the Legislature, came in escorted by the Police, under Captain Osborn. The petition was on a cylinder, and as they entered were received by three hearty cheers. On the petition were enrolled 123,800 names.

THE WEATHER.—at New Orleans, is very cold. There is snow on the ground to the depth of six inches. Such a thing has not occurred for twenty years.

WANTED.—A small HOUSE, near the Depot, convenient for a small family from Boston. Rent about \$75 to \$100. Apply to the Editor. Jan. 24-31

SEARS C. WALKER.—Accounts from Washington state that this distinguished astronomer and mathematician has become insane. A correspondent of the Baltimore Republican, under date of the 15th, says:—

"Night before last, while sitting late at his labors, Mr. Walker made a discovery, by which logarithms are rendered useless in mathematical calculations. The most intense excitement followed, and he could neither sleep nor converse. He continued in this condition until yesterday, at noon, when his glorious mind gave way. It is hoped that the misfortune may be temporary, but the worst is feared."

MOVEMENTS OF KOSUTH.—Kosuth (says one of his friends) will go to New Orleans from St. Louis, then visit Mobile, Savannah, and Charleston, Albany, Buffalo, the Falls, Boston, where he hopes to be late in March or April. The French news has put off his contemplated departure for Europe two months already.

RETURN OF ENCKE'S COMET.—Encke's comet has been sighted on its return to the earth by M. Tuttle, second assistant at the Cambridge Observatory. The period of the revolution of this comet is about 40 months. At 6h. 57m. 28 sec. M. T. at Cambridge, its A. R. was 24h. 6m. 38.08 sec. Dec. North, 4 deg. 9m. 32s., by comparison with Weisse No. III.

In one of his most brilliant speeches in England, Kosuth remarked that "Commerce was the Locomotives of Principles."

Written for the Journal.

AN ACROSTIC.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MRS. M. W. W.

M—ay you for your kind work of love

R—eceive a great reward;

S—o many saved from crime and want,

M—any your voice regard.

A—dorned with mild religion's garb,

R—esolve by help divine,

Y—ou will reclaim the erring ones,

W—hile long have loved the wine,

W—hile many seek misdeeds of mirth,

E—njoyment true to find;

L—eaving such scenes and doing good,

I—lives ever in your mind.

M—ay you, when this short life is o'er,

A—nd you on earth can do no more,

N—ew joys in heaven find.

ELISIE, THE PEASANT GIRL.

North Woburn, Jan. 1852.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 7, 2, 9, 15, 11, 26, 14, 23, is a county in Ohio.

1, 8, 2, 4, 12, 16, 19, 18, 13, is a town in Virginia.

6, 25, 16, 4, 10, 16, 14, 18, 23, is a town in Mass.

2, 5, 17, 20, 21, 22, 13, 7, 25, 3, is a town in Massachusetts.

My whole is the author's name and place of residence.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 11, 12, 5, 10, 15, is a bird of game.

13, 5, 14, is an old time propeller.

4, 6, 7, 1, is very important to us as a nation.

17, 2, 6, 9, 8, affords us much light.

14, 12, 6, 7, is the consumption of vice.

3, 16, 1, is what we all do.

My whole has caused many to rejoice.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

37 FOWLER & WELLS. PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS, assisted by Mr. D. P. Butler, have opened a Cabinet and Book-store in Boston, No. 142 Washington Street, where professional examinations, with charts or written descriptions of character, may be obtained.

Books on Phrenology, Physiology, Hygiene, and Photography, for sale. AGENTS and Booksellers supplied on the most liberal terms. Jan. 24-31

WOBURN MECHANIC PHALEX ASSEMBLIES.

The Fourth Assembly of the Course will be given at S. VOWLES'S HALL, on WEDNESDAY Evening, Jan. 24.

Committee of Arrangements,

W. T. GRAMMER, President,

W. H. COOPER, Vice-President,

W. B. YOUNGMAN, Secretary,

Dancing to commence at 7 o'clock. Music—SMITH'S

SALEM BAND.

Woburn, Jan. 24, 1852.

WOBURN LYCEUM.

The 100th Lecture of the Lyceum will be given at WOBURN EVENING, Jan. 29th, at the Vestry of the Rev. Mr. Edwards' Church, by Rev. A. L. STONE, Jr., "Kosuth."

Lecture commences at 6 o'clock.

37 Tickets for the remainder of the Course have been reduced to half price, and are given away.

Subject—A. L. STONE.—EDWARD J. RICHARDSON.—J. C. STOCKBRIDGE.—J. W. D. CHAPMAN, & COMMITTEE.

At 11 o'clock, the Committee having in charge the petition to the Legislature, came in

escorted by the Police, under Captain Osborn.

The petition was on a cylinder, and as they entered were received by three hearty

cheers. On the petition were enrolled 123,800 names.

THE WEATHER.—at New Orleans, is very

cold. There is snow on the ground to the

depth of six inches. Such a thing has not

occurred for twenty years.

WANTED.—A small HOUSE, near the Depot, convenient for a small family from Boston. Rent about \$75 to \$100. Apply to the Editor. Jan. 24-31

MARRIAGES.

Jan. 14th, by Rev. T. Starr King, Mr. Joseph R. Kendall, of Woburn, to Miss S. Abby Cutler, of Lexington, in Lowell, William A. Rice, of Boston, to Margaret A. Messer, of Lowell.

DEATHS.

In Boston, Mass., 16th inst., Mr. Isaac G. Wilson, of this town, aged 23 years and 11 months.

In Chelsea, 17th inst., Jessie E., only daughter of H. W. and Elizabeth C. Palmer, 2 years and 9 months,

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA is only 21

years of age, yet a perfect tyrant.

FURNITURE AT AUCTION.
WILL be sold at Auction, on MONDAY, 26th inst., at 1 o'clock, P. M., at Knight's Building, in WOBURN, a lot of FURNITURE, consisting of 1 small Bureau, Sofa, Solar Lamp, Entry

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

TO THE OLD YEAR.

Farewell, Old Year,—a last farewell!
Thy solemn summons to depart
Has rung a death-knell on thine ear,
Thatately touched thy withered heart.
Thy form is thin and shrivell'd now;
Thy aged head is bending low,
And through thy veins the crimson tide
Of life is scarcely seen to flow;
Thy very heart is growing cold,
Its precious life-blood's ebbing fast,
And soon, too soon, thou'st sleep within
The dark tomb of the mighty Past.

Alas! what changes thou hast wrought,
Since first with joy we hailed thy birth;
How much of sorrow then hast brought
To a weary child of earth.
How many that hast called to mourn
For cherished ones that lowly sleep
Beneath the valley's clod, or 'mid
The coral caves of ocean deep.
In every burial-ground is seen
The new-made grave where hidden lies
Some true heart's treasure, that was bound
To it by fondest, tenderest ties.

And yet 't well; we'll not complain;
Though much of sorrow thou hast given;
With humble heart we'll meekly bow
Beneath the just decrees of Heaven;
Nor would we look alone, Old Year,
Upon thy darkest, dreariest side,
For countless blessings thou hast sown
Around, as onward thou didst glide.
And when to-morrow's morn shall dawn,
And usher in the new-born year,
We'll cast a lingering look behind,
And drop for thee a silent tear.

WINCHESTER, DEC. 31, 1851.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Written for the Journal.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.
THERE is religion in a flower; its still small voice is as the voice of conscience; mountains and oceans, planets, suns and systems, bear not the impress of Almighty power. In characters more legible than those which he has written on the tiniest flower."

Mr. EDITOR:—I need offer no apology to your readers for introducing to their notice the subject of the culture of flowers. So general is the practice amongst the people of Woburn of giving some portion of their attention to the rearing of these.

"Beautiful children of the woods and fields," that the passing stranger never fails to notice the fact, and speak of it in terms of commendation.

I shall first commence with the treatment of house-plants, as says Beecher, "this is but little understood, though the practice of keeping them is so common."

I shall endeavor to give in the first place, the physiological principles on which success depends, and then to aid my readers to follow out these principles in particular cases.

Two objects are had in view in taking plants into the house for the winter, either simple protection, or the development of their foliage and flowers during this season. Some plants require protection at other seasons, but it is chiefly in winter that difficulty in their management is experienced. If our intention is merely to preserve our plants for another season, a very different course of management must be pursued than if we desire them to flower during the cold months. If this last is our object, our summer treatment should vary as much as our winter treatment of those we desire for summer.

Plants simply desired to stand over, such as Tender Roses, Azalias, Cape Jessamines, Oranges, Myrtles and Oleanders, may be kept in a light cellar which is not liable to frost.

If kept in parlors, the thermometer should never be permitted to rise above sixty or fifty-five degrees, or to sink below forty degrees; variations from these extremes are generally sure to injure them more or less, according to the character of the plant.

Great care should be taken to keep the atmosphere of the room sufficiently moist; this rule will equally well apply to growing plants.

Plants which are not growing require but little water; on the other hand they should not be allowed to become too dry.

Water should not be applied in small quantities and at short intervals, but they should be examined by stirring the soil, and if the interior of the ball is becoming dry, they should have a copious supply of water but little colder than the temperature of the room; the water should never be allowed to stand in the saucer. Of course plants that are not desired to flower should not be kept in a strong sun-light.

I shall speak of soils in future numbers, when treating of particular plants.

Plants designed for winter flowering.—It should be remembered that all plants require a season of rest, and that they can no more be healthy without this than animals.

Winter is also their natural season for rest; and in order to have them active at this season, we must create artificial habits. The most common cause of failure on the part of plant-keepers is the disregard of this law. More plants are rendered sickly, or killed, by attempting to force them to flower through the year, than from all the other mistakes put together.

Plants which flower in summer must rest in winter; those which are to flower in winter, must rest either in summer or autumn. It is not generally of much use to take into the house for the purpose of flowering, plants which have been in full bloom in summer and autumn. I do not say that failure will result in all cases, but that the organic laws cannot be violated with impunity, and if the plant is forced into an unnatural growth, it will soon show the effects.

Flowers which are designed for winter

should be selected and potted during summer, and placed in a shaded position, facing the north. They should be allowed just water enough to keep them healthy, and no more. Some of our splendid annuals may be retarded in their growth, by proper management, and made to unfold their beauties in the winter. When taken to the house, attention must be paid to three points: light, moisture and cleanliness. Of these we shall speak in our next number. R. U. P.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. FOWLER.—Sir:—I send you the following solution to the puzzle by Claude Melnotte, which if you think proper, you are at liberty to insert in your paper:

The street in the two cities found,
I think must be called *Pearl*;
A person of nobility,
In England's called an *Earl*.
The *Pearl's* a most delicious fruit;
And that with which we heat,—
That small appendage to our form,—
Is what we term an *Ear*.
The plant is of the cabbage tribe,
Known by the name of *Rape*,
And is there any *rape*?
More cunning than a *ape*?
A liquor, which, alas!
Too many love to tap;
When we call at a neighbor's house,
We ring the bell, or *rap*.

Reading, Jan. 6, 1852. GERTRUDE.

Written for the Journal.

THE FARMER AND SCIENCE.

Mr. EDITOR:—We have read your correspondent's interesting article on "Science in Agriculture," and see no reason why we should deviate from the "position" we have taken, viz: that the farmer—the true farmer—is best qualified to promote agriculture; or in other words, which in our estimation is applicable, "who would be free, *themselves* must strike the blow." The advice given to the farmer to "set in motion the work of reformation," is probably the reason why this class of mechanics usually possess a degree of general intelligence which is unsurpassed by any other class of mechanics."

SPARTANS AND ATHENIANS.—The Spartans obliged their youth to rise up in the presence of the aged, and offer them the most honorable seats. At a theatrical representation, when an old man, an Athenian, came too late to be able to procure a good seat, the young Athenians unanimously endeavored to sit close, and keep him out. Abashed at this, he hastily made his way to the seats appointed for the Lacedemonians; they all immediately rose, and received him in the most honorable manner. The Athenians, struck with a sudden sense of virtue, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man exclaimed, "the Athenians know what is right, but the Lacedemonians practice it!"

STARTLING FACTS.—From the returns of the Secretary of State to the House of Representatives, we learn that the number of State paupers is 16,154, of whom 12,940 are foreigners. Of these, 11,005 are English or Irish. The total expense of the almshouse and appurtenances for the year, has been \$44,688. Of the foreign paupers, 2000 have come into the Commonwealth within a single year. The total number of persons relieved or supported as paupers during the year, has been 27,624; of these, the significant fact is stated, that probably 16,833 were made paupers by *intemperance* in themselves or others.

The analyzing of soil is a distinct science. What we have said concerning a friend's "deceased Society," was with special reference to the time that Society had its organization, and not to the present. We should not discard "the mingling of mechanics and scientific men with farmers, in Agricultural Societies," providing that Society is organized by selecting practical farmers, whose sole business is farming, for its official corps; to this neglect may be attributed the primary cause of the death of the "deceased Society." The farmer is better qualified to promote agriculture, and the mechanic is better qualified to prosecute his mechanical operations than the farmer. We therefore still maintain that "persons of like engagements, who are thorough bred in their art both by theory and practice," are best qualified to conduct their kind of business.

Winchester, Jan., 1852.

Written for the Journal.

ACROSTICAL ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

We prize thee very high,—we do,
Our mind agrees with "Reader," too;
B-eauty is thine,—yes, thou art pretty,
U-ntil we'll add, thou'ret very witty;
R-emembering by thy weekly birth,
N-ew light is shed around our heart.
J-oval and free,—aye, good, withal,
O-ur tastes are suited, one and all;
U-ntil thy worth we'll judge do,
R-emember—we've all reasons to,
N-ow much we have to thank thee for;
A-and from thee we instruction draw,
L-et thy motto be "Excelsior."

MORALS OF CRICKET PLAYING!—A late English paper says that Mr. Baron Platt, in charging the grand jury at Lancaster assizes, on Monday, after some remarks on the deplorable ignorance of the prisoners, remarked that in the neighboring county, where the game of cricket was much practised, he had found that crime was very light, and he recommended to their consideration the encouragement of that manly and invigorating exercise and gratification.

BE GOOD NATURED.—Smiles cost nothing—an effort—good thoughts will suggest them causing them to dance out of the eyes and mouth over the face, like sunbeams across the unruled bosom of the ocean.

NO wonder drunkards are poor. The imbibers of only two "horns" a day consumes, in the form of alcohol, more than enough grain to supply him with his daily bread.

MISCELLANY.

SHOEMAKERS IN LYNN.

A writer in the *Salem Gazette*, giving a long, yet interesting account of "a short visit to Nahant," thus speaks, and correctly too, of the shoemakers of Lynn:—

"As we looked upon these shops, and pictured to ourselves the probable appearance within, we were reminded of the general intelligence usually possessed by this class of mechanics. He sits, day after day, busily engaged in his occupation, which requires more dexterity and use of his hands than his head, thus leaving his mind free, during the whole day, to think upon all subjects, and his tongue to discuss them with his fellow-workmen. Then the newspaper-man occasionally calls with a paper, which is read aloud by some loafer, or returned Californian, who generally occupies a spare seat or a shoe-box, which, by the way, affords an excellent opportunity of keeping him from dulling the knives with which he would otherwise be sure to be whittling—or by some naturally industrious fellow workmen, who happen to be "out of stock," and is waiting for a fresh supply. And the different subjects treated upon by this paper then have to undergo a thorough discussion, and every man's opinion thereon is given, and each opinion and version is warmly debated and commented upon, till the arrival of another paper, which in its turn, passes through a like scrutiny. This is the way time is passed in most shoemakers' shops, and this is probably the reason why this class of mechanics usually possess a degree of general intelligence which is unsurpassed by any other class of mechanics."

THE SMART waiting woman, in giving an account of the twin children of her mistress, said, very innocently, "The dear little things—one looks so much like both, you can't tell 'em apart."

HORRIBLE.—A contemporary, in noticing one of its advertisers, recommends its readers to "try him."

SETH says that though a hat may be made of silk or beaver when off the head, when put on it is immediately felt.

SEVEN-EIGHTHS of the splendid fortunes in this country have been made by printer's ink.

Jim, did you ever see a horse-race?" "No but I've seen a mill-race."

"HARD LINES."—A celebrated English poet once advertised that he would supply "Lines for any occasion." A fisherman sought him shortly after, and wanted a line strong enough to catch a porpoise.

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DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER.

THE CHEAPEST PAPER IN BOSTON!

THE DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER is published at No. 8, Old State House, by HENRY PLANDER & CO., at \$3 a year, strictly in advance at the counter, being ONE DOLLAR LESS than any other paper of the same size in the United States.

It is designed to furnish, in a clear but compendious manner, the FRESHEST ADVICES, both FOREIGN and DOMESTIC.

REPORTS OF LECTURES.

Particular attention is paid to reports of Lectures upon scientific and literary topics, and such other public discourses delivered in the city and elsewhere, as are interesting and instructive to the general reader.

RAILROAD MATTERS.

Railroad intelligence, including information respecting the condition and progress of railroads throughout the United States, constitutes a distinguishing feature of the Traveller.

MONDAY MATTERS.

Carefully prepared articles on money matters are given from a competent and authentic source.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS.

Announcements have been secured for obtaining the full details of Foreign Affairs, on the arrival of the Atlantic steamer, which will be published in the *Evening Traveller*, at various points of importance throughout the country, has been established; experienced and competent Reporters are employed, and extended arrangements made for obtaining through the *Electric Telegraph*, and other means of communication, the earliest and most reliable intelligence upon all matters of public interest.

To accomplish these objects, and to make the paper eminently interesting and valuable, no pains or expense is spared.

In relation to Politics, the Traveller is entirely INDEPENDENT of party considerations, and will aim, with an entire disregard of public opinion, with a view of truth, justice, and the welfare of the public, to do equal justice to public men.

In no sense, indeed, is it a partisan paper. Wholly unbiased, it is a public and unbiased organ of public and popular interests, and unbiased by any favor or prejudice, and is equally fair to all, and unbiased by party and political interests, and subserve the highest, public and popular interests.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1852.

Carrie, Theofulius, d. of Israel and Susannah, S. 26th.
McAll, Sarah, d. of David and Hannah, Oct. 24th.

Wyman, Esther, d. of Seth and Esther, Oct. 26th.

Hobs, Susannah, d. of Josyah and Mary, Nov. 24th.

Kendall, Joseph, a. of Jacob and Pierce, Dec. 17th.

Convers, Ebenezer, s. of James and Hannah, Dec. 10th.

Snow, Joannah, d. of Samuel and Sarah, Feb. 10th.

Blogget, Hulda, d. of Samuel and Hulda, Feb. 9th.

Marcealid, d. of Joannah, negro servant to Francis Wyman, Feb. 18th.

Kendall, Elizabeth, d. of John and Elizabeth, Feb. 28th.

Pierce, Abigail, d. of Samwell and Lydia, Feb. 27th.

Wilson, Hannah, d. of Samwell and Elizabeth, Dec. 24th.

Pierce, Phoebe, d. of Thomas and Rachell, Feb. 13th.

Wright, Boryan, s. of Joseph and Elizabeth, Mar. 14th.

Blanchard, Tabitha, d. of Thomas and Tabitha, Feb. 27th.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, JAN. 31, 1852.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. David Youngman, Lyceum Building, is the owner, and will receive all subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONHAM.—Mr. G. W. Dix will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. Pettingill & Co., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

THE TOWN LEVEE.

Last Tuesday evening will be long remembered by our citizens, as one of the most delightful and pleasant they ever spent; and we imagine that so often as they gaze upon the dial-face of our clock that is to be, it will awaken recollections of a most interesting character, and the clock will not only tell of passing time, but it will tell *loudly* what has been accomplished by the united efforts of all.

The evening was very pleasant, the sleighing excellent, and these facts, combined with the other attractions, brought together a large audience, and at an early hour the Town Hall was filled with the old, the middle-aged, and the young, all wearing smiling and happy faces, all seeming to be much pleased with the interior arrangements for the evening. The opinion prevailed long before the levee was closed, that in Woburn there had never before been gathered together a more highly pleased and delighted assembly than on this occasion.

Guests were present from abroad, and expressed themselves as amply repaid for the trouble taken in coming. The "American Brass Band," of Boston, Mrs. Phipps and Miss Francis, of Boston, were also present, to add by their musical attractions to the entertainments of the evening. Our store-keepers, much to their credit, closed their places of business early in the evening, thus preventing any one from an excuse to absent themselves. The donations of cake and other articles were liberal, and the request of the committee in this particular was generously responded to by our citizens.

There was but one opinion in regard to the arrangement of the hall; it was admirable, and the tables presented a fine appearance. At the end of the hall was placed a large clock-dial, with the motto over it, "FOR THIS WE MEET." The "Post Office," "World's Fair," and other attractions were all placed in excellent positions, and no improvement could have been made upon the committee's arrangements. For their untiring efforts, the ladies and gentlemen who spent so much time and labor in fixing the hall, deserve the thanks of all our citizens.

George M. Champney, Esq., president for the evening, commenced the exercises by the following remarks:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Your committee have delegated me to act as your *index* for the evening, and although I might have excused myself on the score of inability to satisfactorily perform the duties incumbent on the station, yet I have chosen to accept the post for a reason that is very commonly given on declining such duties, viz: a want of time. And I take it that that same reason, paradoxical as it may seem, has brought you all here—*you had no time*, and therefore you come. You came to make money, too. Is this slander? Then the maxim of the wise Franklin, is not true, that "time is money." Coming, therefore, for time, you come to make money, and you *will* make it. The investments you make here to-night, will be as remunerative and as permanent as any you have ever made. For why? They will always be paid *at sight*, and are destined for *all time*, or *all for time*, which is about the same thing. "It is not every investment that pays now-a-days. And now ladies and gentlemen, as we are assembled to procure a great public regulator, I propose to have the evening's movements regulated by a programme which has been prepared, and will thank you, during the performance of the music, or the masking of any remarks, to observe as much silence and order as is compatible with the festivities of the occasion.

After which the evening was spent in a very social and interesting manner, most agreeably interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. The performances of Mrs. Phipps, Miss Francis, and the Band, were well received, and taken in connection with some fine singing by ladies and gentlemen of our own town, and glass by the Moxon, Kimball, formed one of the most delightful entertainments we ever had the good fortune to attend.

Several sentiments were given, and some remarks were made during the evening, also a piece of poetry read by "Jonathan"; by request we copy them as follows:—

The occasion for which we are assembled—May it result in a visible and striking demonstration of the power of public spirit.

The Woburn Town Clock—May it truly represent the regularity and system of the people.

The Ladies of Woburn who are always true to themselves—May they make a striking illustration of their power on the bachelors this year.

The Woburn Journal—Our native and sterling weekly—eagerly sought and attentively perused by many a patron; its proprietors deserve, and will, please accept our thanks, for their commendable zeal and untiring efforts in behalf of this entertainment, and a clock—May it receive, as its merits demand, a more extended circulation and patronage.

The Ladies of Woburn—In them the love of a Union, and of the Union, is an original and innate principle; and to this inherent and effective principle are we mainly indebted for what our eyes behold, our ears hear, and our hearts feel, on this joyous occasion.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

BY JONATHAN.

*Who wants to get some good stock,
That'll pay a nice dividend?
Buy a share in the new Town Clock,
'Twill always prove a good friend.*

*You may crack up your old Canal shares,
That pay nothing per cent every year;
I'd rather see a clock 'o'er there,
Than own the canal full of beer.*

*Just think of its telling the time
When to dinner and supper to go,
'Twill save many scoldings, and that will be fine,
For ladies will talk—I suppose you all know.*

*There's the lucky ones who have the tooth-ache,
Which comes on so sweetly at night;
They sleep not, but lay wide awake;
They'll hear the clock strike, yes! hear with delight.*

*There's the young men who a courting' go,
To see their fair and charming dears;
How fine 'twill be to let them know
Midnight is past, and morning nears.*

*Our ministers, they tell us of "Old Time,"
The value of each fleeting hour;
This clock shall sound a daily chime,
To prove the truth with newly added power.*

*Then, hail! all hail! the Woburn Clock!
They face so pretty and so fair to see;
We'll all in, and take stock,
From here you'll start,—from this Levee.*

After which the following Resolutions were adopted by general acclamation.

Resolved, That the thanks of the citizens of Woburn be presented to the ladies from abroad, who have so kindly favored us with their delightful music this evening.

Resolved, That the thanks of the citizens of Woburn be presented to the "American Brass Band," of Boston, O. H. Wilmarth, Esq., leader, who have volunteered their valued services for this evening, and whose performances have given so much gratification.

We are happy to be able to state that the amount realized is about one half the sum required for a first quality clock, and the committee have no fears but what the balance wanted can be easily raised, and they trust the efforts to be made at Academy Hall next Tuesday evening, will be liberally patronized, and thus enable them to add a handsome amount to the clock fund.

The whole affair reflects great credit upon our town; and the fair part of our citizens, by lending their aid, influence, and sweet smiles on this occasion, have not only helped along a good cause, but have been the means of bringing together, in a social way, a fine representation of all parties, denominations and ages, and we take great pleasure in occupying so large a part of our column with an account of the "Town Clock Levee."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"M. W. W."—your further favors received, and acceptable for future use.

"Jack G."—sends the answer to Calista's Enigma, saying it is *Henry W. Longfellow, Cambridge.*

We have also an answer to the Charade—it is *Lock.*

Also, we have received quite a number of good Enigmas, all of which will be used in due time.

"Grace Green's" capital description of North Woburn will be found in our columns to-day. We are glad to number among our interesting correspondents, so many from there.

The interesting articles by "Mrs. S. B." are at hand; they will be used soon.

"L. S." answer to Jonathan is at hand, and on file for next week. We think Jonathan had better let "you alone" after this, for you hit him hard, although, 'tis most too bad to let him feel his feelings of romance, by declaring that after all your age is but "two and twice ten." Your other articles are at hand.

"J. M. P." "S. X." and "D." are at hand. If upon further perusal, we think more favorably of them, they will appear.

WINCHESTER.—A note from Winchester, headed, "We are bound to go ahead," gives an account of a case of triplets in that town. It seems that the wife of P. Costello, under the professional care of Dr. Drew, of this town, on Sunday last presented her husband with three fine boys, and we are informed they are all alive and doing well. They weigh respectively 1lb., 4lbs., 6lbs. Well done, Winchester! say we; you undoubtedly will bear off the palm for January, '52.

We understand Prof. W. Blasius, of Cambridge, formerly of Brown University, will lecture in this town, on the "Late Tornado." The lecture will undoubtedly be interesting, and taken in connection with some fine singing by ladies and gentlemen of our own town, and glass by the Moxon, Kimball, formed one of the most delightful entertainments we ever had the good fortune to attend.

Read the advertisement headed "Lost," in another column.

THE PROPOSED TABLEAUX

IN AID OF THE FUND FOR THE TOWN CLOCK.

The Committee take pleasure in announcing that this entertainment will take place at the hall of the Warren Academy, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 3d. As the representation will be a novel one to most of our citizens, it is hoped that in connection with the good cause it is intended to advance, that it will secure a general attendance. It will be under the management of gentlemen who are skilled in the arts of design and grouping, which is a guarantee that the affair will be highly picturesque and effective, and conducted with good taste. The following is the programme of scenes to be represented:—

TABLEAUX PROGRAMME.

1. The Game of Life—in two parts.
2. Escape of McGregor at the Massacre of Glencoe.
3. Scenes from Goethe's Poem of Faustus.
4. Signing the Contract—from Lucia de Lammermoor.
5. Hamlet and Ophelia.
6. Falstaff and his Companions.
7. The Statue of Hercules—from The Winter's Tale.
8. Scene from Romeo and Juliet.
9. Turkish Slave Merchant selling a Slave.
10. Blue Beard—Fatima and Selim.
11. The Last Arrow—an Indian Legend.
12. Dick Swiveller and the Marchioness from Dickens.
13. Scene from Athenian History.
14. Scene from Greek Struggle for Independence.
15. Death of Marco Bozaris.
16. Novice taking the White Veil.
17. Grand Tableaux—Battle of Bunker Hill, and Death of Warren.

The entertainment will be varied with vocal and instrumental music. To commence at 7 o'clock.

Tickets 25 cents. For sale at the door.

THE WEATHER.

Thursday, Jan. 22d.—Clear frosty morning; wind W.; thermometer at 7, A. M., 8 below zero; at 10, P. M., 2 above; afternoon and evening very blustering.

Friday, Jan. 23d.—At 7, A. M., thermometer at zero; at 10, P. M., 10 above; wind W. and S. W.; forenoon sky overcast, clear afternoon and evening.

Saturday, Jan. 24th.—Clear and fine; wind S. W. to W.; thermometer at 7, A. M., 4 above; at 10, P. M., 18 above; quite mild through the middle of the day.

Sunday, Jan. 25th.—Very beautiful winter day; this morning thermometer at 16; at 10, P. M., 28; wind S. and S. W. thawing freely.

Monday, Jan. 26th.—Cloudy; wind S. W.; at 7, A. M., thermometer at 34; at 7, P. M., 30; at 10, P. M., 24.

Tuesday, Jan. 27th.—Fine and clear; wind N. W.; at 7, A. M., thermometer 8 above; at 10, P. M., 10 above.

Wednesday, Jan. 28th.—Sky overcast; wind S. W.; in the afternoon South and very brisk; commenced snowing at 7, P. M.; at 7, A. M., thermometer 14; at 10, P. M., 34.

FRANKLIN.

SERENADE.—About the "midnight hour," just as we were retiring to rest on the evening of the levee, for the purpose of seeing the new clock in our dreams, our domicile was favored with a serenade from the "American Brass Band," of Boston. The music was sweet, and its melodies met our delighted ears, we could but wish it were a summer eve, so that the charming notes might have glided into the open windows of many of our citizens.

This band of musicians won for themselves golden opinions, by their performances at the Town Hall, on Tuesday evening, and we are sure they have the good wishes of all our citizens, and they will please accept our thanks for the fine serenade.

Some person—we hope unintentionally—exchanged a coat at the levee, on Tuesday evening. The coat taken was a dark brown, with a scarlet lining, and a good garment; the one left in place of it was a much poorer coat, and we hope the individual who made the exchange will call on Mr. Simonds, at the Town Hall, and get the right one. The principle that governs *umbrellas* will not apply to coats; and if this garment was taken knowingly, we can but wish that the taker's conscience will give him a good hearty twinge every time he gazes upon the new "Town Clock."

LIFE INSURANCE.—Our readers are directed to the advertisement of the U. S. Life Insurance Company in our columns this week. Its rates are deserving the notice of those proposing a visit to the gold regions, as it deservedly ranks among the best and most reliable of these institutions. The California fever will accomplish not a little good to many a family by attracting attention to the yet unappreciated blessings of Life Insurance.

LYCUM.—The lecture on Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Stone, of Boston, on "Kossuth," was a brilliant production. It was listened to by a large, and highly delighted auditory with the greatest attention. The lecture proved himself to be well versed in Hungarian history, and gave an exceedingly interesting sketch of the life and career of Kossuth.

ROGUEY.—Last Wednesday evening while the family of Mr. A. Bugbee were absent, between 8 and 9 o'clock, some thief broke into the house, and after pretty thoroughly examining the drawers in two rooms, left without taking much booty.

T. WINN, Esq., our town representative, has placed us under obligations for State documents.

Written for the Journal.

NORTH WOBURN VILLAGE.

Our village is a thriving place,
And pleasant, too, withal;
Here's plenty of employment
For both the large and small.
No one need idle here,
If they're disposed to go
And ask, they'll always work obtain
Of Nichols, Winn & Co.

Here's curriers and tanners,
And shoemakers not a few,
And carpenters and blacksmiths,
And harness-makers, too;
We have, also, an Express man,
Who does to Boston,
And brings up goods of every kind,
For Nichols, Winn & Co.

Our meeting-house is neat and warm,
Although 'tis rather small,
Yet in it there is room enough
To accommodate all;
Our pleasant school-house stands near by,
Where all the children go,
'Tis but a few steps from the store
Of Nichols, Winn & Co.

We soothe the suffering and the sick,
And freely give the poor;
We pity the unfortunate,
Not turn them from our door.
Our aid to those who really need,
We cheerfully bestow,
And often they assistance get
From Nichols, Winn & Co.

The stranger who our village seeks,
We kindly welcome here,
And strive to have him truly feel,
That friendly hearts are near.

North Woburn is a pleasant place,
Come, and you'll find it so;

And one attraction is the store
Of Nichols, Winn & Co.

North Woburn, Jan. 1852.

Written for the Journal.

THE DISTRICT SCHOOL AS IT WAS.

BOARDING ROUND.

In order to save the school money for the payment of the teacher, and thus lengthen the school, the master was boarded by the several families of the district in turn. This was called "boarding round." The boarding-round system was attended by some annoyances, but was far

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1852.

LETTER FROM NEW JERSEY.

BELVILLE, N. J., 24. 1852.

FRIND FOWLE:—Having a little leisure, and being somewhat "out of sorts," I gladly embraced the opportunity of leaving the bricks and mortars, the slippery streets, and the noise and excitement of the great city, to spend a day or two in New Jersey, with a mutual friend of ours, from our common State of Massachusetts. And now being pleasantly situated on the banks of the Passaic,—"the busy world shut out"—I seat myself to write a few lines to the Journal.

While in New York, we frequently heard the expressions, "Oh, New Jersey is out of the United States,—she is not in the Union," and, "It beats all creation and a part of New Jersey." Now, if an opportunity offers, we intend to test the validity of these statements, and while not claiming to be a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, still we do prophecy, that when the best evidence of which the case is susceptible, is but in, there will be a unanimous verdict—that New Jersey is not only in the United States, but that she occupies an honorable position therein—notwithstanding the opinion of the Empire State to the contrary.

It seems to me that those who are constantly attacking this State, by reason, perhaps, of prejudice or misinformation, forget themselves; especially do they forget the revolutionary history and character; for unless we have read the history of our country backwards, we think it may be asked of this State, as Mr. Webster has of Massachusetts—"What State was it that was patriotic when patriotism cost something?" True, the soil of this State was not permitted to receive the first, and perhaps the best blood of the Revolution, but it is to her honor and credit that she bore a prominent and efficient part in our great struggle for independence. Here it was that Washington and his patriotic compatriots contended most earnestly for American Liberty.

It is honorable and just to our nature that we should feel most strongly attached to the locality of our birth-place. Some one has gone so far as to say, that "if his birth-place were a dungeon, he would hallow the spot." And it is on this principle that to a Massachusetts man's mind, there is no place like Plymouth Rock, no Hall like Faneuil Hall, and no place like Lexington. So, to a New Jerseian, there are no places like Princeton, Trenton and Monmouth. It is natural and right that every one should feel an interest in, and partake of the honor of his countryman. What Swiss, for instance, is not proud of William Tell? what Swede of Jenny Lind? What Hungarian of Kosuth? and above all, what American of Washington?

The late census shows the population of this State to be near half a million; while it is greatly increasing in agriculture and manufactures. The soil is well adapted for the raising of fruit, and its orchards furnish a great luxury to the people of the adjoining cities.

The State contains many prosperous towns and cities—the largest of these is Newark, which is not probably surpassed in manufactures by any city in the Union, of her population, with the exception, perhaps, of Lowell in your State.

In many parts of the State, the scenery is delightful, and in summer is hardly equalled by any in the country. Education has received a new impetus, and the people have awakened from the lethargy in which they have been so long bound, in regard to the noble system of free schools, which are the glory of the country, and upon which perpetuity of our free institutions in no small measure depends. I have recently had the pleasure of perusing the late message of Gov. Ford to the Legislature, and must say that if the latter carry out the excellent suggestions of the Executive upon education and other matters, her sister States (in my poor judgement at least) may learn from her how to be great, happy and wise.

I should like to say more about this State, her people &c. &c., but know that you have matters of much more interest to your readers than anything that comes from my pen, therefore I will close. Yours truly,

D.

SCARCITY OF EGGS.—In New York as well as here, eggs are scarce and high. The Journal of Commerce says:—

"The cold weather has either frozen up the hens, or prevented their eggs from coming to market. The few that are to be had at all, sell at 4 to 5 cents each. In some cases six cents have been paid; or as the expression is, 'two for a shilling.'"

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—By the report of the Treasurer of the Washington Monument Association, we learn that the amount received by him from Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st, 1851, was \$39,179 50, and the amount disbursed, \$36,542 36. The amount now in bank to the credit of the Association is \$2,637 14, and amount of stock owned remaining undrawn, \$2,646 92.

SHOEMAKERS' FESTIVAL IN PARIS.—Saint Crispin was recently honored by a festival among the cordwainers of Paris. A magnificent hall was given in the elegant hall of Casano Pagannini, which is said to have been attended by 3000 of the fraternity whose office it is to manufacture dancing pumps.

A letter dated Havana, Dec. 31st, states that four cargoes of African slaves, numbering in the aggregate 1800 souls, have lately been landed on the island. A Spanish brig, with 700 slaves, was detected in the act of landing, and 430 of them seized and bound out for seven years, after which they will be sent to Jamaica.

THE FORREST DIVORCE CASE.—Our readers are doubtless aware—though we have scarcely alluded to the matter before—that Mrs. Edwin Forrest, the wife of the actor, recently brought a suit against her husband for a divorce, on the charge of adultery. As an offset to this charge, Mr. Forrest reprimanded his wife, charging her with the same crime. The trial has been in progress in New York for some six weeks, during which the Court has allowed both parties the utmost latitude in regard to testimony, and an amount of social corruption has been developed, enough to startle even the most careless mind. We congratulate the public on the conclusion of this prolonged and eminently impure trial, and we believe we may venture to add, on the triumph of the innocent—at least the comparatively innocent—in the case. It will be seen by our telegraphic despatch that the jury have brought in a verdict of guilty against Mr. Forrest, have acquitted Mrs. Forrest of the charge against her, and have given her an alimony of \$3000 yearly from her husband's estate.—*Advertiser.*

RETIREMENT OF AN EDITOR.—We learn from his "valedictory" of last week, that Col. R. W. Keyes, Editor of the *American Union*, has withdrawn from that paper. As a genial and versatile writer, an accomplished German scholar and good musical critic, his loss will be deeply felt. The Colonel has a wide circle of friends; and wherever his lot in life may be cast, may his lines fall in pleasant places. To the fraternity, everywhere, we commend him as a noble-hearted man and true gentleman.

THE HURGATE PILOTS.—The Hurgate pilots report the East River and Sound, so far as they have been able to observe, completely covered with ice, which is so solid as to render it impossible for even steamers to pass in either direction. From Oldfield Point, opposite New Haven where the Sound has its greatest width, no traces of water can be seen.

OMNIBUS UPSET.—On Saturday evening, a South Boston omnibus, in turning round, in Cornhill, was upset. There were five persons on the top—one of whom (a blind man named Murrell, belonging to the Perkins Institution) had some of his bones broken.

THE Kossuth hat grows in public favor. A contemporary says, "We have worn sections of stove-pipe long enough."

REV. DR. BETHUNE CALLS THE YELLOW-COVERED NOVELS OF THE DAY, "CATERPILLARS ON THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE."

A WASHINGTON LETTER.—Mr. Clay is constantly receiving boxes and bottles, and packages of quack medicines, from all parts of the country, recommended for all sorts and descriptions of diseases.

THE POPULATION OF ROXBURY.—The population of Roxbury has increased 121 per cent. in the last 10 years; which is a much greater per cent. than any of the surrounding cities. In valuation it has increased 317 per cent.

A BANKING HOUSE IN N. YORK.—A banking house in N. York has bought 500 shares of old U. S. Bank Stock at 2 1/2 per share, supposed for Amsterdam, where there is some speculation in the matter.

A TOAST.—A Dutchman being called upon for a toast, said, "Here ish to de heroes who pfe, plead, and died mit de patte of Punker Hill—of whom I am one!" Drank standing.

SYDNEY SMITH.—Sydney Smith said there were three things which every man fancied he could do—farm a small property, drive a gig, and edit a newspaper.

A RETURNED CALIFORNIAN.—A returned Californian belonging to New Brighton, Penn., had his carpet bag stolen in Pittsburg yesterday, at the Allegany depot: it contained \$3000, and was his all.

VOICE OF HENRY CLAY.—"A dying man I oppose your doctrine of INTERVENTION."—*Henry Clay to Louis Kossuth.*

IN THE BRITISH NAVY.—There are 147 steamships, and 32 iron steamers, 11 of which are 1500 tons burthen.

A CURE FOR CORPULENCY.—A cure for corpulency has been discovered by the French Academy, viz: abstinence from vegetables, feculent substances, &c.

A FIELD-PIECE.—An English writer, should be loaded with more than a fifth the weight of its ball.

SENATOR BENTON.—On Monday sold Col. Fremont's tract in California to an English company for one million dollars.

THE COST OF A FASHIONABLE CLOAK.—The cost of a fashionable cloak (for ladies' wear) in New York, if trimmed in the height of style, is only \$2,000.

MISS BREMER'S NEW WORK.—Miss Bremer's new work is to appear shortly under the title of "Homes in the New World."

CITIZENS OF CLEVELAND.—Citizens of Cleveland, Ohio, have given more than \$2000 to the American Tract Society this year.

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IT HAS BEEN DISCOVERED.—It has been discovered that nutmegs grow in abundance in the interior of California.

INDIAN CENSUS.—Efforts have been made for a year or two past by Government to obtain a census of the Indian population now inhabiting the United States. By the accounts received from the census agents, and information derived from other sources, it is ascertained that the entire number of Indians, inhabiting all parts of our country, amounts to about 418,000. Of this number 30,000 is the estimated number of those inhabiting the unexplored territories; 24,100 are the Indians of Texas; 92,130 belong to the tribes living in New Mexico; 32,231 are in California; 22,733 are in Oregon; 11,500 in Utah. Many of the New Mexico Indians are civilized, and have fixed habitations and towns.

THE COMMERCE OF CLEVELAND.—The commerce of Cleveland, like everything else at the West, grows with astonishing rapidity. The domestic exports last year were valued at \$9,817,897, and the imports at \$9,262,657. The cereals exported were alone worth \$3,988,131.

THE COMMERCIAL LIFE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.—A State Convention is to be held at Concord, N. H., on the 20th inst., to consider and adopt measures to secure the passage of a law similar to the one known as the "Maine Liquor Law."

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REV. DR. BETHUNE.—Rev. Dr. Bethune calls the yellow-covered novels of the day, "caterpillars on the tree of knowledge."

SCARLET FEVER.—Scarlet fever prevails to an unexampled extent in the interior of Pennsylvania at present.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

PHALANX, ATTENTION!

THE MEMBERS OF THE WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX.—The members of the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx are to meet to-morrow, the **ARMED**, THIS SATURDAY EVENING, Jan. 31st, at 7 o'clock.

A punctual attendance is requested, as business of importance will come before the meeting.

Per order of Commander, F. A. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Woburn, Jan. 31, 1852.

LIFE INSURANCE RATES.—GEO. W. FOWLE is enabled to furnish blanks, and the explanatory tables of rates in the *National Loan Fund Life Company*, whose pamphlet furnishes the particulars of sixty-one claims presented to the company, and the premiums and amounts paid in all the great sum of \$20,000.

THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE INSURANCE CO. recently organized, with \$100,000 capital, under the auspices of most responsible names. Its design is to secure temperance men the benefit of their principles, without being subject to the loss of intertempore.

Apply at Powley's Bookstore. Jan 31 if

DR. FOWLER & WELLS.—Physiologists and Publishers, assisted by Mr. D. P. Butler, have opened a Cabinet and Bookstore in Boston, No. 124 Washington Street, where professional examinations, with charts and descriptions of character, may be obtained.

BOOKS ON PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, HYDROPATHY, AND PHONOLOGY.—Books on Physiology, Hydropathy, and Phonology, for sale. Agents and Booksellers upon the most liberal terms. Jan 24 2m

WANTED.—A small house, near the Depot, convenient for a small family from Boston. Rent about \$75 to \$100. Apply to the Editor. Jan 24 3t

MARRIAGES.

In Woburn, 28th inst., by Rev. Hollis Kendall, Mr. Henry Goodwin, of Reading, to Miss Sarah Lewis, of Woburn.

In Roxbury, 21st, by the Rev. S. Sewall, Mr. John Winn to Miss Sarah L. Baldwin.

DEATHS.

In Charlestown, 25th inst., Mr. Isaac Hadley, 56 years and 6 months.

In Roxbury, 25th inst., Mr. John Shannon, aged 60.

SAVINGS BANK AND LIFE INSURANCE COMBINED!

THE U. S. LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

NOTES.—A cash capital of \$1,000,000, and consequential responsibility, with the principle of Mutual Insurance.

Persons may participate in the profits of all the business of the institution WITHOUT INCURRING ANY PERSONAL LIABILITY.

Wages will be paid at the end of any number of years, thus combining the advantages of a Savings Bank and Life Insurance.

Rate moderate, and Premium payable annually or otherwise.

CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS.—Ship Masters, Seamen, Engineers, and all deserving Insurance, will receive information gratis, at the

BOSTON OFFICE, NO. 3 EXCHANGE STREET, near State street, or by GEO. W. FOWLE, at Woburn Bookstore. Jan 31 if

LOST.

On the evening of the 28th, from the Armory, or Ladies' Drawing Room, a RED CASHMERE SCARF, with a green border. It was probably taken by mistake.

By leaving it at this office it will be returned to the owner.

Jan 31 if

WANTED, 1ST OF APRIL.

A general HOUSE and STABLE.

Rent from \$100 to \$200. Inquire at the Woburn Bookstore. Jan 31 if

NOTICE TO WOOD CUTTERS.

THE WOBBURN MONUMENT.—By the report of the Treasurer of the Washington Monument Association, we learn that the amount received by him from Jan. 1st to Dec. 31st, 1851, was \$39,179 50, and the amount disbursed, \$36,542 36. The amount now in bank to the credit of the Association is \$2,637 14, and amount of stock owned remaining undrawn, \$2,646 92.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

THE WINTER WIND.

List! hear the winds! how dreary they sound,
As they howl past my cottage door;
The snow in confusion is flying around,
My blood chills when I think of the poor.

"Can't tell me, ye winds, as ye pass by my cot,
What thou has seen in thy dreary path?
Have you made poorer the poor man's lot,
By visiting him in your wrath?"

"O yes! I will tell you what I have seen,
As on my journey I'm compelled to go;
I heard the rich man say, 'the air is keen,'
And gave him a dash of my snow.

A poor man bought a piece of beef;
It was old and in terrible plight;
As he carried it along I froze it stiff,
So it would certainly keep over night.

I piled up the snow on the railroad track,
Then what was your steam power, pray?
The poor man was sent for to shovel it back,
And received his dollar in pay.

The rich man takes pleasure in fastening me out,
His children look equal and pale;
I play with the poor children that's running about,
And they always look heavy and pale.

I called "old Boreas,"—for that I don't care,
I'm the life of the world, night and day;
I give rich and poor the purest of air,
And they grumble at me for my pay.

Now, kind friend, I must bid you good night,
For to do good to all I'm inclined;
God made me to work, by darkness and light,
For all will answer the purpose designed.

ANCHORITE.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

AGRICULTURE, AND ITS ADVANTAGES.

Of the various occupations and professions which have engaged the attention of mankind, there is none which seems to be so pre-eminently useful, so honorable, in short so compatible with all our interests, as the cultivation of the earth. There is none which has so many resources within itself, or which furnishes from its own means, the supplies for all our necessary wants. Food, raiment, and luxuries innumerable, are the fruits of the farmer's labor and care; and in their train follow health, happiness, and independence.

And in view of these facts, for facts they are, are we not led to wonder that so many of our young men are placed behind the counter, to learn the arts and mysteries of the scales or yard-stick, to deprive themselves of the bloom and freshness of youth, and bring early and deep furrows of care and anxiety on their brows, by the difficulties and perplexities attending the prosecution of mercantile pursuits, when so many, and so strong inducements are held out for them to engage in that profession which was the earliest employment of man, and which, as the light of science is spread abroad, and improvements are made in the art, is becoming more interesting, more profitable, and at the same time less laborious?

CARE OF FARMING TOOLS.

A topic not yet sufficiently enforced on the attention of farmers, is the wasteful negligence evinced in the exposure of agricultural implements to the injuries of the seasons. The sied curling and cracking by the side of the wall in summer, and the cart half buried in snow and seasoning in the winter storms, are symptoms of waste and extravagance, which ripen into consumption, to be hastened to premature termination by the visits of the sheriff. The whole secret of wealth consists in economy, and the prudent care of those small rills which, without great vigilance, are slipping through the chinks of the purse; and it may be considered quite as safe to predict that none of these slowly gentlemen will be prosperous, as to write in the style of the calendar soothsayers, through the printed pages of the month of January, "except snow about these days." The price of the time lost when it is most valuable, in putting the exposed articles in repair, not speaking of the cost of the materials and the interruption of business, would defray the expense of erecting ten such cheap sheds as would cover them from the storms, protect them from decay, and keep them ready for immediate use.—*National Egis.*

ECONOMY OF TIME AND SYSTEMATIC FARMING.

—In the winter season you will do well to take breakfast by candle light. You will thus save an hour in a day at the least calculation, and in a week nearly or quite the working part of a winter's day. You may find a profitable amusement for several of these long evenings in contriving and laying out work to be done the next season.—You should have a plan of your premises, or at least a list of the fields or parcel of land of which they are composed, together with notices of the soil, the proceeding crops, the kind and quantity of manure, mode of culture, &c. which have been bestowed on each. Then proceed to set down what is to be done in each field. Such as No. 1, Indian corn, the borders with potatoes of the Chenango, sort the corn in drills, after manuring with stable manure at the rate of—cords to an acre, spread evenly and ploughed under. No. 2, Spring wheat, &c. No. 3, sowed with winter wheat last fall, to be ploughed immediately after harvest, for a crop of ruts bags, &c. &c.

BOILED FLAX SEED.—This is the season of the year when cattle, horses, and sheep, should occasionally have a little flax seed, boiled in water, and mixed in their food. If they are fed principally on dry food, the flax seed, as well as the liquid from it, is the more necessary.

TREATMENT OF DOMESTIC ANIMALS.—Keep up such a sort of social and friendly intercourse with the tenants of your stables, barn yards, and even your pig sty, that they may be as tame as kittens, and prick up their ears and wag their tails with joy and gratitude whenever you approach them. Animals will not thrive even on custard and apple pie if they must eat their allowance with fear and trembling, expecting every moment to be all but annihilated by their cross keeper: who, we are sorry to say, is sometimes more of a brute than any quadruped under his care. Besides, if any of your stock should be sick, or lame, and need doctoring, you can better handle, and give them their prescriptions, if they are accustomed to kind and familiar treatment, than if harshness and bad usage had rendered them as wild as partridges, and cross as catamounts.

FODDERING CATTLE.—It is important to make the most of your materials for foddering. Corn bats and straw, which are often thrown away, with a little pains may be made useful as fodder, by being cut with a straw cutter, mixed with a little cut hay or corn, and the mixture sprinkled with a pretty strong solution of salt and water. "There is a remarkable difference" (according to Lisle, an English writer on husbandry) "in cattle's eating straw when fresh threshed, and when it has been threshed several days, especially if the straw is indifferent fodder."

HORSES AND CATTLE.—An intelligent farmer of this town has communicated to us, what he says, is an effectual remedy against injury to horses and cattle, who may have eaten too much grain: it is simply to administer a pint of melted hog's lard as soon as the fact is discovered. He says he has tried the experiment a number of times, and always with success.—*Norridgewock Jour.*

MISCELLANY.

ASTRONOMY.

Who that has gazed with the eye of speculative philosophy upon the marvellous revolutions of astronomy, with its galaxies of innumerable stars and suns, and seen that the central orb, with its attendant planets of our system, is scarcely discernible amid the vast and countless globes, which at inconceivable velocities rush through the infinite void which men call space—who thus gazing, has not, we say, felt his heart die within him at the reflection of his own apparent insignificance, and that of the spot on which he rides amidst the winged and stupendous universe, which the science of the heavens unfolds?—and as the mind staggers beneath an overwhelming sense of the infinite magnificence and power, how readily does the mournful thoughts swell up from the troubled soul—"What is man, oh Lord, that thou art mindful of him? and the Son of man that thou visitest him?" Take comfort, child of earth! He who willed and ruled those myriads of glorious worlds which speed in their ceaseless and awful course through the illimitable void, has also willed that to you they shall only present an aspect of divine calm, and peace and brightness. For you the rushing of those mighty orbs is arrested; and Sirius and Arcturus, and Aldebaran are commanded to look down with a tremulous and tender light, mantling this earth of ours with the mild silver glory in which young lovers stray and read each other's eyes; and the contemplative man finds hope and solace, and a livelier appreciation of the infinite love which thus condescends to soften and conform the awful and unspeakable splendors of his universe to the weakness of humanity.—*Chambers' Papers for the People.*

TRUE POLITENESS.

As to politeness, many have attempted to define it. I believe it is best to be known by description, definition not being able to comprise it.

I would, however, venture to call it "benevolence in trifles," or the preference of others to ourselves in little daily, hourly occurrences in the commerce of life. It is a perpetual attention to the little wants of those with whom we are, by which attention we either prevent or remove them. Bowing, ceremonious, formal compliments, stiff civilities, will never be politeness; that must be easy; natural, unstudied, manly, noble; and what will give this but a mind benevolent and perpetually attentive to exert that amiable disposition in trifles to all you converse and live with.—*Lord Chatham.*

SHORT SAYINGS.—It is easier to give counsel, than to take it. To make known our failings, is to furnish others with weapons that may be used against us. We sometimes lose more by defending our property than by giving it up. Lead, rather than follow. Choose what is most fit: use will make it most agreeable.

There is nothing purer than honesty—nothing sweeter than charity—nothing warmer than love—nothing richer than wisdom—nothing brighter than virtue—and nothing more steadfast than faith. These united in one mind, form the purest, sweetest, the warmest, the richest, the brightest, and the most steadfast happiness.

AMBITION AND CURIOSITY.—A western paper says: "Nearly all the suicides in this country are by foreigners. Yankees rarely, if ever, make way with themselves, for nearly every one thinks he has a chance of becoming President; and at any rate, his curiosity prompts him to live on, just to see what he will come to."

BOILED FLAX SEED.—This is the season of the year when cattle, horses, and sheep, should occasionally have a little flax seed, boiled in water, and mixed in their food. If they are fed principally on dry food, the flax seed, as well as the liquid from it, is the more necessary.

THE PARCHED CORN.

In Mr. Banvard's new and interesting book, entitled "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," when speaking of the endurance of the early Pilgrims, the author relates the following interesting incident:—

"A simple, affecting, yet very appropriate memoir of their condition at that time (in the winter of 1623) was presented at the centennial celebration of their landing, December 22, 1820, at Plymouth. After an address from Hon. Daniel Webster, a procession marched from the court house; and, as they passed down the long rows of tables richly laden with the luxuries of the sea and land, five kernels of parched corn were observed upon every plate. They attracted attention. Some smiled, as they passed along, at what they regarded as an odd conceit. Others, who were better acquainted with the Yankee character and with their fondness for significant notions, knew that those silent symbols were eloquent with some hidden meaning. These five mysterious kernels of corn were memorials of that affecting incident, when in 1623, the colony were reduced to a pint of corn, which, when divided among the settlers, gave them each five grains. When this was understood at the table, it produced a thrilling emotion. Those five grains on each plate were full of the *farina* of thought and feeling."

HAZARD OF MERCANTILE LIFE.

It is asserted that but one eminent merchant and his death is still recent and lamented; he says, is an effectual remedy against injury to horses and cattle, who may have eaten too much grain: it is simply to administer a pint of melted hog's lard as soon as the fact is discovered. He says he has tried the experiment a number of times, and always with success.—*Norridgewock Jour.*

REPORTS OF LECTURES.

Particular attention is paid to reports of Lectures upon scientific and literary topics, and such other public discourses delivered in the city and elsewhere, as are interesting and instructive to the general reader.

Railroad Matters.

Railroad intelligence, including information respecting the condition and progress of railroads throughout the United States, constitutes a distinguishing feature of the *DAILY EVENING TRAVELLER*.

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AMPLE and accurate information for obtaining a full detail of Foreign News, on the subject of the trans-Atlantic steamers, both at Boston and New York; a very extensive Correspondence, at various points of importance throughout the country, has been established; experienced writers, and the best correspondents, and the most reliable agents have been engaged for obtaining through the *Electric Telegraph*, and other means of communication, the earliest and most reliable intelligence upon all matters of public interest and importance.

To accomplish these objects, and to make the paper enterprising and valuable, no pains or expense is spared.

In relation to Politics, the *Traveller* is entirely INDEPENDENT of party considerations, and will sin with scrupulous care, to present an impartial and unbiased view of all the news, and to do justice to all the public good—so as to command the entire confidence and esteem of the public—good—so as to command the entire confidence and esteem of the public.

In no sense, indeed, is it a partisan paper. Wholly unpledged to any party, and uninfluenced by any favor or prejudice, it is designed to speak its own language, and to do justice to all, without fear or favor, and to do justice to all, without fear or favor.

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ing towns, solicited.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE FEAR OF BEING AN OLD MAID.

BY MRS. E. B. HALL.

When I was a little girl, I was a fat, merry, jolly dumpling, as happy as the day was long. Everybody pinched my red cheeks, and I waddled about with my doll in my plump arms, finding fun in everything, and fully believing that my doll was as sensible as myself; and perhaps she was, almost. But, though I had a natural antipathy to a spelling-book, and no fondness for spending a long summer's afternoon in poking a needle in and out of a bit of calico; though I considered patchwork all foolishness, and gussets as utter superfluities; though I was called a simpleton for asking my mother why she cut cloth up and then sewed it together again, still, I was fond of picking up ideas after my own fashion. When the wise people around me supposed I was thinking of nothing but my play, my two little ears were open to every word spoken in my hearing. And many was the word impressed on my memory, which the speaker forgot next moment. The talk around me was my real education, as it is of all children, send them to what school you may.

When I was ten years old, I had one sister aged fifteen, and another seventeen; and, as usual with girls of that age, they had a set of cronies, some very like and some quite unlike them in character. One afternoon, as I was tending my doll Ophelia, who was sick in bed, I heard a brisk discussion among these girls, which I can almost say, decided my fate for life.

The first words that caught my attention came from an animated, romantic girl of sixteen, scolding because the heroine of a novel she had just read was left unmarried at the end of the story! What surprise was expressed at this catastrophe! what indignation!

One of my sisters did not seem to sympathize with this burst of disapprobation, and then came the pithy question, "What, would you be willing to die an old maid?" Mary said very quietly, "Yes;" and sister Ellen added, "So would I!"

Then such looks of amazement and incredulity. "You can't mean what you say," cried one. "If I did not know you too well to think you a hypocrite," said another. "Why, it was meant that all women should be married!" exclaimed a third. "Then why are they not all married?" asked Mary, with her usual simplicity.

Eager and hot grew the controversy, and I lost not a word, while Ophelia lay flat on her back, her stiff kid arm sticking out, and her crop quite forgotten. Then first did I take notice of that terrible combination of monosyllables, "Old Maid." In how many different tones of contempt, dread, and depreciation, did I hear it uttered by those juvenile voices! What anecdotes came forth about the cross old maids, and fidgety old maids, and ugly, and dressy, and learned, and pious, and flirting, and mischief-making old maids. Never did a boy of regular fifty-year-old spinsters utter so much scandal in one afternoon as was poured forth by these blooming young creatures. Two or three friends of my mother, whom I had always cherished in my innocent affections, because they talked so pleasantly and were so kind to me, now appeared like new personages.

"Miss Z. was so ugly, she never could have an offer!" "Miss Y. dressed so shabbily, and wore green spectacles, to look literary." And "Miss X. was for ever talking about Sunday-school and society-meetings," and so on.

You may be sure that the next time these ladies came to our house, I scanned very closely the face of Miss Z., a face that I had always loved before; but now I saw that it was exceedingly plain. I looked hard at Miss Y.'s drab-colored bonnet and shawl, perceived that they were old-fashioned and ordinary, and that her green spectacles looked pedantic. Then Miss X., beside whom I had always squeezed in upon the sofa, encouraged by her kindly smile and delighted with her conversation—how uninteresting she had become! They were old maids!

It must be observed that my sisters—right good, sensible, domestic girls they were—had no part in the bewilderment of my young ideas. They were in the minority; so I took it for granted they were in the wrong. Besides, what children are ever as much influenced by what is uttered in the familiar voices of their own family, as by words of comparative strangers? Take care of what you say at a friend's house, with the young folks catching up every random sentiment you drop. Many a judicious mother's morning exhortation has been blown to the moon by some light dinner guest, who did not after all mean to give his real opinion, or whose opinion was not worth having.

And now, I assure you, my education went on rapidly. It is perfectly marvelous, in how many ways, and by what different sorts of people, a young girl is taught that it is a terrible thing to be an old maid. Fools never show their folly more than in their hackneyed jests upon this topic; but what shall we say of the wise folks, who sin almost as often in the same way? What shall we say of the refinement of him who is gentlemanly in thought!

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and expression on all subjects but this?—of the humanity and chivalry of him who assails the defenceless?—or the justice of him who taxes a class with the faults of individuals, and wounds with that meanest of weapons, a sneer?—of the Christianity of him who indirectly censures and ridicules one of the arrangements of Providence?

I learned my lesson thoroughly, for it came to me in some shape every week. I read it in every novel and newspaper, and heard it from every lip. The very men who spoke truth and sense on the subject, sometimes neutralized it by an idle jest in some moment of levity, and the jest drove out the truth from my young heart. At eighteen I lived only for the ignoble purpose—I cannot bear to say—of getting married; but what could have been the ruling wish of one who had been taught by society to dread celibacy worse than death? I dare say I betrayed it everywhere. I dare say I was duly laughed at.

At last, quaking on the verge of six-and-twenty, I had an offer—a most absurd one. I was six years older than my lover, had ten times as much sense probably, except on one point. I knew that he was "rather wild," as the gentle phrase goes. In short, I neither loved nor respected him; but I was willing to marry him, because then I should be Mrs. Somebody, and should not be an old maid.

My parents said "No," positively.

For I thought them unreasonable and cruel,

and made myself very miserable.

Still, it was something to have had "an offer" of any kind,

and my lips were not hermetically sealed.

I had several confidants, who took care that all my acquaintance should know the comfortable fact that I had refused Mr. S.

I went on with increasing uneasiness a few years longer, not seeking how to be useful or trying to find out for what good purpose I was made. Neither was I looking for a companion who could sympathize with my better aspirations and elevate my whole character, for I had no right views of marriage. I was simply gazing about in anxious suspense upon every unmarried man of my acquaintance, for one who would lift me out of that dismal Valley of Humiliation into which I felt myself descending. Had I met Apollyon himself there, with the question on his lips, I believe I should have said "Yes."

At thirty-six I wore more pink ribands than ever, was seen everywhere that a respectable woman could go, wondered why girls went into company so young, found that I was growing sharp-faced and sharp-spoken, and was becoming an old maid against my will. I forgot that voluntary celibacy never affects the temper.

My sisters, be it remembered, were older than I. They too were single. But they had lived more domestic lives than I, had read fewer works of fiction, had been cultivating their own natures, and seeking to make everybody around them happy. And everybody revered them, and loved to look upon their open pleasant countenances—I mean everybody worth pleasing, and they were very happy.

At last our good parents died, and left each of us a little independence. Within a year I was married.

I was married for my money. That was ten years ago, and they have been ten years of purgatory.

I have had bad luck as a wife, for my husband and I have scarcely one taste in common.

He wishes to live in the country, which I hate.

I like the thermometer at 75 deg.

which he hates. He likes to have the children brought up at home instead of school,

which I hate. I like music, and want to go

concerts, which he hates. There is but one

thing which we both like, and that is what we

cannot both have, though we are always trying for it,—the last word.

I have had bad luck as a mother, for two

such huge, selfish, passionate, unmanageable

boys never tormented a feeble woman since

boys began. I wish I had called them both

Cain. At this moment they have just quarreled over their marbles. Mortimer has torn off Orville's collar, and Orville has applied his

colt-like heel to Mortimer's ribs; while the

baby Zenobia, in my lap, who never sleeps

more than half an hour at a time, and cries all

the time she is awake, has been roused by

their din to scream in chorus.

I have had bad luck as a housekeeper, for I

never kept even a chambermaid more than

three weeks. And as to cooks, I look back

bewildered on the long phantasmas of

faces flitting stormily through my kitchen,

as a mariner remembers a rapid succession of

thunderbolts and hurricanes in the gulf of

Mexico. My new chambermaid bounced out

of the room yesterday, flitting her duster and

muttering, "Real old maid, after all!" just

because I showed her a table on which I could

writ "slut," with my finger, in the dust.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

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The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume, First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

North Western—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

Weymouth—Dr. David Youman, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Stoneham—Mr. G. W. Dike will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Boston—Messrs. S. M. Pettingill & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

HABIT.

Standing sometimes within the hall of the great "Girard College," and viewing with feelings of admiration this beautiful structure, the thought naturally came up, whence came this expensive and costly building. Our mind then reverted to Stephen Girard, the rich man of our country at the time of his death, and in viewing his history we remembered that he was a man of *habit*, he practiced daily habits of frugality, self-denial, and disinterstingness; he commenced early in life, and steadily pursued his purpose till he left this world, and gave the immense sum that has endowed "Girard College."

Success in life, or in any undertaking, depends in a great measure upon the early formation of habits, and would our young readers hope for success to crown their future toils in life, let them commence with the determination early formed, of having correct, fixed, and undeviating habits; and by continued efforts, they will find that daily increasing strength will aid them in the work. "We are creatures of habit," 'tis said, and let no person suppose that early habits are easily or permanently eradicated, for it is almost an invariable fact that as the "twig is bent the tree inclines."

Franklin was enabled to reach the highest pinnacle of philosophic fame; he "stood before Kings," and raised a monument in the hearts of his countrymen, that will never crumble or fall so long as learning, exalted virtue, and real merit are respected. Franklin at one time was a poor printer boy, but he early formed good habits, and failed not in reaching the high point for which he aimed, and it becomes every person, young and old, to emulate his example.

No young person should fail to carefully peruse the biographies of such men as Girard and Franklin, and certainly no person among our readers can be too old to profit by their example. While it will be well for us to avoid any errors into which such men have fallen, we can safely follow in their footsteps for an excellent illustration of what early-formed habits will accomplish, ever remembering that there is no individual, however humble his station in life, who cannot bring to bear to advantage fixed habits of economy and perseverance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Claude Molnotte"—sends us a variety of matter, all of which we shall use.

"Elsie, the Peasant Girl"—favors us with more of her poetry. We will now take occasion to say that (without any desire to flatter) the lines by Elsie are of an order that do her great credit. We hope often to hear from the same quarter.

"The Spirits Home, by Mary"—is at hand; we can find but one fault with these lines, and that is, they are rather too long. We know it is difficult sometimes to condense a sentiment, but it is important that a line should be adapted to our columns, and not extend on to the next.

"Ida" and "Anonymous"—give us a couple of pleasant pieces of poetry on the Town Clock. They are placed on file for use.

"The Poor man's Soliloquy"—is an everyday tale. We shall use it, and hope the author's sad imagery is not fully his experience.

"Our Pretty Town"—is a pretty piece; we will make room for it as soon as possible. The lines for a "Lady's Album" will be inserted next week.

Some communications have been received, giving opinions, &c., in regard to the Town Clock; the matters touched upon are all in the hands of the committee.

CITIZEN'S MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.—At the annual meeting of this Company, held at Brighton, Jan. 13th, 1852, the following persons were chosen Directors:—Edward Sparhawk, James Greenwood, Reuben Hunting, John Gorden, E. C. Sparhawk, Brighton; David R. Griggs, Brooklyn; Seth Davis, J. N. Bacon, J. Plympton, Newton; E. Hinckley, Woburn; Stephen Smith, Charles Davis, Cambridge; Edward C. Sparhawk was chosen President, and A. B. Cobb, Secretary and Treasurer.

VALENTINE'S DAY.—is close at hand, and at the Woburn Bookstore our readers will find a fine supply of Valentines, for the lovers of fun, and the lovers of Cupid. This is leap year, and the fair ones must "make hay while the sun shines." Call on Fowle, and look at his Valentines.

GODFREY'S LADY'S BOOK.—for February, is received at Fowle's Bookstore; it is filled with its usual interesting variety of poetry, stories, recipes, &c. There is none of our monthlies that we perceive that gives more satisfaction than Godey.

Written for the Journal.
A FEW LAST WORDS TO JONATHAN.
BY "L."

I thank you for your prompt reply,
It shows a true benevolent heart,
But we'd not agree,—you and I,—
And we'd better remain far apart.

I've no doubt you are bright,
To take me you seem willing;
But you're too smart a great sight,
And then not worth a shilling.

So then: many girls you have loved,
You are not very constant, say I;
I'll not take a heart that has loved
From flowers like the butterfly.

And then your music, too?

I cannot admire it any how,
To choose for a concert when you woo,
Cats to mew, and dogs to bow-wow.

To meet you there I do not choose;
You need not go so far for him;
There's grass enough grows out your shoes,
To make a lot of it any day.

I said I loved the Yankees—all classes—
And should love you, you'll say;
And so I will, you're sweet as lasses,
But a great way off I say.

So good by my "Jonathan" dear,
My age now is two and twice ten;
But when I'm in my fortieth year,
I may think of you tenderly then.

Woburn, Jan. 1852.

THE TABLEAUX AND CONCERT.

This entertainment took place, agreeably to notice, on Tuesday night last, and proved to be quite interesting and pleasant. The arrangements of the tableaux and the music were excellent, filling up the evening very agreeably. The attendance was not so large as we had hoped to see, but the Academy Hall was well filled by an excellent audience.

Mrs. Phipps and Miss Francis, of Boston, were present, and very much aided the entertainments of the evening by their charming singing. Mr. Ball, of Boston, the popular *artiste*, gave the audience some fine selections from his stock of songs; those of the comic order were most admirable, and were well received. These parties have done much to help on the clock enterprise, and deserve the thanks of all our citizens.

The ladies and gentlemen engaged in the tableaux performances must have taken a great deal of pains, and spent much time to arrange matters for the evening; for the result clearly showed that the affair was arranged with great good taste. The parties who took part in the performances were ladies and gentlemen of our own town, assisted by Benj. Champney, Esq., the celebrated landscape painter, and Messrs. O'Brien, Willard and Stone, artists, of Boston, and displayed a skill and grace in all they did that was "pleasant to behold." We think the whole audience must have been agreeably and pleasantly entertained.

The arrangements were made under directions of a committee, consisting of Messrs. G. M. Champney, J. B. Winn, J. Clough, B. Buckman, Edward W. Champney, and Charles Choate; and to these gentlemen, in connection with the ladies and gentlemen who took part in the performances, are our citizens indebted for this pleasant evening spent in aid of the new Town Clock.

The Town Clock Committee have now to complete their labor by raising the balance to purchase the clock, and our citizens will have an opportunity to contribute towards the object; and we would suggest that all make up their minds to give liberally, and thus enable the town to possess one of the best clocks that can be procured. Let every person give what they can, and in a short time they will have the satisfaction of hearing the note of preparation previous to placing the "Woburn Town Clock" in its resting place.

Since writing the above, the following card has been handed us for publication:—

A CARD.

The Committee of Arrangements return their sincere thanks to the ladies and gentlemen who, on the evening of February 2d, at the Academy Hall, Woburn, took part in the Tableaux Exhibition, in which the groupings were so beautiful and effective. Also, to the ladies and gentlemen who entertained the audience with their delightful music.

The Committee also tender their thanks to the Trustees of the Warren Academy, for the use of their hall on that evening.

WOBURN, Feb. 4, 1852.

MILITARY BALL.

The Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, Capt. W. T. Grammer, will give a grand military ball at Bigelow's Lexington House, next Wednesday evening. Judging from the success of those in former years, and the reputation of the Phalanx for doing well whatever they undertake, this will be the ball of the season. The committee have spared no pains or expense in arranging for the comfort and pleasure of those who attend; and we venture to predict that it will be "a tall" affair, and second to nothing of its kind, whether in the city or out of it.

MIDDLESEX CANAL.—The Bunker Hill Aurora says:—"When this canal was constructed, it was the first, and, for a long time, the greatest public improvement of the kind in the United States. Its original cost exceeded half a million of dollars (\$550,000.) and probably nearly as much more has been expended upon it."

VALENTINE'S DAY.—is close at hand, and at the Woburn Bookstore our readers will find a fine supply of Valentines, for the lovers of fun, and the lovers of Cupid. This is leap year, and the fair ones must "make hay while the sun shines." Call on Fowle, and look at his Valentines.

GODFREY'S LADY'S BOOK.—for February, is received at Fowle's Bookstore; it is filled with its usual interesting variety of poetry, stories, recipes, &c. There is none of our monthlies that we perceive that gives more satisfaction than Godey.

RAILROAD CHANGE.—The Tuesday evening, 11 o'clock train, is altered to Wednesday evening hereafter.

Written for the Journal.
A FEW LAST WORDS TO JONATHAN.
BY "L."

I thank you for your prompt reply,
It shows a true benevolent heart,
But we'd not agree,—you and I,—
And we'd better remain far apart.

I've no doubt you are bright,
To take me you seem willing;
But you're too smart a great sight,
And then not worth a shilling.

So then: many girls you have loved,
You are not very constant, say I;
I'll not take a heart that has loved
From flowers like the butterfly.

And then your music, too?

I cannot admire it any how,
To choose for a concert when you woo,
Cats to mew, and dogs to bow-wow.

To meet you there I do not choose;
You need not go so far for him;
There's grass enough grows out your shoes,
To make a lot of it any day.

I said I loved the Yankees—all classes—
And should love you, you'll say;
And so I will, you're sweet as lasses,
But a great way off I say.

So good by my "Jonathan" dear,
My age now is two and twice ten;
But when I'm in my fortieth year,
I may think of you tenderly then.

Woburn, Jan. 1852.

THE TORNADO.

We would inform our readers that Prof. W. Blasius, of Cambridge, will lecture in the Vestry of Rev. Mr. Edwards's church, next Tuesday evening, at 7½ o'clock. His subject will be the "LATE TORNADO, AND THE THEORY OF STORMS." Tickets ten cents each, to be had at the stores, and at the door on the evening of the lecture.

Prof. Blasius will give some views upon the interesting subject of winds, storms &c., and we hope he will have a general attendance, and we are sure the audience will get some valuable information. We had, some time since, prepared some articles on this subject for the "Journal," but have never found room for more than two of them. Our readers will now have an opportunity to hear a much more extended essay upon this important branch of knowledge.

We copy an article from a gentleman in Waltham, which appeared recently in the "Traveller." His opinion is entitled to consideration, and it will be seen he speaks highly of this lecture:—

"I have been much impressed lately with an article in your paper giving some means of estimating the amount of loss by sea. The marine disasters reported at Lloyd's, average nine every day, and the loss upon our great lakes amounts to hundreds of thousands every year. The law of storms is then a subject of immense importance to the public, and it is strange that the public leave it to be discussed by philosophers as a question of only mathematical or theoretical interest. Espy, Redfield and Harpe have given storm theories, from which profess, at least two of them, to draw rules by which sailors may foretell and avoid the storm. But their theories are formed from rather incomplete and partial observations, and their practical rules have, I believe, been of little practical benefit.

We have recently had, in this town, a lecture from Prof. W. Blasius, of Cambridge, upon the tornado of last August, in which he gave us a new theory,—of which, indeed, you have spoken in your paper,—designed to explain an immense number of facts in the track of said tornado, but which goes further and unites the theories of Espy, Redfield and Dr. Hutton into one simple and natural form. A new theory which does so much is of course to be looked at rather sharply; but the more I have looked at this, the better satisfied I have been that it is a better practical guide to the foretelling of changes in the wind than any of the others. I have, therefore, ventured again to ask you to call the attention of the public to it. In this age, where so many applications are made of science to the useful arts, it seems to me shameful that so great distress and loss should be endured, which a better knowledge of the weather might prevent. It is a matter of great interest, even to me, neither a merchant nor a sailor, but only a landsman."

Written for the Journal.
LINES TO A BIRD.

Warble, sweet bird, a song of praise,
To thy God of boundless love,

As snowy pinions thou dost raise,

To soar through the skies above;

But though so far above us,

Thou sing'st so sweetly there,

Thou art no nearer him than I,

For He is everywhere.

T. A. E.

DIRECTIONS RESPECTING THE TEETH.—BY J. CLOUGH, M. D.—We have before us a copy of quite a neat little volume, from the pen of Dr. Clough, of this town, filled with interesting and valuable information, respecting that important part of our frame—the teeth. It is sad to think how many hundreds of individuals, yearly, and almost daily, lose their teeth, altogether from negligence and carelessness, when by attention to such directions as are given by the Doctor in this volume, they could be preserved and used with great benefit.

Physiology is an important part of every individual's education; and we consider that person as doing himself a great wrong, who fails to make the subject a matter of early study. And among the various branches of practical physiology, the teeth, their structure, causes of decay, &c., are very important. We would particularly recommend to our readers, a perusal of this book, and hope they may profit by the excellent advice which it contains. It is published by Dr. Clough, at his office in the Tremont Temple, Boston, and he will be happy to supply his friends with copies of the work.

THE MAINE LAW IN RHODE ISLAND.—The Maine Liquor Law, which failed in the House of Representatives, has been introduced into the Senate of Rhode Island, coupled with a provision for submitting it to the people. The Providence Journal states that "it has been decided by the Supreme Court of New York, that a provision of this kind is not valid, the Legislature not having the right to delegate its power of enacting laws."

MASSACHUSETTS IN MINIATURE.—In the State of Massachusetts there are 152,835 dwellings; 192,676 families; 484,284 white males; 501,420 white females; 4314 colored males; 4481 colored females; 994,499 total free population. There were 19,414 deaths in the State in the year 1851. There are 34,235 farms in cultivation, and 9637 manufacturing establishments, each producing upwards of \$500 per annum.

NAVAL.—Orders have been received at the Charlestown Navy Yard to fit out the U. S. propeller Princeton immediately, and send her to Baltimore to take in her machinery. The Cumberland will be prepared to receive her officers in about ten days.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—Philadelphia Feb. 2.—Judge Allison of Philadelphia, has charged the Grand Jury in favor of the Maine Liquor Law.

BEAR KILLED.—We understand that a black bear was killed at Winchester Wednesday morning, at about 8 o'clock.

Information has been received by the Department of State, of the death at the port of Punta Arenas, on the south coast of the Republic of Costa Rica, of James Chase, a citizen of the United States. Mr. Chase has lost some personal property.

SIXTEEN COAL BOATS.—Sixteen coal boats were sunk at Louisville, (Ky.) on Saturday, in consequence of the breaking up of the ice. The loss estimated at \$10,000.

STATE HOUSE BURNED.—Columbus, O. Feb. 1. The Old State House at this place was consumed by fire at 3 o'clock this morning. The fire broke out in the Senate chamber, and destroyed everything except the Clerk's desk, containing most of the valuable papers.

OUR NATIONAL DEBT.—Our national debt is \$66,740,556.90.

THE TORNADO.

Written for the Journal.
THERE'S REST IN HEAVEN.

When lonely and sad, I muse on the past,
And think of joys perished, too precious to last;

A calm resignation is oft to me given,

And a voice sweetly whispers, there's true joy in Heaven.

When friends that I loved are laid in the tomb,

And leave my lone heart filled with sorrow and gloom,

How often with sorrow and anguish I've striven,

When I've thought of a blessed reunion in Heaven.

When slander assails with its venomous dart,

And causes the tear from my eyelid to start,</

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.
In the Senate, papers from the House were concurrently disposed of.

Mr. Kuhn presented the petition of Edward Winslow and others for an act of incorporation for a temporary home for the destitute in Boston.

Ordered, on motion of Mr. Beard, that the Judiciary Committee consider whether the public good requires any changes in the Courts of this Commonwealth, if so what, and report thereon.

Ordered, on motion of Mr. Thompson, that the Committee on the Militia inquire into the expediency of altering the 52d section of the militia laws, so that the State shall furnish arms for the light infantry companies of the volunteer militia, instead of the towns.

Ordered, on motion of Mr. Hobart, that the Committee on Judiciary inquire into the expediency of amending the law relating to the location of District School Houses.

On motion of Mr. Lawrence, at 12 o'clock the special assignment for the election of a preacher of the next annual election sermon was taken up, and the Rev. Samuel Wolcott was declared elected.

On motion of Mr. Lawrence, the Clerk of the Senate was directed to notify the Rev. Mr. Wolcott of his election.

In the House, prayer by Rev. Mr. Clark. The morning business was unimportant. Among the petitions were sundry on the liquor law subject, and one for the incorporation of a Gas Company in Cambridge.

Mr. Wiggin of Boston, desired to propound certain queries to the Chairman of the Temperance Committee, so that the information obtained might be published in the papers, and save members the labor of answering the countless questions put to them in the streets every day. But there being no question before the House, and some members objecting to his proceeding, he could not go on.

Petitions, &c., presented and referred,—of David Goddard and others, in aid of that for the annexation of Roxbury to Boston,—also, of John T. Heward and others, of Boston, against the passage of a liquor law.

Reports of Committees.—By Mr. Howland of New Bedford—Mercantile Affairs and Insurance—bill to incorporate the Citizens' Mutual Fire Insurance Co., of Lynn.

Orders adopted.—On motion of Mr. Kellogg of Pittfield, that the Committee on Banks and Banking consider whether any, and if any, what legislation is necessary to prevent the malicious mutilation of bank bills.

Written for the Journal.

THE "HERMIT" ONCE MORE.

"Mighty winds with snow and rain,
That sweeps the skirt of some far spreading wood,
Of ancient growth; make music not unlike
The dark ocean on her winding shore."

Has it ever been your destiny to experience a heavy snow storm in the "forest"? Have you ever seen the lofty trees bow with the accumulated snow on their branches, and have you observed the falling flakes, and marked their various shapes, and their curious motions in the air; and can you tell me of a more glorious sight, than one of these storms in the forest? I am aware that there are many, who will not comprehend my meaning; they cannot see beauty in a storm, nor feel the force of a thought of the author; nothing but the rainbow can attract them. I have watched for hours from my little window the falling snow—and have sometimes thought I could see the wind as it passed over the surface of the drifting snow; there is mystery in a flake of snow, and in my thinking moments, I have gazed on them with wonder—trace them to their origin, whether they come and whether they go—and whether we go—and where are we. It is the manner in which we view these objects, which conveys to pleasure or pain—the man who is all self sees nothing in nature to admire—his thoughts never direct him to the first cause of all these phenomena. The world and its everyday scenes, in which he is an actor, is all he thinks of. You cannot draw his attention, by describing to him a snow storm at the "Hermit's Cottage." There is no gold there—no speculation in stocks—and he is too much engrossed with his worldly duties to spare a few moments in contemplating the splendor and beauty of nature; he has never studied himself; and of course, is a poor scholar in the school of nature,—there are others, thank Heaven, who see in every particle, and every substance that composes this beautiful world, the hand of an all-wise and benevolent being, who causes the rain and snow to fall—the ills of the valley to bloom, and the forest to blossom as the rose. Thought, that mysterious prompter of the mind, finds ample breadth here; the sordid ambition of the world sinks to insignificance, and knowledge, the noble pillar of the mind, will teach us that great lesson "know thyself." Such men find beauty and majesty in a "forest storm." I wish you could have been with me during the last snow storm—I think we could have passed our time to advantage. Old as I am, I experience new thoughts and aspirations every day—I am an enthusiastic admirer of nature, and one great object of my retiring from the world, was to enjoy and gratify these feelings. I love the green fields of spring—they remind me of youth—the shady groves in summer recall remembrances of maturing manhood. Autumn brings the ripening days, and winter the silvery locks and crippled frame, with the warning of preparation for our last journey.

I love the mornings at my little cottage—I am constant at my accustomed station to view the rising sun, how its rays penetrate the ice as it hangs without my window in winter, and melt the sparkling dew in summer. Can you analyze for me this pearl of dew or explain this mystery of the sun's rays acting

on the ice and dew? Men pretend to be philosophers, and send forth long dissertations of what they call causes and effects, explaining theories of their own inventions—imputing all to chance, and yet they cannot produce a drop of water, or this gem of dew. I watch the sun in its meridian course, and think of how many millions of human beings are toiling beneath its refreshing rays, how many tillers of the soil, nature's noblemen, earning their bread by the sweat of their brows—how many on the burning sands of Africa are seeking for a drop of water, how many in polar Iceland are making their hay while the sun shines; all these are lessons for a reflecting mind. I watch the sun's decline in the west; it reminds me of my declining years,—it is a lesson for the aged. But the mind must be right to learn; life is given to us as a talent. If we have only one to return at the end of our service—it is a sad picture indeed, and yet how many there are who receive this talent under bright and auspicious skies, that in the end have but a shattered remnant to return.

When I took my pen, I intended to give you my ideas about the influence of the press, but my thoughts have taken a different channel, and after thanking you for your politeness in printing an old man's scribbling, I say farewell.

Written for the Journal.

THE WOBURN CLOCK, &c.

Mr. EDITOR.—I was out at your "Clock Levee," and we had a splendid time. I like Woburn; it is a pleasant town, and I fear I have lost my heart, as I have missed it since the levee. Well, I must only hope to find it in some snug corner of—no matter now; but really Woburn possesses attractions for a young man, which, judging from the array of beauty at the levee, must make it a beautiful spot.

Why don't you have a large hotel, so that we New Englanders can find a home for families and bachelors? It is strange, after witnessing the public spirit for a clock, that you have been so long without a first class hotel; but I suppose that you will get the clock first, and then the hotel.

I hope you will not meet with any difficulty in raising the amount of funds for the clock; but should some be backward in subscribing, you must adopt the plan of Parson Boyles, who was settled in olden times at the South End. They had no bell, and the congregation appointed a committee to obtain subscriptions; but matters went slow. They told the parson one Saturday night how reluctant the good folks were to subscribe, and the prospect was not good. On Sunday, after preaching one of his best sermons on the duty of Christian charities, he laid aside his Bible and said there was one subject of great importance he wished to impress on the minds of his hearers, and that was, a bell; one must be had, and he had been informed by the committee who had the subscription paper, that they could not obtain subscriptions. He was sorry to see so much inattention to this important subject, but a bell they must have, and he wished all his hearers to understand that every person in his congregation who refused to subscribe for this bell, should never hear the sound of it. This was a calamity they could not suffer. Monday morning came, the subscription list was full, and the sound of a beautiful bell on the next Sabbath called his hearers to church.

Those who do not subscribe for the Woburn clock, may perhaps become near sighted when they wish to look at it,—

The Woburn Clock the hour will tell,
None but subscribers will hear the bell.

Boston, Feb., 1852. SIMON.

Written for the Journal.

DEAL BY THE BAG.

Two gentlemen, one a Spaniard and the other a German, who were recommended by their birth and services to the Emperor Maximilian II., both courted his daughter, the fair Helena Scharlein, in marriage. The Prince, after a long delay, one day informed them, that, esteeming them equally, and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and address of the claimant to decide the question. He did not mean, however, to risk the loss of one or the other, or perhaps of both; he could not, therefore, permit them to encounter with offensive weapons, but had ordered a large bag to be produced. It was his decree, that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into this bag, should obtain the hand of his daughter.

This singular encounter between the two gentlemen took place in the face of the whole Court. The contest lasted more than an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, Elberhard Baron de Talbert, having planted his rival in the bag, took it upon his back, and very gallantly laid it at the feet of his mistress, whom he espoused the next day. Such is the story, as gravely told by M. de Foix. It is impossible to say what the feelings of a successful combatant in a duel may be, on his having passed a small sword through the body, or a bullet through the thorax of his antagonist; but might he not feel quite as elated, and more consol'd, on having his adversary put "into a bag"?

We wish our modern duellists could be made to fight after this fashion. We have no doubt, after some time, it would become popular, as two-thirds of our modern heroes would rather be put into a bag than a coffin.

E. A. L.

MISSING EMIGRANT VESSELS.—Three vessels, with nearly one thousand emigrants, which left the port of Dublin, for New York early in October last, have not since been heard of, and very serious apprehensions prevail for their safety.

Written for the Journal.
MOTHER.

Mother, is a name of heavenly birth,
Nought so sacred here on earth;
Infants' lips do early speak,
This sacred name in accents sweet.

If want or pain does fire the breast,
Or sighs escape the heaving chest,
Nought like a mother's soothing care,
Can calm the aches that cluster there.

If scorching fever fires the brain,
And burns with heat the tender frame,
The mother's presence is a balm,
That bids the burning rage be calm.

The clouds of life the mother brightens,
Joy increases, and pleasure heightens;
Her prayers like holy incense rise,
Drawing blessings from Paradise.

When far from home in midst of strangers,
Exposed to sin and countless dangers,
A mother's love, in mem'ry viewing,
May save a soul from endless ruin.

North Chelsea, Feb., 1852.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

By request, Rev. O. W. Winn, will deliver a lecture in the Unitarian Church, on Tuesday evening Feb. 10th. The lecture to commence at 7 o'clock.

Subject.—"Voltaire, the skeptical representative of the eighteenth century."

Woburn, Feb. 7, 1852.

LIFE INSURANCE RATES.—GEO. W. FOWLE is enabled to furnish blanks, and the explanatory tables of rates in the *National Loan Fund Life Company*, whose pamphlet furnishes the particular of one thousand claims promptly paid by them within the last three years, and amounts in all of the sum of \$193,520. All of the *American Temperance Insurance Company*, recently organized, with \$100,000 capital, under the auspices of most responsible names. Its design is to secure temporary men the benefit of their principles, without being subject to the losses by interperance.

At Powle's Bookstore. Jan 31. ff

Dr. Powle & Wells, PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS, assisted by Mr. D. P. Butler, have opened a Cabinet and Bookstore in Boston, No. 142 Washington Street, where professional examinations, with charts or written descriptions of character, may be obtained.

Books on Phrenology, Physiology, Hydropathy, and Phonography, for sale. AGENTS and Booksellers supplied on the most liberal terms. Jan 24. 2m

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, Mr. Felch of Michigan, spoke at length, calling the attention of the Senate to the bill before them, and showed that by enhancing the value of the alternate sections, the donation would benefit both the State and general government, and at the same time contribute to the advance of the whole country.

Mr. Stockton presented a petition for a line of steamers from Jersey City to Galway, Ireland.

Messrs. Chase and Case presented petitions to repeal all laws requiring official duties to be performed on the Sabbath.

In the House, Mr. Andrews presented the resolutions of Maine on intervention. Referred to the Committee of Foreign Affairs.

Mr. Clark asked leave to introduce a bill from the Military Committee, inquiring into the expediency of establishing additional posts on the overland route from Missouri to California, the object of which was to better protect emigrants. Mr. Jones of Tennessee objected.

Mr. Badger moved that further debate on the Compromise resolutions be postponed until Tuesday. Agreed to.

Mr. Cabell of Florida made a speech defining the position of the Whig and Democratic parties on the slavery question.

Written for the Journal.

Mr. EDITOR.—It appears to me that the good town of Woburn has of late acquired new life and energy. What with your well conducted "Journal," and the generous patronage it meets with, and the late harmonious movement to procure a good Town Clock, I have conceived quite an additional respect for the inhabitants; and I doubt not, so far as known, the same sentiment prevails. A spirit of improvement once introduced,—the wheels once set in motion,—it will move on like the hands of a clock, pointing first at one, and then moving on, steadily and surely in its progress, towards other improvements.

I never pass a village church without a feeling of disappointment, if there is nothing but a blank where a clock ought to be. A feeling comes over me that its inhabitants take no note of time; nor heed its improvement; whereas if there is a handsome clock, I have a very different feeling; it seems to tell me that its inhabitants are alive, industrious, taking note of time, and diligent in improving the moments as they fly.

Boston Feb., 1852. TIME.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters.
My 1, 6, 19, 9, 8, is the name of a female.
6, 18, 21, is the name of an animal.
6, 4, 12, is the name of a male.
18, 21, 6, 17, is the name of a fruit.
3, 16, 21, is a part of the human body.
18, 9, 7, 2, is the name of a tree.
10, 16, 5, 2, is part of the face.
13, 9, 15, 20, is what some folks are.
11, 4, 8, 18, is an article used by all.
My whole is a Latin maxim.

North Woburn, Feb. 4, 1852. E. B. T.

Written for the Journal.

A PROBLEM.

Suppose 250 potatoes to be placed in a straight line, four yards apart, how many miles would a person travel, who should set a barrel twelve feet from the first, and then proceed to pick them up, one by one, and put each one into itself into the barrel.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, Feb., 1852.

MR. EDITOR.—You have never told us what the answer is to "School-boys" Enigma, which appeared in the "Journal," No. 12. I find the answer, "AN ENIGMA."

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, Feb., 1852.

PRESENTATION OF PLATE.—Several pieces of silver plate, amounting to ninety dollars in value, were presented on Monday last, to Messrs. Joseph Loomis and R. M. Shiman, conductors on the Lowell Railroad, by A. Norton, Esq., of Winchester, on behalf of the holders of season tickets on the road. A neat speech was made by the presenter, who was followed by Hon. J. M. Usher, of Medford, appropriate replies were given by the presenters. Messrs. Norton and Usher paid some high compliments to the road and its managers, as well as to the gentlemanly conductors, who have, by the efficient discharge of their duties, merited the handsome testimonial bestowed upon them.—Traveller.

DISOLUTION OF COPARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing between the subscribers, under the firm of E. A. & S. M. CRAWFORD, is this day dissolved, by mutual consent. The affairs of the concern will be settled by Edward Crawford.

EDWARD A. CRAWFORD,

STEPHEN M. CRAWFORD,

ELLEN W. CRAWFORD,

Stoneham, Dec. 16, 1851.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

VALENTINES! VALENTINES!

JUST RECEIVED, from FISHER & BROTHER, NEW YORK.

A GREAT VARIETY OF

VALENTINES,

AT THE

WOBURN BOOKSTORE.

Feb 7

ff

SAVINGS BANK AND LIFE INSURANCE COMBINED!

THE U. S. LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

UNITS a cash capital of \$1,000,000, and con-

siderable ample responsibility, with the principle of Mu-

nicipal Insurance.

Persons may participate in the profits of all the busi-

nesses of the institution WITHOUT INCURRING ANY PER-

SONAL LIABILITY.

When desired, the sum will be paid at the end of any

number of years, thus combining the advantages of

Savings Bank and Life Insurance.

Rate moderate, and

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

AN ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE.
Come! brothers, put your armor on,
Make ready for the fight,
And never leave the battle-field,
Till the foe is put to flight;
The voice of thousands bids you rise,
Will you then entreat now desist?

Look now within the city and town,
Of this, our native State;
Shall we, as Massachusetts' sons,
Stand still until too late?—all that's dear,
No! all that's sacred,—all that's dear,
We'll strike for liberty this year.

Come, you that have not signed the pledge
Of Temperance, lend a hand,
And help us drive the monster Rum,
From this, our native land;
Have you no friend to strive to save,
That's hastening to a drunkard's grave?

Then come, kind friends, one and all,
Come, join our noble cause,
And sign the death-warrant of Alcohol,
That defies our sacred laws;
Let's march together, heart and hand,
And drive the monster from our land.

Woburn, Jan. 28, 1852. BARD OF CRISPEN.

Written for the Journal.

LINES

Respectfully inscribed to MR. AND MRS. H. DELENO, of this town, on the death of their little son.

IN ACROSTIC FORM.

Weep not for the loved one, he has gone to rest
In the arms of his Saviour and friend;
Let your hearts cease their throbbing, your tears cease
to flow;

Loved angels around him attend.

In glory he's singing the songs of the Lamb,
And casting his crown at his feet;

Mid the throng of the ransomed in that glorious land,

His happiness now is complete.

E-scaped from the snares and temptations of life,

No! a pang doth his bosom now move,

R-deemed from sin, his God called him forth,

Y-es, he now bask in the smiles of His love.

Dear friends, O then weep not for the loved one departed,

E-nshined in your hearts though he is,

Let your thoughts, teeming upward, behold him in glory,

E-ncircled by angelic bliss;

No-sickness, or sorrow, or parting, is known,

O-may you meet your loved one, in Heaven, his home.

Woburn, Feb. 4, 1852.

Mrs. S. B.

MISCELLANY.

Written for the Journal.

CULTIVATION OF FLOWERS.

NUMBER TWO.

In a former number we mentioned that in our next article on flowers, we should treat upon light, moisture, and cleanliness, in their relation to house plants. Light is absolutely necessary to the healthy growth and flowering of plants. Without this they become drawn up, stooped, as the cultivators say, and have a pale and sickly aspect, and in most instances soon perish. Southern, southeastern, and southwestern windows will do very well for most plants, provided they are not shaded; a north window I think is best to keep those plants at, we wish merely to preserve through the winter. The pots should be turned round every day, unless the light comes from above or from all sides.

Moisture.—Different species of plants require various quantities of water, and also the same kinds at different periods of their growth. Aquatics, of which the Calla Aethiopica is a specimen, may be kept with the saucer full of water. In these species, however, the water must be often changed. But roses, geraniums, and most house plants, require the soil to be moist rather than wet. In order to secure the right degree of moisture, as a general thing, each pot should have one sixth part of its depth filled with pieces of broken pots or bricks before the plants are potted. Plants should be watered according to their need, and as was said before, when they are watered, a copious supply should be given, so that the whole ball of earth may be wet, and what drains off into the saucer, with the exception noticed above, should be poured off. All plants, except some few, while in flower are much benefitted by frequent showering, always remembering that the water used in any case should be as warm as the atmosphere surrounding them. Rain water should be used in all cases if possible, if not the water should be exposed for several days to the air, in order to absorb some portion of those gasses which are essential to vegetable life.

Manure-water may be used with great benefit to growing and flowering plants once or twice a week. For this guano is undoubtedly the best; it should be prepared in the following manner. Fill a vessel which can be made tight with a stopper about half full of powdered guano, add to this warm soft water till the vessel is filled; of this mixture, which should be shaken before using, add two or three table-spoonfuls to a gallon of water. Of course at the time when this moisture is used, no other water should be given.

Temperature.—The room where plants are kept should be cooler at night than in the daytime. Sudden changes should be avoided, but the thermometer, which may range from fifty-five to seventy degrees during the day, should be gradually lowered during the night to fifty. As mentioned before, the air of the room should be kept sufficiently moist. On pleasant days the windows should be opened in order to let in fresh air, which is essential to plants as well as light.

Cleanliness may be secured as it regards dust, by showering, and by blowing and wiping the leaves. Dust often causes plants to be unhealthy by choking up the pores. Ground-worms may be killed by a few doses of lime water. Aphides or plant-lice may be destroyed mostly by frequent showering or by tobacco-smoke, or by a solution of whale-oil

soup, at the rate of one pound to seven gallons of water. The plants may be showered a few times with this mixture. This solution will destroy almost all the noxious insects which infest plants.

HOW TO COOK A HUSBAND.

We have lately seen a receipt in an English paper, contributed by one "Mary," which points out the *modus operandi* of preparing and cooking husbands. Mary states that a good many husbands are spoiled in cooking. Some women go about it as if their lords were bladders, and blow them up—others keep them constantly in hot water, while others again freeze them by conjugal coldness. Some smother them in the hottest beds of contention and variance, and some keep them in pickle all their lives. These women always serve them up a sauce. Now, it cannot be supposed that husbands will be tender and good, managed in this way: but they are, on the contrary, quite delicious when preserved. Mary points out her manner thus: "Get a jar called the jar of cheerfulness, (which by, all wives have at hand;) being placed in it, set him near the fire of conjugal love; let the fire be pretty hot, but especially let it be clear. Above all, the heat must be clear and constant. Cover him with quantities of affection, kindness and subjection. Keep plenty of these things by you, and be very attentive to supply the place of any that may waste by evaporation, or any other cause. Garnish with modest, becoming familiarity, and innocent pleasantness; and if you add kisses, or confidences, accompany them with a sufficient secrecy, and it would not be amiss to add a little prudence and moderation."

IMPLEMENT.—Are the tools in good order? the plows, harrows, rakes, carts, &c. Is the hay-wagon, or tumbrel, ready for the haying season, when the sound of the whetting scythe is cheerful music, while that of the saw and axe has lost all its charms, as being out of time and place like hooing in the winter.

SYSTEM.—Arrange where your crops shall be, the corn, the oats, the potatoes, and see that seeds of all the kinds you intend to use are in sufficient quantity and in good condition.—Make a plan of the garden, marking out your beds for flowers (for our readers cultivate flowers) and kitchen vegetables; for beans, peas, and the melon and cucumber hills. Decide how many and what kinds of fruit trees you will plant, and where you will place them.—Add a quince bush here and there in the spots which they love and where they will thrive surprisingly.—N. E. Farmer.

A FABLE.

The Sun and Wind once got into a dispute upon their respective powers, the latter boasting of his ability to effect more than the former, and offering to test it in any manner the Sun might prescribe.

"Yonder traveller," said the Sun, pointing below to an earthly wayfarer who was flogging along, encumbered with a useless burden in the shape of a cloak, "needlessly tires himself; cause him to lay aside his unnecessary burthen."

"Instantly!" confidently answered Boreas and immediately rushed to earth in a whirl, blowing fiercely and terrifically around the traveller, in hope of depriving him violently of his load. But the voyager lowered his head to the storm, and carefully but firmly drew around him the covered garment, successfully resisting all efforts so to deprive him of it; and the baffled Wind returned, disappointed, to his rival.

The majestic king of light smiled, and earth was filled with his glory; his genial rays rested cheerfully upon the blast-beaten wayfarer, and the cloak was instantly discarded!

Let us search our own hearts; and ask if in our daily walks, we apply the moral of this story?

ALL IN HIS EYE.—A couple of bipeds—a Yankee and an Irishman, were, on one occasion, set by the Boss to kill a bull—Pat to hold the head, while the Yankee, who was cross-eyed by nature, to use the axe, when the following amusing dialogue occurred:—

"A' are ye after striking wher ye eye rests, now?"

"Wall I kinder calculate I am," responded Jonathan.

"Then be hokey, hold hard, while I clear out; for, sure an' its meself ye are looking at, and not the bull!"

INDIAN BREAD.—An exchange gives the following recipe for making the celebrated St. Charles Indian Bread, as prepared at the St. Charles Hotel, New Orleans:—

Beat two eggs very light, mix alternately with them one pint of sour milk, or buttermilk, and one pint of fine Indian meal, melt one table-spoonful of butter and add to the mixture, dissolve one table-spoonful of soda and saleratus, &c., in a small portion of the milk and add to the mixture; the last thing, beat very hard and bake in a pan in a quick oven.

A teacher who had faithfully labored to prepare a class for examination, asked a young miss, who stood at the head of her class, "What is Geography?" The pupil much to her entertainment of the audience and chagrin of her instructor, promptly and ably answered, "Geography is a large ball or globe!"

VERY PERTINENT.—Have you any travelling inkstands? I asked a lady, of a clerk of our stationary stores. "No, ma'am; we have them with feet and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet."

"When you see a man who is ashamed to be seen carrying a bundle through the street, no matter how insignificant it is in size, you may put him down for a brainless puppy, who is incapable of doing any thing else."

"An Irishman, having a load of coal to unload, backed his cart where he wanted it and then told his horse to "Arise," thinking the cart could not tip without the horse.

Spell *murder* backwards, and you have its cause. Spell *red-rum* in the same manner, and you have its effects.

Melted snow produces about one-eighth its bulk of water; hence snow, two feet deep, produces three inches of water, when thawed.

A faithful friend is the medicine of life.

SOAP, at the rate of one pound to seven gallons of water. The plants may be showered a few times with this mixture. This solution will destroy almost all the noxious insects which infest plants.

FARM WORK FOR FEBRUARY.

LATE SPRING.—The soft and mild spring weather, such as the farmer likes for plowing, sowing and gardening, is so indefinitely postponed of late years, that it crowds much of the work into early summer, unless we take Old Time by the forelock and accomplish our business without much regard to his blustering behavior.

NOW IS THE TIME.—In order to be ready for the sunny days when they do come, we must bestir ourselves now by hauling off the timber to market which has been prepared; chopping wood, and fitting it for the fire; by preparing stakes, rails, posts, and all other things that can be done in the way of fences. Bring up pea sticks when returning from the woods, and point and lay aside poles for the bean yard.

IMPLEMENT.—Are the tools in good order? the plows, harrows, rakes, carts, &c. Is the hay-wagon, or tumbrel, ready for the haying season, when the sound of the whetting scythe is cheerful music, while that of the saw and axe has lost all its charms, as being out of time and place like hooing in the winter.

SYSTEM.—Arrange where your crops shall be, the corn, the oats, the potatoes, and see that seeds of all the kinds you intend to use are in sufficient quantity and in good condition.—Make a plan of the garden, marking out your beds for flowers (for our readers cultivate flowers) and kitchen vegetables; for beans, peas, and the melon and cucumber hills. Decide how many and what kinds of fruit trees you will plant, and where you will place them.—Add a quince bush here and there in the spots which they love and where they will thrive surprisingly.—N. E. Farmer.

Woburn, Jan. 28, 1852. BARD OF CRISPEN.

Written for the Journal.

LINES

Respectfully inscribed to MR. AND MRS. H. DELENO, of this town, on the death of their little son.

IN ACROSTIC FORM.

Weep not for the loved one, he has gone to rest
In the arms of his Saviour and friend;

Let your hearts cease their throbbing, your tears cease
to flow;

Loved angels around him attend.

In glory he's singing the songs of the Lamb,
And casting his crown at his feet;

Mid the throng of the ransomed in that glorious land,

His happiness now is complete.

E-scaped from the snares and temptations of life,

No! a pang doth his bosom now move,

R-deemed from sin, his God called him forth,

Y-es, he now bask in the smiles of His love.

Dear friends, O then weep not for the loved one departed,

E-nshined in your hearts though he is,

Let your thoughts, teeming upward, behold him in glory,

E-ncircled by angelic bliss;

No-sickness, or sorrow, or parting, is known,

O-may you meet your loved one, in Heaven, his home.

Woburn, Feb. 4, 1852.

Mrs. S. B.

DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
LYCEUM BUILDING,
WINCHESTER, MASS.

DR. YOUNGMAN respectfully informs the inhabitants of Winchester, that he has, connected with his office, an extensive Dispensary, and a large collection of Drugs and Medicines, usually called for. He gives his personal attention to the preparing and compounding of his Medicines; and those he purchases are believed to be genuine. All prescriptions and orders filled with the greatest possible care and promptness. Besides some common articles of Medicine, the following are kept:—

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Carter's Pulmonary Balsam, Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, Townsend's and Corbin's Sarsaparilla, Dr. Maynard's Cordial Cure, Dr. Trull's Richardson's Collodion, Cologne, and all varieties of Perfumery, Essences and Extracts, all kinds, Trull's, Richardson's and Oxygenated Bitters, Seldite, and Rochelle Powdered Coal Liver Oil—a new article—Dr. Maynard's and Dr. Youngman's and Martin's, and other Blacking. Also, all varieties of

school books, Bibles and Testaments,

Blank Books, Blank Dishes and Notes, Paper—all varieties—such as Writing, Tissue, Perfumed, Drawing, Bristol Board; Steel Pens and Holders, Quills, Ink, Envelopes, Plain Cards, Pens and Leads, Seats, Wafers, and all other school supplies. There is also a great variety of FANCY ARTICLES. Also, Pictures, Dr. Youngman's Weekly and Monthly—all which will be sold as low as

10c. **oil paintings and prints restored.**

oil paintings and prints restored.

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WOBURN JOURNAL.

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the Editor, at Woburn, or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor-
ing towns, solicited.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

From the Eastern (Mo.) Argus.
THE LEAP FOR LIFE.
A TRUE STORY OF SPANISH CRUELTY.

I am no romancer. The experience of my life has well taught me that "truth is stranger than fiction." The incidents detailed below are literary true. I am personally acquainted with the hero of our story, who has, since the occurrence related, commanded a vessel out of one of our neighboring ports. I happened to be at Havana at the time of his imprisonment, and was lying in the harbor when he made his escape. I was also with him in the Fox privateer, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, during the last war with England, and have had long conversations with him in relation to the affair. And although the story may appear incredible, and a romance, yet it is strictly true.

In the year 1809, a brig commanded by a man of the name of Smith, sailed from a port in Massachusetts for Kingston, Jamaica, with a cargo of lumber. At this place she discharged and took in Nicaragua wood for ballast, and proceeded to Havana; it being then contrary to law to take cargoes from an English island. The brig arrived at Havana in the month of February, 1810, where she commenced loading with logwood from a Spanish ship that lay alongside. After a while the Spanish captain and the American mate, whose name was White, became very intimate, and so much so, that Capt. Smith became jealous of their acquaintance, and by a number of petty devices sought to break it up, but without success. Capt. Smith was what is generally called a clever man, when not under the influence of liquor—but when he was, all went wrong, and at such times he took particular pains to quarrel with the mate. This state of affairs continued for some time until his abuse being too outrageous for the mate to put up with, he asked for his discharge. To this the Captain would not consent, but told him he would pay him his wages if he would leave the vessel. The mate acceded to the proposition—received his wages and went on shore, accompanied by the Spanish captain, whose name was Estefano.

There was a physician at Havana, a native of Massachusetts, and an acquaintance of the mate's, with whom he took lodgings until he could get a voyage. The doctor and White frequently visited a billiard room and had a game together, where they were often joined by Estefano. One night White and the Spanish captain were playing for money. The stakes were quite small at first; but soon getting heated with wine and the excitement of the game, Estefano proposed to play higher—and at last threw down a doublet, insisting upon his antagonist covering it. White objected for a while, but Estefano urged him so hard that he met the stake. The game was played, and to his chagrin, the Spaniard lost. He was greatly enraged at the result of the game, and was all for fight. To avoid a scuffle, White agreed to play one game more for two doublets, declaring that he consented to do it merely to give his opponent a chance to get his money back; and that lose or win he would not play another game. The conditions were agreed to, and the game commenced. For a while the Spaniard had evidently the advantage, and the probabilities were greatly in his favor of being the winner; but just before the victory was decided in his favor, by a masterly stroke, White turned the tables and won the game. The fury of the Spaniard was unbounded. He raved and swore as a Spaniard can only rave and swear—declared the stroke unfair, and ended by striking White a severe blow, which he as promptly returned with the cue which he held in his hand, causing the Spaniard to measure his length on the floor. Several of the bystanders then interfered and peace was restored. Shortly after this the Spaniard left the room. In the course of an hour or so, it being almost midnight, the doctor and White started for home. They had arrived within a few yards of the house, when they were met by three men armed with swords, who immediately began an attack upon White. Being unarmed, and taken unawares, he would instantly have fallen a victim had not his friend interceded, and with a heavy cane, which he fortunately had with him, disarmed one of his assailants, dropped his sword which White hastily picked up and run his antagonist, who pressed upon him the hardest, through the body. It proved to be Estefano, the Spanish captain. Seeing one of their number fall, the other two took to their heels. The doctor and White also quit the place and arrived safely at their lodgings, leaving the wounded Spaniard to the care of some stragglers who had been attracted to the spot by the struggle. The next morning, White and the doctor were arrested and put in jail. Shortly after an examination took place before a magistrate, the result of which was, White was convicted, the mate was convicted by the testimony of the two accomplices who attempted his life! The Spaniard, Estefano, lived three days after the affray, and was honest enough to state the whole circumstances of the case, acknowledg-

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edging that White run him through in defense of his own life, which he and the other two had determined to take. These facts were all preserved by the doctor for the final trial, not doubting that they were sufficient to clear his friend. The trial was put off from time to time, and it was three months before it came on. It came at last, and White was arraigned. He had no counsel—no friend but the doctor. Here he was at the mercy of a Spanish court, whose most tender mercy is cruelty. An English merchant, who had heard of the case, and who commiserated the isolated situation of poor White, volunteered to defend him.

Objections were made by the court to the testimony of the doctor, but the Englishman strenuously insisted that his evidence should be allowed. After a long and heated debate, and with the aid of gold—the most persuasive of all arguments—the doctor was permitted to give his testimony. In a clear and lucid manner he related the circumstances of the case—stated that the Spaniard gave the first blow in the billiard room—that Estefano with two others attacked the prisoner on his way to his lodgings, and that it was by the mere chance of White's getting possession of one of the weapons that he was not murdered. The confession of the Spaniard, duly attested to, was presented, but all in vain. Plain as was the case, the court condemned the mate to eight years imprisonment in Moro Castle.

It was on the 15th of May that White was placed in the dungeon of the Moro. His cell, though not entirely dark, was dismal enough, being forty or fifty feet below the fort. Above this dungeon stands a strong fort, called "Moro Castle," which is situated on a point that makes the eastern side of the entrance of the port of Havana—Punta making the western side, also a strong fort. The entrance is quite narrow, not more than half a mile wide, with deep water. The Moro is a huge rock, perpendicular on the harbor side, and nearly so on the side facing the sea. The water is so bold at its base that vessels of the largest burthen can approach within a few feet of the rocks. The docks run up almost sheer about sixty feet to its summit. In the belly of this rock, nearly on a level with the sea, was confined the unfortunate mate. Not a ray of light, nor a breath of air could reach him, save what came through small holes in the side of the cliff. He had no clothes except a pair of duck trowsers; his provisions were served out to him once a day, and consisted of boiled bullock's heads and corn, with a jug of water. In this dark and gloomy cell he was to remain eight long years—buried alive—with nothing to do—nothing to think of but his bitter fate. Dreary as was the prospect before him—so dreary at times when he thought of his far away home, that he could have gladly welcomed death. A fact which soon after came to his knowledge added a ten-fold gloom to the horror of his situation. It was this:—In the same dungeon with White was a man who had been there eighteen years, whose sole crime was the smuggling of tobacco. He had been put there for one year, at the expiration of which he had probably been forgotten. He could not make his case known, and for eighteen dreary years he had been incarcerated there, hoping for release, until hope itself had expired—and there he expected to end his days. He had almost lost the power of speech, and appeared at times to be deranged. He had not been shaved, and perhaps not washed since his imprisonment; and in this dismal rock—filthy and spirit broken—suffering the greatest cruelty—with no one to see to his liberation—forgotten probably by every living being save his keeper—his only crime the petty one of smuggling perhaps a few pounds of tobacco—here was the poor wretch doomed to linger until death brought him relief. The thought that such might be his fate, at times almost drove White to despair. It was enough to shake the firmest nerves.

On entering his dismal abode, the mate was confined with irons on his hands and feet, but he was told that they should be taken off at the end of the first year. Fettered thus, he lived on from day to day, expecting every moment to be set at liberty through the interference of the American government, as his friend the doctor had promised to make a proper representation of his case to the United States authorities, and use all his endeavors to get him free. Alas, little had he to hope from that quarter, although he knew it not. A deeper pang would have rent his heart, had he learned the melancholy tidings of the death of his friend, which took place a few days after his imprisonment. Not hearing from him—thinking, perhaps, that he was forgotten—feeling that he could not survive the term of his sentence—he began to think over a plan of escape. He calmly reviewed his situation, and a thousand projects suggested themselves, not one of which seemed practicable. Often his mind was worked up to the highest pitch of desperation, at which times he would resolve to rush upon his keeper and obtain his liberty, or end his misery by provoking the guard to despatch him—when lo! he would feel the shackles on his hands and feet, and his powerless state was fully apparent to him.

"Oh, if I could only free myself of these irons," he would exclaim, "I would die or be torn with conflicting emotions, the third

He would often examine the shackles and bolts, but they appeared too strong to be broken. There was a fore lock in one end of the bolts, which was driven through and twisted, the other end being headed. At times he indulged the hope that his hands and feet would become so emaciated that he could pull them through the shackles; but then he thought by that time his strength would be so reduced that he could effect nothing.

He had been pondering one day over the chances that had presented themselves to his mind, weighing this and balancing that, when he said to himself, "This is thinking without acting; this will never do; if I am to accomplish anything, I must make a beginning." And starting to his feet, he went to the side of the dungeon and groped his way, feeling at the same time along the wall, he at last found a crevice in the rock. With much difficulty, and after repeated trials, he succeeded in entering the point of the fore lock a little into the opening, and giving it a twist, to his great joy he had strained it considerably. With renewed vigor he continued his work, until success crowned his labors, the fore lock was out of the bolt, and his hands were free!

Then he looked upon as one step accomplished:

the freedom of his hands was a great relief to him, and he had the use of them all the time, save when the man brought him his meat and water; and as he always came at a stated time, (about half an hour after sunset,) he was in no danger of being caught with his irons off. He now began to work on the fore lock of his feet irons, and with the aid of his hand shackles and bolts he at last succeeded in freeing himself entirely from his fetters.

He had as yet no fixed plan of escape, and he now waited, hoping and fearing—one moment adopting a method by which he thought he might succeed—the next abandoning it as altogether unfeasible. Small indeed was his chance of escape—it was a thousand to one against him. There was the man who brought him his food—his special keeper—to be got rid of—and then there were the guard in the fort to be eluded—and after this the rock to be cleared. The undertaking was desperate—so desperate that one might indeed quail in prospect of it. But the desire for liberty was strong within the heart of the prisoner, and to secure it he was willing to brave death in its worst form—for without liberty he felt that he was poor and valueless. Nerving his soul for the task, he whispered to him an assurance of success. He felt with the poet—

"What are fifty—what a thousand slaves,
Matched to the sinew of a single arm
That strikes for liberty!"

After adopting and rejecting many plans, White came to the conclusion at last to kill the keeper who brought him his food, rush to the top of the Moro, and leave the rest to fate. He waited, agitated and impatient, for the appointed hour. The time flew swiftly by, and at the usual hour the man entered the dungeon with the daily supply of food—little dreaming of the danger that threatened him. As he deposited the articles within the prisoner's reach, White looked at him steadfastly for a moment and strove to steel his heart to the horror of his situation. It was this:—In the same dungeon with White was a man who had been there eighteen years, whose sole crime was the smuggling of tobacco. He had been put there for one year, at the expiration of which he had probably been forgotten. He could not make his case known, and for eighteen dreary years he had been incarcerated there, hoping for release, until hope itself had expired—and there he expected to end his days. He had almost lost the power of speech, and appeared at times to be deranged. He had not been shaved, and perhaps not washed since his imprisonment; and in this dismal rock—filthy and spirit broken—suffering the greatest cruelty—with no one to see to his liberation—forgotten probably by every living being save his keeper—his only crime the petty one of smuggling perhaps a few pounds of tobacco—here was the poor wretch doomed to linger until death brought him relief. The thought that such might be his fate, at times almost drove White to despair. It was enough to shake the firmest nerves.

To-morrow night might come—and again the courage of the prisoner failed him—rather than feelings of humanity triumphed—he could not nerve his arm to strike the blow. "Would to heaven that there was any alternative!"—thought he as the doomed keeper, unconscious of his peril, slowly turned and left the dungeon—"would that this man, who has never injured me—against whom I have not the least ill-will—might be saved!" His very soul recoiled as the idea of striking him down and murdering him in cold blood. But he felt it must be done if he would escape a thralldom worse than death—the man stood in his way, and must be removed, although he cursed the necessity which imposed the fearful deed upon him.

Nearly all the night the prisoner paced the narrow limits of his cell. Thought was too busy for sleep. If he closed his eyes for a moment, fancy floated in deeds of blood and violence, and he found no rest. At times he imagined the terrible task was accomplished—the fatal blow given—and stark and ghastly the poor keeper was stretched out before him dead!—the immortal spirit quenched by his hand—the stony eye glaring upon him reproachfully, and the pale, blue lips whispering "murder" in his ears. At such time he would start from his troubled sleep with the cold sweat streaming from every pore, and a convulsive throbbing of the heart. Thus passed the night.

The day brought no relief. He brooded on the terrible task before him. If he succeeded in overpowering the keeper, but one slight obstacle was removed. He was altogether ignorant of the difficulties to be overcome after he left the dungeon; and all he knew was that his chance was small—that a bare possibility remained to him of escape. "Well, be it so," thought he, "better death than this lingering existence!"

Torn with conflicting emotions, the third

day drew to a close—the dim light in the cell grew fainter—the sun went down. It was the last sunset ever witnessed by the poor keeper! As the light faded away, White relieved himself from his irons, and stood tremblingly awaiting the nightly visit of the man. He heard him descending the steps—every footfall smote his heart. Slowly he came, carelessly humming a Spanish air—his death-song. He entered the cell—White grasped off the foot shackles. The man stooped to set down the food and water which he bore, when White sprang up and with one blow of the bolt stretched him a corpse on the solid floor. The fearful drama had commenced. Without stopping to look upon his victim, he rushed up the long flight of stairs, still grasping the fatal bolt. He reached the platform nearly at the top. A sentinel was stationed there, who, thinking that White was the keeper returning from a visit to the prisoner, stood quite at his ease. A blow from White levelled him to the ground. The stroke was not fatal, and he manifested signs of life. The prisoner felt there was but one course to pursue, and he did not hesitate. He repeated the blows until the man was quiet. He then mounted the other steps, when lo! to his dismay, the first object he saw were the soldiers relieving guard! What course should he take?

There is a moat about ten or twelve feet wide, running through this fort on the harbor and seaside.

This moat is of great depth, and across it runs a draw-bridge. At the moment when the prisoner reached the final landing, the sentinel on the harbor side had been relieved, and the soldiers were crossing the bridge to relieve guard about the fort and prison. As soon as they got over, the bridge was taken up. But little time was given the prisoner to think. He was placed in a fearful position. To retreat back to his prison would be death—to rush on the guard would be death. What should he do? A moment he hesitated, and a faint sickness stole over him as the helplessness of his situation stared him in the face. He shook it off, and gathering his energies he dashed past the guard and leaped the moat! It was a desperate leap, but he well knew that desperate deeds alone could save him. His left foot struck the opposite bank, and for a brief period he balanced on the fearful edge, when by a masterly effort his body canted forward, and he recovered his seat.

Here then he stood—the moat and the guard behind him, and a sentinel before him. He had gone so far that retreat was impossible, and there was but one alternative—go ahead! Dashing past the sentinel, who was so astonished that he scarcely offered resistance, he rushed to the brink of the rock. For a moment he stood there, gazing on the dizzy depth below him. It was an agonizing moment. Behind him were the infuriated soldiers; before him a yawning gulf! Sheer down for sixty feet or more the precipice fell, at the foot of which the foam of the waves could just be seen as they broke against the cliff—so distant that their roar came up faintly to the ear. Death was behind him—certain death; no more than death was before him.

He looked wildly around. He saw one of the soldiers preparing to fire upon him—there was no time to be lost. Concentrating all his energies, and commanding his soul to his master, he leaped from the cliff! Not a moment too soon, for the ball of the sentinel whistled over his head, as like an arrow he shot downward. Down, down he went; his feet pressed together, and his arms glued to his sides. He struck fairly, and cutting the water like a harpoon, he sunk far beneath the surface. Consciousness for awhile deserted him, but as he arose from his plunge and found himself unharmed, he struck out for the cliff, and swimming alongside, he clung to the rocks, thanking God who had preserved him so miraculously.

The sentry on the Moro concluded that the prisoner was drowned, notwithstanding the fort commenced firing minute guns, and the alarm quickly spread through the place.

It had now got to be quite dark, and feeling the insecurity of his situation, White took to the water and swam to a vessel anchored not a great distance off. It was the brig Happy Couple.

Boarding her, he informed the captain of the strait he was in, and asked him to secrete him somewhere in the vessel. This the captain said would be impossible, as every vessel in the harbor would be strictly searched, and if White was found on board, the Spaniards would put all of them to death.

"Well," said White, after hearing the captain through, "cannot you do anything for me? Will you let me be murdered by them?"

The captain told him there was the boat astern, and went below. The boat was immediately hauled alongside; some bread and water was hastily put in her, and one of the sailors threw White an old jacket. Shoving off, he sculled her alongside the rocks as gently as possible. It was now dark, and he remained quiet for some time, listening eagerly, expecting every moment to hear the clink of the rowlocks of his pursuers. About midnight, he commenced hauling the boat along by the rocks out of the harbor, until he got round the fort, when, under cover of the darkness, and aided by the land breeze he sculled

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WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN
FROM THE YEAR 1641 TO 1843.
(Continued.)

1690.

Knight, Samwell, s. of John, Sept. 27th.
Holden, Sarah, d. of John, Feb. 25th.
Tottenham, Sarah, d. of Elijah, July 13th.
Told, Mary, d. of John and Elizabeth, April 25th.

Baldwin, Phoebe, d. of Daniel, May 13th.
Roberts, Tryall, s. of Archabell and Sary Baker,
Dec. 25th.

Carter, Thomas, s. of Timothy, Aug. 17th.
Blanchard, Hannah, d. of Thomas and Tabitha, Nov. 29th.

Russell, Elizabeth, d. of John and Elizabeth, June 21st.

Read, Ebenezer, s. of George and Abigail,
March 6th.

Richardson, Hannah, d. of Samwell and Sarah
Aug. 11th.

"Note.—In this year 1690 Mr. Samwell,
Carter was Clerk and Recorded ye most part of
what are entered, and many are neglected.

Baker, Mary, d. of John, March 8th.

1691.

Kendall, Rebeckah, d. of Samwell and Rebeckah, 6th of July.

Fowl, James, s. of James and Mary, 20th of July.

Watters, Nathaniell and Daniell, twin sons of
Samwell and Mary, 10th of October.

Kendall, Daniell, s. of Jacob and Pierces, 23d
of October.

Richardson, Daniell, s. of Stephen and Abigail,
16th of October.

Polle, Jonathan, s. of Samwell and Prissilla,
16th of July.

Blaggett, Caleb, s. of Samwell and Huldah,
11th of November.

Richardson, Samwell, s. of Nathaniell and
Mary, 24th of Sept.

Convers, Edward, s. of Edward and Sary, 26th
of October.

Thompson, Simon, s. of James and Abigail,
19th of October.

Pierce, Josyah, s. of John and Deborah, 19th
of June.

Wood, Abigail, d. of Josyah and Abigail,
10th of September.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 14, 1852.

NOTE. The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALIES.

AGENTS. NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNG, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

SALEM.—Mr. G. W. Dins will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PITTENGER & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

KILLING TIME.

The communication by "Cosmopolite," in another column, is worthy of a perusal, especially as it brings up the subject of using our time to some advantage; and if our readers and contributors will take the pains to give the matter treated upon, their consideration, we are satisfied that they will arrive at the same conclusion with our correspondent, and profit by it. We feel assured from the experience we have thus far had, that one of the most important ends in the establishment of a good family paper has been answered, and that is, that it has called out an interest and talent from our midst, that perhaps would otherwise have lain dormant.

We may be entirely mistaken, but it certainly appears to us that it is but the beginning of a good work. Those who have taken the pains to give their views in print to our readers, have shown a diversity of talent, that will improve by cultivation, and that ought not to be kept lifeless, and we therefore expect to be able to fill our columns in the future with the same variety of interesting matter that we have done, with all the improvements that will naturally follow, thus giving to all who may patronise the "Woburn Journal," a paper of a decidedly literary character.

The subject of killing time was the one we had intended to speak of when we commenced this article; it is a melancholy fact that too many persons, when they retire from the active duties of life, have no mode or way in which to employ leisure hours, they have no taste for study, none for thought and consequently there is nothing upon which the mind can feed, and they are thus driven to kill the moments that hang heavily on their hands. Amusements, pleasures, and the delights of sense are all necessary to our existence, but the person who has no other source to draw from, with which to fill up the spare moments of his existence, must be unfortunate indeed, for after all these are tiresome and unsatisfying beyond certain degree, and after that we need food for the mind and thought, that can only be acquired by study and effort.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. W.—We place on the 4th page a fine piece from the pen of this lady. The course of the late tornado was illustrated by a large diagram, and we were much interested to notice the perfect system and regularity of its track, and also to listen to the Professor's explanation of its cause and progress. Strange though it might at first view seem, it is nevertheless true, that the whole destruction was carried on with a perfection of correctness that is truly astonishing, but at the same time showing us that all these wonderful phenomena are governed by the same general laws of cause and effect.

Although such scientific subjects do not of themselves possess attractions sufficient for the taste of many persons, yet all who will take the pains of a little research in such matters as the weather, storms, winds, &c., will find a new interest created that will prompt to further desires, thus opening a new field for the action of the mind and thought, and giving new cause for admiration and wonder at the wisdom shown by our Creator, the maker and ruler of all things.

We think Prof. Blasius has displayed a talent for research and sound reasoning, thus bringing to light his theory, that does him great credit; and we wish him much success in his future endeavors to spread this knowledge before the public.

MILITARY BALL.

The ball by the Woburn Mechanic Phalanx, which we announced last week, came off at the Lexington House, on Wednesday evening, in grand style. The weather was very unfavorable, and the travelling "most horrid bad"; yet, notwithstanding, there was a good attendance, and certainly no lack of enjoyment. Woburn seemed to have "gathered there her beauty and her chivalry," and the Phalanx, who have grown grey in the service as soldiers, proved themselves to be equally gallant men.

Several of the Boston companies were represented, as also the new corps at Winchester, and other military companies. The hall, although not arrayed in the usual *insignia* of war, was richly and beautifully trimmed; the music was discoursed in Smith's best style, the ladies were pleasant and agreeable, as they always are, and the supper fit for a king. Altogether, it was a splendid affair; and it seemed a fitting place, where was lighted the first powder, to speed this last ball.

THE WEATHER.

"J.," on Agriculture—your article in relation to Trees will appear next week. "Winchester"—we like the frankness of your letter, and thank you for the interest expressed in our paper; shall be glad to hear from you again.

"The Rustic Bard," "Bard of Crispin," "Albert," "Ella of the mountain," "A. B.," "Cameo," and "Elsie, the peasant girl," have each favored us with poetry since our last, and as they all possess much merit, we place them upon file for use at as early a day as possible.

"Calista," "J. L. M.," Claude Melnotte, "give us enigmas, &c. all of which will appear by and by." Selections by "E. A. L." are also received, and will have attention.

"Cosmopolite," shall be welcome to our columns. We doubt not his ideas will possess interest enough to justify a perusal on the part of our readers—he will please be as reasonable as possible in regard to the length of articles.

"X.," who brings his very interesting series of reminiscences to a close in this number, will please accept our thanks for the valuable matter he has given to our readers; we doubt not our young readers have been much interested in reading the history of the younger days of "X.," and we trust the contrast in their present advantages with those which "X." had, will stimulate the rising generation to still greater efforts in the pursuit of knowledge.

AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—The end of the African slave trade seems to be approaching. The English sloop Flying Fish has arrived at England from the African coast. Her account is, that the slave trade is, so to speak, abolished. The last prize taken by the Flying Fish was in July, and since then only one vessel, an empty felucca, has been captured; she was captured by the Samson.

REV. MR. WIGHT.—Mr. Wight kindly postponed his lecture on "Voltaire," from last week, on account of Prof. Blasius' lecture. It will be given on Tuesday evening, and we hope to see a large attendance; it will undoubtedly prove quite interesting.

THE HON. CHARLES SUMNER.—We thank the Hon. Charles Sumner for public documents of value.

Written for the Journal.

LEAP YEAR.
How much is said about Leap Year,
And the privileges of ladies then;
When we've just as much to fear,
And are equally shy of the men.

And if some very forward girl
Should the question almost pop,
Our lips with scorn would curl,
And we'd say, "You had better stop."

It has been the custom for many a day,
For the men to do the courting, O;
And I think it is the very best way!
And I hope it may always be so.

So, dear ladies, one and all,
We must let the men pass by;
And if we wait until the fall,
To catch them we must not try.

WOBURN, FEB. 1852.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Elliot Warberton effected insurance on his life for £10,000, just before he sailed in the steamer Amazon, recently lost.—Parties for California should be careful in purchasing tickets; there are many spurious agents.—Many sad accidents happen from spirit lamps; they should be used with caution, and the lamp kept full to prevent explosion.—Nothing new from Washington; members are exposing each other's character, and making bunkum speeches, instead of making laws and attending to the interests of the people,—nothing but intervention and President-making.—The House of Representatives of Texas has passed the Senate bill for the payment of the public debt.—A new market is soon to be erected in Blackstone street, Boston, 125 feet long.—The claims to the discovery of ether are again before Congress. Doctors Jackson and Morton, of Boston, are the claimants.—Railroads are prosperous, and the people call for low fares.—Letters from Hungarians associated with Kossoff, ensue him very strongly, and deny his being Governor.—The intervention fever is much abated; the second sober thought is powerful.—The President of France has proved a perfect tyrant; he has banished a large number of eminent men, for fear of their influence against him. His new Constitution is a mere dictator's will; he is seeking to strengthen his usurpation by marrying a Princess. The next steamer may bring advices of his assassination; he cannot sustain himself long under his present rule.—The *routine* of office is being carried out in the Boston Custom House, and Gov. Boutwell has removed the Sheriff and County Attorney of Suffolk, and indications are strong for more moves.—The post of honor is a private station.—The weather has changed into a January thaw, and the sleighing, which has lasted nearly two months, has nearly departed. The winter has been very severe.—Boston police reports show a miserable state of morals; the city needs purging. The Maine Liquor Law will turn over a new leaf.—New York reports say that business has opened brisk, and the prospects are very cheering for a full Spring trade.

The emigration to California has taken a fresh start, and every steamer goes full. The prospect for gold digging is drawing crowds from all our towns, and many families are broken up and made miserable. Better stay at home and be industrious.—The annual meeting of the Old Colony railroad stockholders on Wednesday, was a stormy one.—The Boston Transcript of Monday stated that the number of persons residing in Woburn, doing business in Boston, was twenty-seven—rather a weak array to support a *Branch Road*. The actual number is three times twenty-seven.—A family in St. Louis were nearly all destroyed by suffocation, from the leakage of a gas pipe under the room in which they slept.—Nothing of importance has been done in our Legislature during the past week.

MA. EDITOR:—The accompanying communication will explain itself. I beg leave to call the attention of the citizens of the town to the proposition made by the Secretary of the Board of Education, and invite all who may be interested in the subject to consult with the Superintending School Committee on the proper steps to be taken to carry this proposition into effect. It seems to the writer, that the plan here suggested cannot fail to meet with a hearty response from all the friends of education in Woburn. The meetings of the Institute referred to in the letter of Dr. Sears, have been attended with the most favorable results, and those who take the responsibility of having them held in their respective towns, have felt themselves amply compensated for all their trouble and expense. I need not say that the Committee entertain the hope that the plan above suggested will be carried out.

Written for the Journal.

SONNET.
Many a lesson there is unspoken,
Learned from the tree that is old and oaken,
And from the humblest, meanest flower,
That blooms in wood, or lady's bower;
Many a tear from the eye that's waking,
Many a sigh from the heart that's breaking,
Many a song as yet unused,
Many a laugh in wildwood sung;
Lessons to be learned for a world above,
Tears to be dried by the power of love;
Sighs to be lulled by the blessed sight,
Of friends re-united in the realms of light.

Woburn, Feb. 1852.

Written for the Journal.

DIARY AND RANDOM THOUGHTS OF A COSMOPOLITE.

NUMBER ONE.

Mr. EDITOR:—It has occurred to me that perhaps the rambling thoughts of a person who has journeyed along through the world, under varied circumstances, and in various places, might perhaps be of some interest to your readers, not on account of any literary or real merit that they might possess, but perchance because they may awaken some trains of thought or suggest some ideas to your readers that otherwise would not have been brought into life; and another reason that I might mention, is that the privilege of conversing with many hundreds of readers, may cause me to think more deeply than ever; and thus I shall be richly repaid for any trouble taken.

I once stood with a noble earl at the foot of one of the most lovely cascades in the world, and as we gazed upon the bright sparkling diamond brilliants that danced and sported in the bright sunshine, the thought came o'er me, how wonderful in beauty, how truly grand and sublime, and how powerful in strength is this waterfall, but whence came it; and as we traced it to its source, we arrived at the truth, that it all came from the little drop that fell far back in the mountain gorge; were these with-drawn, all its strength would be lost.

So is it, Mr. Editor, in the cascades of thought. We may find a paper, for instance, like your "Journal," filled with interesting matter of all kinds. We have in it a fund of thought, something that we can admire, something that we can ponder upon. Let us trace all this to its source, and we shall find here a little and there a little; all these drops being gathered we have a weekly issue that does credit to the town of Woburn. It is with such views as these, that I have become so bold as to make the attempt to pen now and then a few lines for the public eye, and then submit the same for those who may think it worth their while to peruse.

Let me say a word about the habit of writing for the press, and let me not be understood as occupying the position of a teacher, or of uttering words of wisdom, beyond those that can be brought forth by others of your valuable list of contributors. It appears to me that in no better way can a person occupy leisure hours than by penning thoughts for the public eye. I believe that it is one of the most beneficial habits an individual can form, and I would like to be able to impress upon the minds of your youthful readers the importance of this subject. Composition is acknowledged by all who understand its value, to be of the first importance; it is a goodly habit, and one that repays the writer ten-fold for all efforts put forth; for it not only taxes and improves the *memory*, but it also brings into action many other excellent qualities, and they by use are increased in strength and power.

All that will apply in favor of private composition, will apply with added force of argument to writing for the press, for a person will naturally think that they write to be criticised, that they write not for a circle of friends; but they speak to a circle of thousands; they may drop a sentiment of beauty and value, that will be treasured up by some thoughtful mind, and that may influence the life and actions of some individual for good. As all the esemplined and varied thoughts press upon the mind, it opens up new thoughts, feelings and sensations, that were before strangers, thus repaying the writer to a considerable degree; then the habit of expression, of beauty, of language, and the most difficult of all habits—that of *condensation*, are brought into service, from their calm repose; and thus I might go on showing how other talents are waked into life.

When Benjamin Franklin first had the boldness to write for the public eye, and tucked it under the door of his master's office, he little thought that the path in which he was then travelling would surely lead him to the pinnacle of fame and of usefulness. He probably had no conception of the future grandeur of his career. I might instance the cases of many distinguished men and women, the faint glimmering of whose talents were shadowed forth in their early contributions to the press, for the benefit of the public, and thus it may be, Mr. Editor, with some of those who use the pen for your paper; they may in this way be founding a habit that will be of invaluable value to themselves and others in after life, and I hope that you will always show the same commendable spirit of encouragement to your correspondents that you have heretofore done.

I suppose by this time my *space* is all used up. You will make what use of this article you may please; but should it be worthy of an insertion in your paper, please put it in. In future "random thoughts," I shall take the liberty of writing about men, things, places, &c., just as the ideas may come to my mind, and therefore you must not expect or anticipate anything of great merit, but only look for a few scattered ideas now and then.

Woburn, Feb. 1852.

COL. FREMONT.—The negotiation for some time past between Col. Fremont and certain British capitalists, for the sale to them of his interest in the gold-bearing lands in California, has been brought to a conclusion very satisfactorily to all parties. Colonel Fremont, through his agents, receives \$100,000, upon the execution of the deeds to the purchasers. He will afterwards receive \$60,000 a year until he shall make a valid title to the lands, whereupon he to receive \$1,000,000 for the fee simple of the property.—*Washington Correspondent of the Baltimore Sun.*

A NEW JERSEY PAPER.—A New Jersey paper says that Aaron Burr is buried in the cemetery at Princeton, N. J., and while costly monuments mark the resting place of his father and other relatives, his grave is unmarked by any token of memory or respect. It is only known by being pointed out by the guide, who may be showing a stranger the tomb of other men whose names are connected with our early history.

LEAP YEAR.—The year 1852 is Leap Year, "wene're," as an old author says, "ladies may go a-courting ye mean, and ye gentlemen shall forfeit a fine of five dollars if they refuse ye addresses of ye ladies." Be up and stirring, ladies; peculiar prerogative comes only once in four years.—*Lonell News.*

Written for the Journal.

CRITICISMS, &c.

MR. EDITOR:—Your favorite "Woburn Journal" has visited us weekly from its commencement up to the present time, and I hope it will continue to gladden me with its presence for many long years to come, for—

Though humble and lowly
That home may appear,
It shall ever receive
A welcome sincere.

No 15 is now before me, and I have read it, well-stored pages with much interest, and I hope with some little profit. The selections are exceedingly well made, and are richly deserving the attentive perusal of every reader. The records of the "Births in the Town of Woburn" are highly prized by me, as I doubt not they are by most of your readers; certainly they must be by all the descendants of the early settlers of the good old town of Woburn, and their number is by no means small. I am glad you continue to publish them from week to week, notwithstanding some few persons have spoken against it, for by so doing, I am confident you greatly oblige a large majority of your readers. Many thanks to your obliging townsmen who so kindly furnishes them for publication.

Of the editorial matter that enriches your columns, I shall say but little, as I am not much given to flattery; for flattery is said to make some persons vain,—

"And vanity, you know, ifed,
Will grow again."

I do not wish to give the impression, Mr. Editor, that you are vain, or that there is any danger of your becoming so. I have a better opinion of you than that. Your notes "To Correspondents," that appear so regularly, I like much.

Permit me to congratulate you on the large number of interesting correspondents that have come so promptly to your aid. May they ever be blest with prolific brains, and a goodly supply of bright ideas, as well as a plenty of ink and paper. I beg the liberty of glancing briefly at the effusions of your contributors in the number before me. First I would notice "The Weather" observations of "Franklin," they are brief and to the point. I value them highly and hope they will be long continued. Next comes "Grace Green's" description of "North Woburn Village." This is a tolerable well written poem, and I doubt not *Nicholas, Winsor* &c. will thank her for it. By the way, it is a fact that all in that village "can always work obtain" of these gentlemen: "The Progress of the Age," is a good composition. I hope "T." will favor the Journal with his pieces often. The series of articles contained in this number by "X," headed "The District School as it was," are written in good humorized style, and with an evident desire to interest and instruct the youthful reader. The youngsters devour them with avidity, and by their aid obtain a good insight into the school-boy days of fathers,—those "good old days," when "a mug of cider," was considered indispensable at an evening entertainment of a friend. The lines on "The Lever," "it seems to me" must have been published to please "Clarinda." Your little correspondents, however, should not be slighted; it is well to give them a little encouragement. The "letters," from "D.," are read with interest. "Anchorage's" lines, entitled "The Winter Wind," look very well; I have read them. They betray the hand of a novice, but he must remember that "practice makes perfect." I observe you have *Enigma* in this number. I think it would be well to publish one each week; that is, if the juveniles will furnish them. The pleasant task of solving them is a healthy exercise for the young mind.

There, Mr. Editor, what think you of my "running criticism?" If you approve of it, I hope some of your other correspondents will try a hand at it. My scrawl is getting rather lengthy, and I will close by offering one suggestion for your consideration, viz.:—that you send your correspondents such of your exchanges as may copy their articles from time to time. Such a course would not tend to make them vain, would it?

Assuring you of my best wishes for the success of your valuable "Woburn Journal," I subscribe myself,

Yours truly,
WINCHESTER.

THE HANOVER.—Last Sunday night, the shop of Mr. Moses A. Tyler was broken into, and twenty-five pairs of women's leather shoes, belonging to Mr. Joseph Buckman, stolen.

THE BUNKER HILL AURORA.—The editor of the Bunker Hill Aurora calls the *Woburn Phalanx*, "the banner corps of Middlesex." The "Aurora" man is right.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.—We learn that \$100,000 have been raised for the endowment of Oberlin (Ohio) College, which places that institution on a firm basis.

THE WOBURN JOURNAL.—We thank the Hon. Charles Sumner for public documents of value.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

THE LATE TABLEAUX AND CONCERT.
Mr. Editor:—As an observer and hearer on the occasion of the late Tableaux and Concert, given at Academy Hall, I wish to say a word on the subject, in addition to the general verdict recorded in favor of the entertainment.

It appears to me the public are hardly aware of the excellence of the performances they were called to witness. To be sure, there has been a general expression of pleasure, but this might have justly been the case had the exhibition been more indifferent than it was. To truly appreciate any object in nature or art, we must have been educated to it by study and comparison, and it is highly probable that but a small portion of the audience on that evening had ever had an opportunity of contrasting the Tableaux then presented with others. When it is considered how brief a space of time was spent in preparation by those who took part in them, and the many inconveniences under which they labored, it is truly surprising that they should have been done so well; and this would not have been the case, had not the public been favored with the aid of personators who were well skilled in pictorial effect.

To particularize and criticise each of the series of groupings, would require more space than you can spare; but two or three general observations may with justice be made. And first, the costumes. These were in all respects appropriate, and many of them elegant. They were completely adapted to the characters represented, and many of them had with much care and expense been provided by and adapted to those who appeared in them.

In respect to the disposition of the figures, nothing could have been finer. All was graceful, easy, natural; mere stage effects, as they are called, were not aimed at. The bombastic and showy were avoided, and true artistic positions assumed. As much care and skill were shown in this respect, as though the audience had been composed of critics and connoisseurs. All the beautiful effects were given that a painter or sculptor could achieve.

The facial expressions were for the most part excellent. One could perceive neither indifference and lack of strength, nor a force and exaggeration that betrays over-doing. The same naturalness and good taste prevailed in this respect as in others. The comic scenes were capitally done. Although extremely ludicrous, yet they were life-like, and by contrast heightened the general effect.

The production of so many good points, and preservation of so much harmony and beauty of arrangement, was the result of the matured skill of several of the personators, guided and perfected by a gentleman, who, taking no visible part himself, gave a vivid impress to the whole. The only drawback to these unique representations was their brevity. Some of them could have been gazed upon with pleasure for a much longer time. What a pity that human muscles should so soon need the relief of change.

One word with regard to the music. Mrs. Phipps, Miss Francis, and Mr. Ball very kindly volunteered their services, and came out from Boston to aid our clock enterprise. The two ladies have been with us before, and never fail to please. The former has a voice of great accuracy and ease; and the latter displays an energy, tact, and skill on the piano-forte, that wins admirers from the best judges.

Mr. Ball came among us for the first time. Of his voice, it may be said to be one of the best. Its tone is full and rich, and it volumes great, and by persevering cultivation he has rendered it exceedingly smooth, and flexible. The songs which he presented, both of the sentimental and comic character, were given with true feeling. He is capable of rendering higher and more classical music, with equal grace and truth, and the audience would have been gratified with one or two songs of that character. I trust, however, that now he has been introduced to us, we may again have the pleasure of hearing his noble voice.

ONSEVER.

CHANGE OF SCHOOL BOOKS.—A writer in the Boston Daily Advertiser thus alludes to a growing evil, which is a great hardship in some cases:—

The matter of schoolbooks seems to be a weak point in our present arrangements. They are often changed, whether more frequently than necessary we do not undertake to say, but this change becomes a serious charge to many parents who cannot well afford to furnish the money for books for their children. It is hard for a poor woman who supports her family by her own labor always to be able to supply the fifty or seventy-five cents or a dollar that the new class book costs, at a day's notice. It is as much as her whole week's rent perhaps, which she must pay at the end of the week.

The Steubenville Herald says that the railroad laborers are only subdued by force. Between forty and fifty men are now employed to keep peace along the line of the Steubenville and Indiana railroad. This police force is posted in small detachments at different points along the road, and a few of them lately succeeded in preventing some fifteen Fardwicks and some hundred Corkonians from a desperate battle.

Rev. Mr. Hill, of Hartford, Conn., has been fined \$67 and costs, for marrying a man to a girl less than 18 years of age. The banns had been regularly published, but the father of the girl, not liking the match, availed himself of an antiquated statute for breaking it up.

There is in New York a sect who style themselves Perfectionists. Their chief tenet is a total disregard of the distinction of husband and wife, in which respect they are worse than the Mormons.

Written for the Journal.

THE BLANDERED.
A fair young girl is leaning
Pensive on the casement now,
With thoughtful brow she's gazing,
Upon the scene below.

The bloom of fifteen summers,
Tints her soft cheeks so fair,
Sweets of a thousand flowers,
Have left their fragrance there.

These curls cling to a spotless brow,
Those soft and beaming eyes
Seem lighted with the tenderest fire,
That in her bosom lies.

What are they? How? It cannot be,
Love stirs a heart so young,
Sorrow and grief, we cannot think,
Her heart so pure have stung.

Alas! has disappointment touched
That young and trusting heart?
Does hidden sorrow cause the tear
From those young eyes to start?

Ah! no, she speaks, these words we hear
From out her inmost heart,
Oh! that I had in death repose,
Ever touched by slender's dart.

Oh, slander, stay! nor longer cause,
Innocent tears to flow;
Renounce thy awful wickedness,
Or drink the cup of wo.

Woburn, Feb. 14, 1852. THE RUSTIC BARD.

Written for the Journal.

WELLER'S BROS.

"My eyes," as the owl said when he was shot.

"Over the left," as the chap said, when he missed the cars.

"Express business," as the express man said, when he was asked what he visited the "Billiard Room" for.

"Darn it," as the young lady said, on finding a hole in the heel of her stocking, after returning from a "Fancy Ball."

"My stars," as the American Flag said, at the battle of Bunker Hill.

"Provision is rising," as the sea-sick landsman said, when leaning over the gunwale.

"Old friends must part," as the rat said when he left a part of his tail in the trap.

"Getting my name up," as the man said when he put his sign up.

North Woburn, Feb. 2d, 1852.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 26 letters. My 1, 20, 23, has caused much misery.

5, 24, 7, is a domestic animal.

12, 7, 8, 10, is a hard substance.

6, 18, 22, is a near relation.

21, 24, 7, is a vermin.

3, 16, 12, 11, is a part of speech.

13, 22, 22, is a public resort.

21, 2, 14, is a color.

4, 20, 15, is a useful article.

26, 20, 22, is a bright luminary.

19, 21, 13, 15, is a vessel.

25, 24, 17, is an instrument.

17, 18, 21, 23, is an insect.

My whole is the name of a gentleman and his residence.

EDWARD.

Written for the Journal.

A REBUS.

A roman ring, a tenant of the stream, a gentle playful animal, a wise man, heaven's first law, and a period of darkness and repose. The initials of the above will name a brave warrior who died for his country; and the initials will form that of a prince in high station.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, Feb. 1852.

Written for the Journal.

A PUZZLE.

RJeo Lhui Mor Ni Lgl?

J. L. M.

The Chicago Journal of the 22d ultimo, speaking of the skating there, says:—Yesterday, several ladies became interested in the exciting sport, and not being sufficiently versed in this kind of "poetry of motion" they were put on "rockers"—chairs being procured for their accommodation, which were whirled over the ice with all the delightful velocity that the most finished skaters could give. If "the course of true love never run smooth" before, there was an exception yesterday, at least.

BOSTON HARBOR.—Our Philadelphia brethren, though at a greater distance, have evidently a clearer view of Boston harbor than some of our contemporaries in New York. The Philadelphia Ledger says, truly:—

"What is singular, with so much snow, they [Boston] have had nothing like the quantity of ice experienced in more Southern latitudes. Boston harbor has been free and open, and vessels have arrived and departed daily without obstruction."

A little son and daughter of the late Mr. Charles Gregory, of Norwich, Conn., went on the ice last Wednesday, when the little girl broke through and fell into the water. She called to her brother for help, and the little fellow ran to assist her, when he, too, fell in, and both were drowned. Their mother is left a widow, poor and childless. Her husband was drowned a few years since.

NOMINATIONS CONFIRMED.—At the meeting of the Governor and Council, a few days since, the nomination of Henry Crocker, as Sheriff of Suffolk County, in place of Joseph Eveleth, removed, was confirmed.—Also, the nomination of John C. Park as District Attorney, in place of S. D. Parker, Esq. Both parties have received their commissions. No nomination has yet been made of Justice of the Police Court.

PUBLIC SENTIMENT ON THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.—The N. Y. Daily Times gives an extended report of the doings of a temperance rally in N. Y., Tuesday evening, 10th inst. The meeting was held at Metropolitan Hall, and is said to have been one of unusual intelligence, one third of which was composed of ladies.

HOBBS' LOCK.—The Bank of England having caused one of Hobbs' famous locks to be applied to a safe, no one in the establishment was able to open it, and Mr. Hobbs had to be sent for before the business of the department could begin.

The coal operators in Schuylkill county have generously given one thousand tons of coal to the destitute poor in Philadelphia, which was mined without charge by the miners.

The greater part of the Hungarians in New York have found employment, and are now earning their own living.

Woman's rights are—To love her 'lord' with all her heart, and the 'baby' as herself—and bake good bread.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ADJOURNED LECTURE.

By request, Rev. O. W. WIGHT, will deliver a lecture in the Unitarian Church, on Friday evening Feb.

The lecture will commence at 7 o'clock.

Subject—"Voltaire, the skeptical representative of the eighteenth century."

Woburn, Feb. 14, 1852.

LIFE INSURANCE RATES. GEO. W. FOWLE is engaged in writing blank bills, and his explanatory paper is in the "W. & L. L. LEWIS & CO." office, where pamphlet furnishes the particulars of sixty-one claims promptly paid by him within the last seven years, and amounting in all to the great sum of \$219,552. Also, of THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE INSURANCE CO., recently organized with \$100,000 capital, the premium rates are moderate, and Premiums payable annually or semi-annually.

CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS. Ship Masters, Seamen, Engineers, and all desiring Insurance, will receive information gratis, at Fowle's Bookstore.

Applies at Fowle's Bookstore. Jan 31 ff

22 FOWLER & WELLS, PHRACNOLOGISTS AND PUR-

ISHERS.

Mr. D. P. Butler, have opened a

Cabinet and Bookstore in Boston, No. 142 Washington Street, where professional examinations, with charts or written descriptions of character, may be obtained.

BOOKS ON PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, HYDROPATHY,

AND PHARMACY, for sale. AGENTS and Booksellers supplied on the most liberal terms.

Jan 24 2m

SAVINGS BANK AND LIFE INSURANCE

COMBINED!

THE U. S. LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,

UNITES a cash capital of \$2,000,000, and con-

serves ample responsibility, with the principle of Mutual Insurance.

Persons may participate in the profits of the

INSTITUTION WITHOUT INCURRING ANY PER-

SONAL LIABILITY.

Persons may receive a sum, which will be paid at the end of any

number of years, thus combining the advantages of a

Savings Bank and Life Insurance.

Rates moderate, and Premiums payable annually or semi-annually.

CALIFORNIA EMIGRANTS. Ship Masters, Seamen,

Engineers, and all desiring Insurance, will receive in-

formation gratis, at Fowle's Bookstore.

Jan 31 ff

STATE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

Worcester, Mass.

GUARANTY CAPITAL, \$100,000.

BY a recent vote of the Directors, CALIFORNIA

RISKS may be taken. For terms, &c., inquire of

jan 20 ff Dr. BENJAMIN CUTTER, Agent.

John 20 ff

JOHN G. COLE,

PAINTER AND GLAZIER,

Paper Hanging, Whitewashing and Coloring done in the

nestest manner. Also, Graining and Marbling.

SASHES and BLINDS, of every description, furnished.

PAINTS, OIL and GLASS, of the best quality.

Shop first building South of the Branch Railroad depot,

MAN ST., WOBURN.

Feb 14 ff

ALBERT THOMPSON,

DEPUTY SHERIFF.

Residence, Woburn Centre.

Feb 22 ff All communications will receive prompt attention.

Jan 18 ff

HARRIS JOHNSON,

LICENSED AUCTIONEER,

WOBURN, MASS.

Sales of Real and Personal Estate attended on reason-

able terms

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.
TO ELSIE, THE PEASANT GIRL.
BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

Come gentle muse assist me while I raise,
One feeble lay to the fair stranger's praise,
Lady, fair stranger, many thanks to thee,
For thy sweet lines of raptured poesy;
Thy gentle heart is pain'd I see, to know
That so much wrong is caused to exist below;
That in this world, this changing world of ours,
We find the thorn concealed among the flowers.
Where'er we turn, our heart is sick to know,
That man has been to man his greatest foe,
Lady, oh when, oh when shall misery cease,
And all the earth be filled with love and peace;
When woman's tears, no more shall fall like rain,
Nor little children cry for bread in vain;
When those who make the laws for us shall be
Good Christian men, the truly brave, and free;
When Alcoholt drinks cannot allure,
Nor crush the hearts of God's suffering poor;
When man, the image of his God shall be,
As God would have him,—heir of liberty.
But this to him is like a tale that's told,
He seeks his ease—his God he finds in gold.
Fair stranger, ne'er till love the heart of man won,
Can rest be found, or woman's work be done,
If all fair strangers loved and felt like thee,
Then would all feel and see, as now we see,
That God's design was love and liberty.
The warbling songster, on the forest tree,
The flower in which we see a deity,
The little brook, whose waters soft and sweet,
Flows freely on, and cools the traveller's feet;
In all around, in everything we see,
Inscribed in all, is love and liberty.
Then lady, oh my but we do our part,
Love God our Maker, yes with all the heart,
Then love our brother, whether bond or free,
In all we do or say, use charity.
Then pray, fair stranger, that to me is given,
God's grace sufficient for a child of heaven;
I'll labor here, endure with patience all,
If I'm but ready when my God shall call.
This boon alone I crave beneath the skies,
That in my Saviour's likeness I may rise;
Lady, fair stranger, may love forever dwell
In your kind heart,—farewell, farewell.
North Woburn, Jan., 1852.

MISCELLANY.

SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his rights he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies, but his work lives; very truly lives. An heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, could hinder that his Scotland became one day a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous, unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with God's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as of brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one, as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal, that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland; no, because brave men rose there, and said—"Behold, ye must not tread us down like slaves; and ye shall not, and cannot!" Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and falter not, though dark fortune, and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no farther, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of Nature's own law, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and cannot be conquered.—Carlyle.

HOOSIER CONVERSATION.—"Hullo, stranger! you appear to be travelling."

"Yes, I always travel when on a journey."
"I think I have seen you somewhere."
"Very likely, I have often been there."
"And pray, what might your name be?"
"I might be Sam Patch; but it isn't, by a long slide."

"Have you been long in these parts?"

"Never longer than at present—five feet fine."

"Do you get anything new?"

"Yes, I bought a new whetstone this morning."

"I thought so; you're the sharpest blade I've seen on this road."

ADVICE TO THE GIRLS.—Dr. Beeswax, in his admirable "Essay on Domestic Economy," talks to the young ladies after this fashion:—

"Girls, do you want to get married—and do you want good husbands? If so cease to act like fools. Don't take pride in saying you never did house work—never cooked a pair of chickens—never made a bed, and so on. Don't turn up your pretty noses at honest industry—never tell your friend that you are not obliged to work. When you go shopping, never take your mother with you, to carry the burdens. Don't be afraid to be seen in the kitchen, cooking a steak—or over the wash tub cleansing the family duds."

"Why, Bridget, you baked the bread to a crisp." "An sure my lady, I only baked it three hours, accordin to the resuite." "Three hours! Why the recipe says but one." "Yes, m'm; one hour for a large loaf, and I had three small ones, and so I baked them three hours jist."

"An Irishman being asked on a late trial, for a certificate of his marriage, bared his head, and exhibited a huge scar, which looked as though it might have been made with a fire-shovel. The evidence was satisfactory."

"Sydney Smith said of a great talker that it would greatly improve him if he had now and then, "a few flashes of silence."

SOCIAL INTERCOURSE.—We should make it a principle to extend the hand of fellowship to every man who discharges faithfully his duties, and maintains good order—who manifests a deep interest in the welfare of general society—whose deportment is upright, and whose mind is intelligent, without stopping to ascertain whether he swings a hammer or draws a thread. There is nothing so distant from all natural claim as the reluctant, the backward sympathy—the forced smile—the checked conversation—the hesitating compliance the well-off are too apt to manifest to those a little down, with whom, in comparison of intellect, and principles of virtue, they frequently sink into insignificance.—*Daniel Webster.*

"**A Good Wife**"—says a western editor, "is one who puts her husband at the side of the bed next to the wall, and tucks him up to keep him warm in the winter, splits the wood, makes the fire in the morning, washes her husband's face and draws on his boots for him; never scolds, never suffers rents to remain in her husband's small clothes, keeps her shoes up at the heel, and her stockings darned; never wonders what her husband does interesting in the young woman who lives across the way; never slams the door loud when her husband is speaking, and always reproves the children when they eat their father's supper."

A CAT IN THE MEAL.—Two barrels marked "new corn meal," came into the depot in this city, by Carpenter's Express, directed to no one. Marshal Jones, happening to be round, thought it looked like a suspicious heap. "I may," said he, "but there can be no harm in examining into it." Accordingly he waited upon the expressman, and took the barrels into his custody. On opening them, each one contained another barrel, surrounded by a little "new corn meal,"—one of them full of rum and the other full of brandy. As they were directed to nobody, nobody has lost anything.—*Augusta Farmer.*

A MILKMAN'S REASON FOR BEING LATE.—*Mr. Sibley*, the milkman, being scolded one bitter cold morning for tardiness, appeals for sympathy, on the score of hardship—he having been compelled that morning to cut through ice two feet thick, with the thermometer ten degrees below zero, to replenish his cans! The plan of course is admitted, in extenuation.—*Carpet Bag.*

"**Among the notabilities of Pugwarras,** 24 miles north of Loodinah (where the roads to Sullundur and Hosheyarpur separate), is a Brahmin devotee doing penance. He stands upon one leg all day, repeating *mutras* to himself (never speaking to any one,) and the greater part of the night also, existence being supported by two chittas of milk only, daily; and this has been going on for seven years.

SIMPLICITY.—A rogue mutely begged alms on the pretence of being dumb. A lady having asked him with equal simplicity and humanity how long he had been dumb, he was thrown off his guard, and answered, "From birth madam." "Poor fellow!" said the lady, and gave him a dollar.

"**A man named Stone** exclaimed in a tavern, "I'll be a sovereign I have the hardest name in the company." "Done," said one of the company: "what is your name?" "Stone," cried the first. "Hand me the money," said the other, "my name is Harder."

"**The old gentleman** that invented leather bedposts, is now busily getting up a glamastic cooking-stove. His India rubber gimblets did not answer as well as was anticipated. His guano rolling pins also failed of giving that satisfaction which he once looked forward to.

"**There is no saying** shocks me so much as that which I hear very often, 'that a man does not know how to pass his time.' It would have been ill-spoken by Methusalah in the nine hundred and sixtieth year of his age.

"**Having established** the Apothecary department on a permanent basis, he writes to say that he has no intention of abandoning the practice of Medicine.

He has a regular and constant assistant, so that his own attention can be commanded at any hour, day or night.

He would also say, that the Library, located in his store, will receive greater attention. New books are always to be had, and recommended all who do not own share, to purchase immediately.

Grateful for all past favors, he solicits and expects continued and increasing patronage for the future.

A SCENE.—*City Cousin*—(presenting a tray of cakes.) "Zekiel, won't you take a few kisses?" *Country Cousin*.—"Jo-rawsalem! not before so many people."

A SUFFICIENT EXCUSE.—A gentleman having been called on to subscribe to a course of lectures, declined, "because," said he, "my wife gives me lecture every night for nothing."

"**I wonder,**" (said a Scottish maiden,) "what my brother John sees in the lasses that he likes so well; for my part I wad nae git the company o' a lad for twenty lasses."

INFO-MATION TO VOCALISTS.—The way to insure an evated style, is evidently to pitch it high.

QUESTION IN NAVIGATION.—What would you call a large amount of sea sickness? A vast heaving.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Never answer impudent questions—and never ask them.

"**Time** is almost the only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous."

PARKER & WHITE'S HAY CUTTERS, for sale by THOMPSON & TIDD, No. 3 Wade's Buildings.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

SKILL IN FARMING.—Skill adds more to the profits of farming than hard work. In the article of butter, for instance, the same outlay is required, or nearly the same, to make a hundred pounds of poor butter as would be required to make a hundred pounds of that which is good. But, when the two articles are marketed, there may be five or six dollars of clear profit in the pocket of the skillful dairyman. The importance of scientific knowledge is realized by those who have found such benefits as is noted above in nearly every department of their labor.—*Maine Farmer.*

TO BAKE APPLES.—Sweet apples properly baked and eaten with milk are excellent. The best method of baking tart apples is, to take the fairest and largest in size, wipe them clean, if thin skinned, and pare them if the skin is thick and tough; cut out the largest portion of the core from one end, and place the fruit on well glazed earthen dishes or pans with the end which has been cored upward, and fill the cavity with refined powdered sugar. Then place them in the oven or other apparatus for baking until sufficiently cooked. Take them out, and when cold they are perfectly delicious.

SALT FOR HORSES.—Some persons believe that salt preserves horses from sickness, and assists to recruit them when worn down from working. From experiments by order of the French government, it appears that although it does no particular harm, it is of no benefit whatever.

The committee who made this report also say that a horse while trotting or galloping, digests faster and better than when standing still; and that a great cause of disease in horses is neglect to exercise them properly and with strict regularity when they are not employed.

MILK CLEAN.—When milk is drawn in the usual way from the cow, the last of the milking is much the richest; this is because the cream has in great part risen to the surface, inside the cow's udder; the portion last drawn off, then, of course contains the most of it. Such a fact shows the importance of thorough and careful milking. More milk is said to be obtained from the cow when she is milked three times a day, than when but once or twice, but in this last case it is very rich.—*Norfolk.*

FEARLESS COWS.—*There are probably more cattle in California than in any other State in the Union.* They are suffered to roam over a thousand hills with no restraint upon their inclinations, and nothing to do but graze upon the richest pasture in the world. The native California cattle are well formed, large size, and surpass in beauty and strength by none in America.

EVERYTHING UNDER SHELTER.—The wagons, carts, plows, harrows, cultivator, horse rake, &c., cost on many farms at least \$300. They wear out or break in half the time they would otherwise endure, by exposure; that is \$300, with interest, has to be paid, where \$300 might answer with care.—*Abbay Cultivator.*

SOOT.—Soot accumulates in winter, and shines very dry, and many houses are burned by the ignition of the former. Every one should keep his chimneys clear.

THE best bank ever yet known, is a bank of earth; it never refuses to discount to honest labor; and the best share is the plough-share, on which dividends are always liberal.

ALL plants absorb from the ground different juices; a constant variation of crops is therefore indispensable.

DR. YOUNGMAN.—*He has removed his office and store to 44 Milk Street, Boston, completed, where he is now more convenient to his patients, and formerly he was at 10 Court St., Boston.*

WEST INDIA GOODS, FLOUR, GRAIN, CROCKERY WARE, &c.

J. S. ELLIS & CO., General assortment of Laces, Embroideries, Hosiery, Fancy and Trade Store articles, all of which will be sold on the most favorable terms, at 44 Milk St., Boston.

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ROOFING SLATES.—*What the material equally good; therefore more suitable for large roofs.* For sale at 10 Court Street, Boston.

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BOSTON & LOWELL RAILROAD.

COACH AND TICKET OFFICE, 50 Court Street, Scollay's Building.

CHANGE OF DRAWS.—On and after Monday, Dec. 1, 1851, Train stops at Woburn Watering Place, the 6 P.M. Train stops at East Woburn, and above Woburn Watering Place. The 6.30 P.M. Train stops to leave Upper Railroad Passengers.

ACCOMMODATION TRAINS

Leave Boston at 7.30, A. M., 12, M., and 4.30, P. M.

Leave Lowell at 8, A. M., 12, M., and 5.30, P. M.

The 8 A. M. Train stops at Woburn Watering Place, the 6 P.M. Train stops at East Woburn, and above Woburn Watering Place.

WOBURN BRANCH TRAINS

Leave Woburn Centre at 6.30, 7.45, 9.30, A. M., 12, 1.15, and 8, P. M.

Leave Boston at 8.30 and 11.30, A. M., 3, 5, 7 and 9.30, P. M.

Leave Woburn at 10.30, A. M., 12, M., and 4.30, P. M.

Leave Boston at 10.30, A. M., 12, M., and 4.30, P. M.

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FOWLE & BROTHER.
JOHN A. FOWLE, EDITOR.
TERMS, \$1.50 per year, payable always
in advance.

ADVERTISEMENTS mostly and conspicuously inserted
COMMUNICATIONS should be prepaid, and addressed to
the Editor, at Woburn, or at No. 27 Federal St., Boston.
Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighboring
towns, solicited.

ORIGINAL.

Translated from the French for the Woburn Journal.

"OH! OH! OH!"

A STORY FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Oh! Oh!" cried little Louis, "my tooth is so loose I cannot eat;" and he put down his breakfast upon the table.

"It will trouble you until you have it out, my son," said his mother.

"I do not wish it taken out; it will hurt me."

"Then you must not complain if it is loose."

"But I cannot eat."

"Then let me pull it out for you; it is only a first tooth, it will come easily."

"Oh, no! I am sure it has long roots."

"Then if you will keep it, you must bear the inconvenience it causes you."

Louis did not answer, and his mother said no more; she wished to direct and form the will of her children; she seldom ordered or forbade. A command will not cure a fault, nor a prohibition prevent a disobedient intention; therefore she preferred to be patient, and leave her children to correct themselves. Louis again tried to eat, but his tooth snapped and moved about at every mouthful; and, persuaded that this only hurt him, he left his bread and milk to go and play with Fidele.

Fidele was a charming dog, of an excellent disposition, and would allow himself to be tormented without saying a word. Louis took him by the paws—

"Stand up, Fidele; make a bow; hold out your paw; not this, the other, and Fidele lent himself to all with the best grace in the world, though this exercise afforded him little pleasure. With a docile dog all is easily done. Louis, to prolong the game, thought he would take Fidele by the tail, and make him stand on his fore paws to dance. At the first attempt Fidele only growled a refusal; but the second time the growling was louder, but the third time Louis pulled him so violently, that the dog, becoming impatient, turned and bit him slightly on the finger.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" cried Louis, "the ugly dog has bitten me; mother, Fidele has bitten me. Oh! how my finger aches."

"Let me see, my dear, oh! this is nothing. I can hardly see the mark of his tooth. What were you doing to him?" I took him by the tail, to make him dance, and he will not stand on his fore feet." "Then you have certainly done him more harm than he has by the bite. Why should he be more patient than you?" "I will not play with him again."

"You can do as you like, my son; he will not be sorry for it."

Louis went away, and as he passed Fidele, the dog again began to growl. "There, there, be still! said the child." "I don't care about being bitten again," and he held his wounded finger very carefully with the other hand. He went to find his sister Henrietta to play with him, but she had pricked herself with the needle, and as she was also very easily troubled, this proposition met with a poor reception.

"Let me alone," she said, "I have hurt myself;" and she looked sorrowfully to see the blood flow, which hardly colored the water in which she had plunged her finger. "What a funny prick," said Louis, "the blood does not run."

"Funny, is it! you shall see if it is funny," and she touched his hand with the needle.

"Oh! oh! oh!" nurse, Henrietta has hurt me! give me a glass of water! oh!"

The nurse brought the water without looking at him, and holding her left hand to her face.

"See nurse, how she has hurt me."

"What do you want me to look for? a great affair! what would you say if you had the tooth-ache as I have?"

"You have the tooth-ache?"

"Yes, indeed, I have not slept for three nights, and I will certainly go to-morrow and have the tooth drawn, for I cannot leave my work now," and she took up her sewing again.

Louis was very much at a loss how to amuse himself. Fidele still growled, Henrietta was out of humor, the nurse had the tooth-ache, and was busy. All thought of their own troubles. Louis thought it was very dull; he went to find his mother, who at least would not be cross. At this moment he heard in the entry the voice of one of his playmates, the little Charles, and hastened to meet him. Charles with his tutor came to invite him to go with them, and five or six boys of their own age to the canal of O'reilly to see the skating. Louis, overjoyed, obtained his mother's consent; he took his coat, and fur gloves, and they set out.

It was mid-winter, but the roads were dry, and the sun magnificent. The little boys run and jumped all the way. Louis did so at first, but soon his face began to feel cold; he put one hand upon it, and his fingers grew numb and stiff. He put in his pocket the hand which remained free, lamenting that he was obliged to leave the other exposed to the air. Then his feet were cold; in vain they told him if he would run, they would get warm again."

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1852.

NO. 18.

VOL. I.

How can I run when my feet are frozen!" he replied. And he slowly followed the tutor, slipping at every step, notwithstanding his slow progress, taking his hand from his face to blow his fingers, and putting it back with the most alarmed air in the world.

They reached the canal; it was covered with skaters, who, with a graceful and easy motion, the head raised, the arms sometimes crossed, sometimes extended, skinned rapidly and easily over the smooth plain, where timid walkers could hardly keep their footing. The children, with their conductor's permission, descended on the ice, to try their skill. Louis was persuaded to follow, and they at length, by dint of sliding on the same place, formed a long path, slippery and smooth as glass, on which they played themselves, and which they traversed with the speed of lightning. Louis had not yet dared to try. "Come, Louis" said one of the rest, "take a slide. How can you, if you stand there?" Louis came forward, approached the smooth ice without taking his hand from his face, and keeping the other in his pocket. He went on, he kept his balance; but a mischievous little fellow more skillful, followed him, reached him before he had crossed, gave him a push and made him fall headlong upon the ice. "Oh! oh! oh!" cried Louis, "oh! oh! oh! who made me fall; I can't get up, help me to get up! oh! oh!" and he lay there without rising, because he did not wish to put his hands upon the ice, while his companions laughed at his awkwardness and trouble. The tutor came forward, and assisting him to rise, endeavored to console him, telling him that such falls did no lasting harm. But Louis, weeping and angry, left the canal, and leaning against the tree, turned his back to the skaters.

A disabled soldier passed near him, laughing heartily and saying, "what a pity that I have a wooden leg," and so indeed he had. "What's the matter, my little friend," he enquired of Louis, seeing his solitude and sadness. "Why are you not over there with the rest?" "How can I skate?" said Louis.

"Cannot you skate?" said he, "come and learn then: I wish I were at your age and could do the same. Besides, you can amuse yourself by sliding."

"Yes, so that they may push me and make me fall." "Well you can do the same, and if you fall you can get up again."

"Yes, to freeze my hands by leaning them on the ice." "Ah! you are afraid of freezing your hands, poor child! what would you have done if you should have fallen, like me, in a great ditch in the midst of a battle, in cold freezing weather?"

"In a ditch? they would have come quick and taken me out."

"Do you think so? I can tell you before any one came to help you out, you would have been frozen to death. Ah, if I had not had a broken leg, how quick I would have returned to the charge."

"Your leg was broken! how did you get out of the ditch?"

"What should I stay there for; it was not such a good place. I dragged myself along by my hands, and was out in less than five minutes."

"And what did they do to your leg then?"

"What did they do? they cut it off. Thank God I am no worse for it. I do not get along badly with my wooden leg. Come, then, my little comrade, let us go to the canal: you shall learn to slide and I will not let any one touch you."

Louis unbuttoned his coat, extended his arms, and went without fear. In a quarter of an hour he could slide as well as any little boy on the canal. "Now," said the glad soldier to him, in a low voice, "let us join your companions. They have not seen you; throw yourself into the path where they slide. At all events do your best." The moment arrived. Louis started. "Ah! here is Louis," Louis cried on all sides. He went on, and finished gloriously the end of his career.

"Who taught you to slide?" asked all the children of Louis. "It was I, gentlemen," said the man with the wooden leg, "and I tell you now, he is afraid of no one." The children, much astonished, continued their sport; and when the hour of returning home arrived, Louis went to thank his friend, the soldier, who said, warmly pressing his hand, "Good bye, my comrade! if I see you here again, I will teach you how to skate."

They returned home. Louis did not complain of the cold, nor put his hands in his pockets; he ran as the others, and arrived not without having grumbled, but without having suffered. As he hastened to his mother to tell her his adventure, he found her talking with a poor old woman who was weeping, and seemed to be asking for assistance. "Ah madam," she said, "you cannot think how much my son Jacques has done. I have only him for a support; and though he is only fourteen years old, he works so well with his master, who is a joiner, that every night he brings me twenty sous of his wages. We have only this to live upon, for I cannot do much." Well, it was about fifteen days ago, that my poor son had the misfortune to dislocate his wrist. He returned to me very sad; happily I had saved, during the last six months, twelve francs to buy

him a vest. I gave them to him that he might go and have his wrist reset immediately by the surgeon of the district, who is very skillful. He left me, and I thought went there; no such thing! he found it would cost me too much.

The farrier, our neighbor, offered to set his wrist for half a crown; it was done! he brought me nine francs, saying they did not ask any more. But certainly his wrist had been badly set, for it has ever since been swollen and inflamed, and on looking at it I could see the bones were not in their right place. By questioning, I obtained from him the truth. We went to see the surgeon, who told us it might be cured, but a long course of treatment and many remedies would be necessary; and we have no means of procuring them, for my poor Jacques has not labored for fifteen days, and will not be able to for a long time. In God's name, madam, you are so good, come to our aid!" The good woman ceased.

They went out immediately. No one complained of the cold by the way. On arriving, they found Jacques, who was making the handle of some tool with the hand which remained to him. His mother told him, weeping for joy, the success of her visit. "He did not wish me to come to you, madam," she added, "he said it was not worth while to torment others with his misfortunes." Jacques approached and offered his thanks with some embarrassment. "This must pain you very much, Jacques, does it not?" "Oh! not much madam, if I could only work." "Well, be comforted! you shall be cured as soon as possible; you are a good and brave boy." And Jacques bowed with a still more embarrassed air.

"George, before taking your clandestine departure, seek your wife, and—" "I cannot, I will not," interrupted her bener. "If she were like you, my dear little coz,—I would not for a moment hesitate to tell her all, and find in her a helpmate, as well as sympathy,—yes, the future would, perhaps, again be bright if she were like you; but I see like a mad man from the present scene of devastation, for other climes, where the future will perchance beam more brightly, and the arrows from adversity's bow be felt less keenly!" Thus saying, he made a movement to depart. "George, but one word more. If you knew your wife would be content with the means you could at present provide, would you remain and again confine me?"

"Certainly, I would; but the proud, aristocratic Adelia, she who from infancy was reared upon the bosom of luxury, and when she left her paternal mansion, it was to be removed to one no less luxurious,—she who has had every thing that heart could desire,—she is contented with humble means? Never. I know her too well for that."

"George, dear George," interrupted the maid, in a pathetic tone, "I have a favor to ask of you, and do, as you value my happiness, and the happiness of those dearer to you, defer your departure until to-morrow. Grant me this request,—make me happy,—and her heavenly blue eyes suffused with tears, as she thought of the misery of those whom she already viewed as left to the mercy of the cold-hearted world.

Tufts saw her agitation—beheld the fast flowing tears of her whom he loved, and who he considered loved in return, "for such deep emotion," he mentally mused, "but proceeds from the fount of long-cherished love;" and taking advantage of her position, gently pressed his arm around her slender waist, and holding her to his bosom, thus hurriedly breathed into her ear:—"I must go, sweet coz, and oh! long-loved of my heart, accompany me,—save my soul from ruin, for you—only you—can control my future destiny; it will never be known—a disguise can!"

"Release me, demon," interrupted the maiden, and she freed herself from his embrace. Then casting a glance, wherein was mingled an expression of pride and injury, she continued.

"George, have you turned a demon? I could not have thought this in you!" she added, in a reproachful tone.

"Forgive, oh! do forgive me, dear Nelly, I am not so bad as I appeared. The horrid stimulant which I imbibed, to prepare me for departure, was the cause of this misdeemeanor, but I am no longer under its influence. Say, oh! do say, that I am pardoned."

"On one condition, and only one," sorrowfully, yet firmly spoke the maiden, and that is that you decide to remain until to-morrow."

Tufts paused. At length, "I will," slowly escaped his lips. They departed, and two hours after, a different scene was in action in that same apartment. Two females are in deep conversation, which is as follows:—

"Say that you will" earnestly spoke the youngest of the two, and she took within her own hand no less fair, and casting an imploring glance upon the sad, yet beautiful face of her hearer, while she added, "and all may yet be well. A devoted husband will or may yet be yours. Let the thought that his losses was not occasioned by vice, but misfortune, stimulate you to decide as you will wish you had done." Seeing that her hearer was affected by her appeal, she continued, "oh! do Adelia, save your husband from vice, that often, alas! too often succeeds misfortune—and moreover save yourself and lovely offspring from misery, that will in consequence follow."

"I will," replied the humbled wife. "Summon him to my presence." The angel Nelly, who had been the means of effecting so much good, bore the intelligence to the overjoyed husband, who immediately sought the side of his wife. Here we will leave them, and take a peep at them a twelvemonth subsequent.

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WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS IN THE TOWN OF WOBURN
FROM THE YEAR 1641 TO 1843.
(Continued.)

1602.

Comins, Joseph, s. of Abraham and Sarah, 1st of Sept. Baldwin, Hannah, d. of Timothy and Elizabeth, 6th of Sept. Reed, Timothy, s. of Timothy and Martha, 11th of June. Snow, Samwell, s. of Samwell and Abigail, 24th of August. Bateman, Ebenezer, s. of Ebenezer and Elizabeth, 12th of October. Lipewell, Thomas, s. of Thomas and Hannah, 13th of September. Peirce, Rebeckah, d. of James and Elizabeth, 16th of September. Walker, Ruth, d. of John and Ruth, 4th of December. Brooks, Jabez, s. of Ebenezer and Martha, Jan. 7th. Carter, Joseph, s. of John and Ruth, Feb. 16th. Pierce, Ruth, d. of Samwell and Lydia, Feb. 17th. Walker, Abigail, d. of Samwell and Judith, Oct. 30th. Richardson, Willing, s. of John and Margaret, Oct. 5th. Richardson, John, s. of John 3d and Deborah, Dec. 29th. Sivan, John, s. of John and Sarah, Jan. 2d. Kendall, Mary, d. of Samwell and Mary, Feb. 3d. Baldwin, Henry, s. of Henry and Abigail, Jan. 12th. Richardson, Eliezer, s. of Samwell and Sarah, Feb. 10th. Mead, Benjamin, s. of David and Hannah, Jan. 19th. Tottingham, Henry, s. of Elijah and Mary, Aug. 29th. Knight, Marcey, d. of John and Abigail, Feb. 3d. Baker, Samwell, s. of Samwell and Hannah, Oct. 5th. Russell, Samwell, s. of John and Elizabeth, July 16th. Blanchard, Mary, d. of Thomas and Tabitha, Sept. 6th. Wyman, Joshua, s. of William and Prudence, Jan. 3d. Comings, John, s. of John and Mary, Sept. 16th. Eames, Samwell, s. of Samwell and Mary, Sept. 8th.

Written for the Journal.

ADIEU.

Brothers, farewell! shed not a tear

Over the grave of my early bair;

My soul, you know, can never die,

But dwells with God beyond the sky.

Sisters, adieu! this house of clay

Must moulder in the dust away;

Jesus sends an angel of love,

To call me home to worlds above.

Kind friends, for your true and watchful care,

Accept an orphan's heartfelt prayer;

In life may joy thy portion be,

Thy rich reward—Eternity.

My gay young friends, I pray you seek

Each sin to shun, each virtue greet;

Each of your moments, may they rise,

Ricly laden, to Paradise.

North Chelms, Feb., 1852.

ALBERT.

Written for the Journal.

THE ALMIGHTY AND HIS WORKS.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 21, 1852.

Proprietors of the "Woburn Journal." propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed to this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the most authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

North Woburn.—Messrs. Nichols, Whit & Co. are agents for the paper.

Winchester.—Dr. David Younman, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Stoneham.—Mr. G. W. Dix, will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Boston.—Messrs. S. M. Pettengill & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

TREES.

It is said that a beautiful custom prevails in Spain, of planting all seeds of fruit, &c., that a person may use. If a traveller journeys, and on the road plucks and eats an orange, or other fruits, he pauses on the road-side, and deposits under the soil, the seeds that would otherwise be wasted. We can easily imagine the results of this custom,—a country highly favored with lovely foliage, and streets and roads verdant with delightful scenery, and of course filled with sweet songsters, all tending to amply repay the persons who have even stepped aside to plant a single seed or twig for futurity.

What a happy influence such a custom would have in our midst! A person would feel, in planting a seed, a twig, or tree, that he was benefitting those who might come after him, and perhaps during his own lifetime, he might see with his own eyes the noble tree, reared from the little gem he took the pains to deposit many years before. We should thus benefit ourselves, in the good influence upon our own hearts and affections, and at the same time confer a lasting benefit upon future generations, and rear a living monument to the memory of those who performed such philanthropic deeds.

We take the liberty of proposing to our townsmen, the formation of a Society similar to one now established in Chelsea, for the purpose of setting out ornamental trees, and for the purpose of aiding in any town improvement of that kind. We have not the least hesitation in saying, that such an association would accomplish an amount of good that would be invaluable; the members would leave a rich legacy to their heirs, and their children would have cause for renewed gratitude, the older they grew. All the inhabitants of Woburn would be likely to take an interest in such a public enterprise, that would render the Society an efficient one.

The "Chelsea Union," last week, gives quite an interesting account of the annual festival of the "Ornamental Tree Society," of that town; and from it we gather that the Society is in quite a flourishing condition. We should think the pleasant gathering of that evening was pay enough for the year's labors, and we learn that all the citizens of Chelsea are quite interested in the movement. We make the foregoing remarks, and throw out the suggestions, hoping it may awaken an interest in the interesting and important subject of cultivating shade trees, and perchance call out an expression of public opinion.

A CHANCE FOR YANKEES.—Mr. F. M. Ray, through the New York papers, offers the following rewards, amounting in all to \$3000:—

\$1500 for the best invention for preventing loss of life from collisions, and from the breaking of axles and wheels.

\$800 for the best method of excluding dust from cars when in motion.

\$400 for the best railroad brake.

\$300 for the best sleeping, or night seat for railroad cars.

The premiums will be open for competition from this date until the next annual Fair of the American Institute, where they are expected to be on exhibition; and no invention already introduced to the public will be entitled to compete for the prizes.

Ice is made in one minute by the new freezing machine lately patented in England by Masters & Co. The principle is a simple one, similar to that of a common ice-cream machine—water being placed in the inner vessel, and a combination of salts around it in the tub. The machines are made of all sizes, and sold at prices ranging from ten dollars to a hundred and fifty.

The city of St. Louis is fast assuming a commanding position among the cities in the great Mississippi valley. An authentic statement, drawn up by the Committee of the Chamber of Commerce, estimates the trade of St. Louis, at the present time, to foot up \$60,000,000 per annum. The amount of exchange sold is set down at \$30,000,000.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—We copy the following significant items from the same paper—merely placing them together:—

"The poor in the workhouses in Ireland are in the most miserable state."

"7,933,374 gallons of whiskey were consumed in Ireland last year."

FREE SOIL NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The committee for calling a national convention of the Free Soilers have agreed upon Pittsburg as the place, but have not yet decided upon the time for holding the convention.

Martin L. Converse, Esq., of this town, has been appointed, by the Governor and Council, a Justice of the Peace for Middlesex County.

Written for the Journal.

MY LAST RESTING-PLACE.

My last resting-place—oh, where shall it be? Where bends the low willow, or 'neath the blue sea? I would it should be where blooms the bright rose, In our own Cemetery,—there let me repose.

Oh! who would not choose from that sacred spot, A resting-place lowly, in some quiet lot, Where our lov'd ones are sleeping their last sleep, And the next ones we've left there come to weep?

I would, when consumption and sickness are past, And the death angel comes with his sickle at last,

That my spirit be wafted where rest the weary,

And my grave be made in our own Cemetery.

Woburn, Feb. 1852. ELLA OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Written for the Journal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. R.—we did not think that the criticisms of "Winchester" would deter any one from writing for the Journal. We published it because we thought it written in a good spirit, and hope that any proper suggestions made in that way, or in our notices to correspondents, will be received in the same spirit of kindness in which they are written. We know that many of our writers are young, and we are at all times happy to receive and publish articles from them. We are able to state that no country paper in this Commonwealth numbers so many interesting correspondents as the "Journal," and the only thing that troubles us is, that we cannot accommodate them as fast as we wish.

May Ritchie.—We place your interesting tale on the first page. Your proposition will suit us.

Schoolboy, "J. A. C. R." and others, answer our enigmas, and we place them in another column. We have also received several enigmas, a problem, puzzle, &c.

D. D. and X.—we make good use of your articles in to-day's paper.

L., and a "A Looker On," will receive our thanks for their articles containing the items of news, &c.

R. M. B., writes on a subject of importance, and the article not only possesses the quality of expressiveness, but also the valuable one of brevity.

Claude Melnotte—is informed that we have waited for our young friends to give answers to the enigmas, &c., before publishing them. We shall always endeavor to have something for the "youth's department" as you suggest.

Edwin—your poetry is received; we shall be glad to publish your articles.

L. P. Q.—We omitted to mention last week, that we were obliged for your pieces, and will use them.

E. F., "Flora," "C.," are at hand, and are placed on file.

I. L. McK.—your beautiful lines are received; we shall use them.

THE WEATHER.

Thursday, Feb. 12.—Cloudy until evening then clear; snow squall, at 8 A. M., and 3 P. M.; wind S. through the forenoon, after which W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 34; at 10 P. M., 18.

Friday, Feb. 13.—Wind west; sky overcast after 9 A. M.; a fine light snow fell from 4 P. M. till 7; evening partially clear; at 7 A. M., thermometer 12; at 10 P. M., 18.

Saturday, Feb. 14.—Snowing at daylight, which continued until 9 A. M.; wind North; afternoon and evening, clear and fine; thermometer at 7 A. M., 18; at 10 P. M., 8.

Sunday, Feb. 15.—Clear and cool; wind N. W., during the fore part of the day then south and very chilly; thermometer at 7 A. M., 8; when highest, 30; at 10 P. M., 20.

Monday, Feb. 16.—Snowing as the day opened, and it continued until 9 A. M.; some three inches fell, which put the sleighing in excellent condition; after 3 P. M.; clear and fine; wind S. and S. W. during the forenoon, then N. and N. W., and quite brisk; at 7 A. M., 5; at 7 P. M., 8; at 10 P. M., 15.

Tuesday, Feb. 17.—Clear bracing atmosphere; the coldest day since Jan. 24th; wind W. and N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 5; at 7 P. M., 8; at 10 P. M., 15.

Wednesday, Feb. 18.—Clear and cold; wind N. W., and part of the day very fresh; evening still and frosty; thermometer at 7 A. M., 9; at 7 P. M., 12; at 10 P. M., 2.

The cold period seems to be returning. The number of day's sleighing this winter is without any recent precedent, it having continued with but slight interruption for more than two months.

FRANKLIN.

TO THE LADIES.—Being in the linen market, a short time since, we had occasion to look into Messrs. Chapman's store, in Hanover street, Boston, to examine their stock, and we were surprised at the low price, besides being delighted with the excellent quality of the goods they have for sale. We learn that they import linens for their own trade expressly, and as they adhere to the one price, and low price system, we can with a good grace recommend our lady readers to give them a call.

THE EXAMINATION of the Grammar School, in District No. 1, will take place next Thursday. The scholars connected with the school also give an exhibition at the Town Hall the next (Friday) evening, to which the public are invited.

Our Winchester friends will notice an advertisement of their Lyceum in another column. We see that some able lecturers are yet to speak, and hope the course is well patronized.

Last Thursday night a magnificent display of the "Aurora Borealis" took place. At the time the whole heavens were illuminated by these "magic fires."

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

In Philadelphia, they have three cent omnibuses.—The trial of Rev. O. S. Prescott, for heresy, is progressing in Boston.—A new company of Light Dragoons has been raised in Boston.—Col. Isaac H. Wright, commander.—The Collins line of steamers have sunk \$17,000 on every trip to England. Mr. Collins has petitioned Congress for additional pay for carrying the mails.—The Common Council of Boston have passed an order for a committee to report a plan for the abatement of the growing evils of "intemperance, pauperism and crime."—The State of Maine is suffering badly by emigration of her citizens to California. In some localities two-thirds of the farms are abandoned, while others are mortgaged for just enough for their owners to reach California. Nearly one-half of the emigration is said to be from Maine.—The Grand Jury of Lowell have indicted the Mayor and Aldermen of that city, for criminality in returning the votes at the late election, and have also indicted the Lowell Courier, for libel upon Mr. B. F. Butler.—The Spanish minister has returned to New Orleans; he was saluted, on his landing, by order of government. So ends the Cuban war.—Six cars on the Georgia Railroad took fire, and 250 bales of cotton were destroyed.—A large number of persons were baptized in the Potomac river on the 14th.—The Maine Liquor Law has been defeated in the Indiana Senate.—A large ship was cast away on Nantucket Island on the 11th inst., with 1823 bales of cotton; heavily insured in Boston.—A bill is reported in our Legislature for the appointment of a Board of Railroad Commissioners, to see that sufficient fences are kept on the lines, gates maintained at crossings, and that every precaution is taken for the safety of passengers.—A large fire in Portland; loss \$35,000.—A great freshet at Bennington, Vt., has destroyed fifty dollars' worth of property, besides damage to the Vermont Railroad.—A man was frozen to death last week near Stonington; a jug of rum was found with him.—Wm. H. Swift has been elected President of the Western Railroad, Stephen Fairbanks, Treasurer.—Late California news is very favorable—new discoveries of gold—business on the increase—wages high—and emigrants coming in droves.—Some heavy failures in New York, and Wall street brokers absconding with large amounts of cash.—Washington's birthday falling on Sunday, it will be celebrated on Monday, 23d, in Boston, by a festival for children, in Faneuil Hall.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives, allowing "aliens to take, hold and convey real estate;" it was sent to the Senate.—The trip from New York to Albany is made in five hours, on the Hudson and Harlem Railroads.—Col. Fremont has actually sold his mines in California for \$100,000.—Nothing of public importance in the House; in the Senate, reports on petitions, mostly local.—Accounts from Mexico place that unfortunate country on the brink of ruin, —no money in her treasury, and no prospect of any.—By steamer Canada, from Liverpool, we have latest news from Europe. In England, matters are quiet, and nothing of moment except the opening of Parliament on the 2d of February. France is uneasy; late decrees of the President, confiscating large estates of the Orleans family, are creating dissatisfaction. The President exercises unlimited control, appoints who he pleases to office, and exiles many prominent men. Other parts of Europe appear quiet.—Various murders, robberies and sudden deaths, close up the week.—A bill for suppressing the liquor traffic has been reported, and is now under discussion.

THE CLINTON COURANT.

A sheet there is, in yonder Clinton village, That complains and talks of Printers' pillars; Have charity, friend COURANT,—truth is still the winner, Your fate, less your name, still shows the pen of BYNNER.

Woburn, Feb. 19, 1852. JONATHAN.

GOOD ADVICE.—Punch utters some wise things, as well as many droll ones. Witness the following:—

Husband and wife should run together on an equality; it is dangerous for either to take the lead. The most difficult driving is that of a tandem.

Be not too ready to pronounce that you think a bad youth will necessarily become a bad man. Yonder sturdy oak may have grown from an acorn that had been rejected by a hog."

PROSPECTIVE TAXES AND EXPENDITURES OF BOSTON.—Basing our calculations on the increase for the last ten years, the probable amount of taxable property in this city, in 1850 will be three hundred and ninety millions of dollars! The amount of taxes assessed on the vast amount will be two millions and one half, of which sum six hundred and fifty thousand dollars will be for the support of common schools, an amount exceeding the entire tax for all municipal purposes in 1841-42.—Traveller.

THE WEALTH OF THE BOSTON ATHENEUM.

The above organization, is worth to-day, every dime up to \$330,000. It is probably on the best footing of any literary or artistic institution in the Union.

The alarm of fire, yesterday afternoon, was caused by the slight burning of the roof of Mr. Daniel Richardson's house.

If girls would have roses for cheeks, they must do as the roses do—go to sleep with the lilies and get up with the morning-glories.

TOWN WARRANT.—We call attention to the warrant for Town Meeting in another column.

WOBURN AND BOSTON.

A writer in the "Evening Transcript," Boston, made a statement in regard to our town, which called forth the following communication in the "Traveller." We publish it in our columns, so that our readers can judge of the correctness of the statements made therein:—

To the Editors of the Traveller:—

It has been said "that figures won't lie." I suppose, however, this adage will only apply to them when they are correct. For instance; in a late number of the Transcript a statistical correspondent gives a list of the number of persons doing business in Boston, and residing in the suburban towns. Many of his statements I know to be incorrect, but one of the greatest misstatements he makes is in relation to the town of Woburn. He says, the number of persons appears to be 27. The facts of the case show that the actual number is nearly 100; thus showing that figures are sometimes very much in error.

I have of late years noticed in the city papers, very many interesting statement and statistics with reference to the towns in the vicinity of Boston; and many are the inducements held up to the view of those who are leaving the city for the town, to take up their residence, than this same old town of Woburn.

We are, and have been free from all speculative movements in real estate, and this perhaps is one reason why the trumpet has not been sounded. Land can be obtained at reasonable rates, and for beautiful situations, no town in this Commonwealth can go before it. The whole town presents that beautifully variegated surface always found where hill and vale prevails.

The increase of the number of residents is steady, though no excitement has been got up to sell land, or to induce persons to come here to reside. We have a Branch Railroad terminating here and persons can pass and repass at accomodating hours at quite reasonable rates for season tickets; and we have the good fortune to have on our road accommodating and attentive conductors.

Churches, Schools, and an excellent Academy, are to be found in Woburn, and they are all well filled, well conducted, and offer many advantages to our townsmen; and last though, perhaps not the least, we have a Weekly Paper called the Woburn Journal, which calls out contributions that do honor to the town. The paper is well supported, and likely to be long lived. The Society is excellent, being free from that disagreeable aristocracy that sometimes prevails to a certain extent in some towns; and there appears to be a degree of union and good feeling prevalent, that would do credit to any village in the Commonwealth.

As an instance of our public spirit, let me say, that we have recently held a Town Levee, for the purpose of raising funds to procure a "Town Clock," to be presented to the town for its use. The gathering was a delightful one, and a happy and truly democratic one; for many were there to be seen, representing all classes, ages and sexes, and without a dissenting voice, over \$200 was raised in small sums on that evening. In the various religious and benevolent operations of the day, we are not backward in donations, but give liberally. One of our religious societies, during the past year, has contributed over \$1000 for these causes.

Thus it will be perceived, that Woburn is quite a town, and although unassuming and quiet, yet has all the elements and advantages that make a town prosperous and attractive, and also presents those inducements for making it a country residence that do not require much magnifying to make them apparent.

Woburn, Feb. 10, 1852. J. A. F.

Written for the Journal.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

MR. EDITOR:—I, for one, like your suggestions very much in regard to a Library, and would enter into the project by giving at least twenty-five volumes of books, and have no doubt but others would find many books that they could spare for such a worthy object.

Why could we not have a movement made for the establishment of a Lyceum and Library together, and thus call out a public feeling that now slumbers? It could not but be productive of great public benefit, and would lead many persons to read, and take an interest in such matters, who now idle away much precious time.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1852.

fending her constitution, by fighting her battles, and by contributing to her revenues, but never do we serve her so nobly, so effectually, as when we strengthen the minds and morals of her citizens;

But I did not intend to write an essay upon education. My object is, simply, to invite attention to the subject of the proposed Institute, and to suggest the propriety of calling a meeting of such of our citizens as are interested, to make arrangements in respect to the same.

D. K.

Woburn, Feb. 19, 1852.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, FEB. 14, 1852.

FRIEND FOWLER.—I wrote you last from New Jersey, but here I am again in Gotham. Well, this New York is a queer place, something or other of an exciting nature going on all the while. No sooner has the public mind and press become quieted upon any matter, than up starts something else to take its place. So the world wags.

The distinguished Forrest vs. Forrest case, which has been so long on trial in our Courts, has fortunately been brought to a close, and the conversation upon it somewhat subsided. Both parties have resorted to the stage, and are acting prominent parts in their profession. The course, which Mrs. Forrest has pursued, in taking up the vocation of actress, so soon after her successful litigation, is almost universally condemned by all classes.

There is a very instructive and valuable course of lectures now being delivered at the Broadway Tabernacle, and owing to the liberality of several of our citizens, nearly all persons are enabled to avail themselves of their benefit. Among the lecturers have been Horace Greeley, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, and R. W. Emerson, of your State. The Hon. Horace Mann is announced as the next lecturer. The subject of his discourse is, "A few thoughts for a young woman." Interesting subject, isn't it, Mr. Editor? I intend to be "there," and will endeavor to give you a brief sketch of it in my next.

The anniversary of the birthday of the immortal Washington, is at hand, and the preparations going on show that the people intend to observe it in a manner worthy of him who was, to use the language of Lord Brougham, "the greatest man that ever lived in this world, uninspired by divine wisdom, and unstained by supernatural virtue." This anniversary, here, as with you, furnishes the occasion for many interesting festivals, and owing to its coming on the Sabbath, the various Societies will celebrate it in the course of the coming week.

The friends of temperance in this city seem to be waking up in regard to their duties to this great cause, and are determined to make a strong demonstration towards having the Maine Law put in the Statute books of the State. May they succeed, for if there be a State in which one might wish the above law to be enacted, and above all, enforced, that State is this. A great Temperance Banquet is to be held at Metropolitan Hall, in this city, on the 18th inst., at which it is said that Gen. Houston, of Texas, will present a gold medal to the Hon. Neal Dow, "author and champion of the Maine Law."

Oh, the miseries, the baneful effects of intemperance! Is that man a freeman, who goes reeling and staggering through the streets, because, sooths, he can say, "I am an American?" I think not. It was my fortune, a day or two since, of being in the Police Court in this city, and hearing the sentence of the Court passed upon several of our unfortunate fellow beings; and in this we noticed, that in a great majority of cases, the result of their crimes sprung from intemperance. Certainly, if any one will go into the Courts and look upon the victims of intemperance, those upon whom the law which they violated is soon to be meted out, he will see an argument in behalf of the temperance cause, an argument more convincing, and abounding in eloquence greater than any that ever came from the lips of "Shakespeare, Chatham, or Webster."

What has become of that "great petition" for the Maine Law, presented to your Legislature a few weeks since? We hope it will not be forgotten, but on the contrary have its desired effect. The people of the old "Faneuil Hall and Bunker Hill State," should be "foremost among the foremost" in setting the example. St. Valentine's Day has arrived, and this being Bissexstile, or Leap year, the ladies have taken the business of the day entirely into their hands, and "oh, crackle!" what a time it is for the poor fellows of the "penny post." May their lives and strength be continued to them for a few days.

The telegraph despatch received here from Boston, a few days ago, announcing the marriage of Jenny Lind, produced quite a sensation among the New Yorkers. Many and various were the conjectures in regard to it. Some were disposed to believe the report, while others regarded it as a hoax. But all now put it down as a "fixed fact," that Jenny has indeed gone. One class of our people seem to feel somewhat disappointed, because they had not been informed of her intentions to commit matrimony, while the other class (to which your humble correspondent belongs) think it is "most decidedly none of their business."

It is kindness that ever begets kindness, but that man cannot be well born from whom the recollection of benefits melt away!

written too much, and fearing you will say of my desultory epistles as Corporal Trim said of his speech, that the "most interesting part of it was the pause," I'll close forthwith.

Hastily but very respectfully, I am,

Yours, &c., D.

Written for the Journal.

AFFECTION.

Affection closely doth entwine,
Around the human heart,
Its blossoms, in our infancy,
Nor will, till death, depart,
For from the cradle to the grave,
It goes with us through life;
And firmer, closer doth it cling,
Where misery is rife.

It smiles in childhood's joyous eye,
Glow in the heart of youth;
Manner years its influence own,
Nor blush to own its truth.

Affection is a charity,
For, ever through our life,
It guides us from our wanderings,
And kindly quells all strife.

It soothes the heart in sorrow's hour,
And stays the falling tear;
Spreads roses o'er our path of gloom,
And makes it bright appear.

And when death's angel, waiting, stands
To snuff away our breath,
Affection, lingering round us, faint
Would stay the hand of death.

ELSIE, THE PEASANT GIRL.

North Woburn, Jan. 1852.

Written for the Journal.

A VISIT BY MOONLIGHT.

MR. EDITOR:—Presuming that you take an interest in all that develops and cultivates the social principles of our nature, I take the liberty of making the following communication, and if you think it worthy of a place in the columns of your highly useful paper, you are at liberty to insert it.

On Monday evening last, a party of ladies and gentlemen from our little village made a friendly call upon our worthy Pastor, Rev. Mr. Sewall, of Burlington. Although the recent warm weather had even then made some encroachments on good sleighing, yet being favored with a good driver and spirited horses, we soon found ourselves at the door of his ancient and comfortable mansion. After spending a few hours with his family, and a few neighbors and friends who were present, in the indulgence of those innocent, social amusements, which for the time at least beguile us into a sweet forgetfulness of the sterner realities of life, and partaking of the more substantial hospitalities of our kind hostess, in which by the way, the ladies of Burlington cannot be excelled, we were favored with some very spirited singing by the more musical members of our party.

Very appropriate and happy remarks were then made by Mr. Grant, Principal of an Academy, in Andover, N. H., upon the duties and privileges of social life, also by Messrs. Eaton and Bates, the present instructors of the school in Burlington. The Rev. Mr. Sewall then briefly addressed his guests in his usual kind and happy manner, and closed by an appropriate and affectionate prayer. Then, after blinding our voices in the inspiring strains of "old hundred," we took our leave, with the conviction firmly established in our own minds at least, that we had had a good time; and gliding away by the sweet, silvery light of the moon, which had arisen in all its beauty, we soon drew up in front of our own quiet dwellings.

And now, Sir, permit me to add, that if you, or any of your readers, would spend an hour or two pleasantly, as well as profitably, call upon Father Sewall and his interesting family, at their quiet and happy home, and you will be amply rewarded for your trouble.

North Woburn, Feb. 11, 1852.

THE WOBURN CLOCK.—The citizens of this enterprising town (invited thereto by their Journal) seem to have tired of doing business "on time," and are now determined to be *in time* for anything; feeling quite *an-ick* at the prospect of going *on tick* for the remainder of their natural lives; being about to procure a public monitor in the shape of a "time-piece" that will *strike* the hours, and *beat* the moments, the "piece" of time allotted to them. That the "movement" is a good one, is apparent upon the face of it, and we congratulate all who had a "hand" in it, less upon the reminiscences of "old times," than upon the "good time coming" for them.—*Saturday Courier, Clinton.*

AT Masillon, Ohio, a young lady "medium" was arrested for causing rappings in church during divine service, but after a trial of three days, was discharged.

In England, a male of 12 may take the oath of allegiance—at 14, may consent to marriage, or choose a guardian, or make a will; at 17, may be an executor; and at 21 is of age.

California widows are abundant in Michigan, two hundred married men having left one county, and twenty others a single village.

EVIDENCE OF FOLLY.—Refusing to take a newspaper, and being surprised that the people laugh at your ignorance.

It is kindness that ever begets kindness, but that man cannot be well born from whom the recollection of benefits melt away!

One act of beneficence, or act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world.

Censure is the tax a man pays the public for being eminent.

Written for the Journal.

EAST WOBURN, FEB. 14, 1852.

MR. EDITOR.—Sir:—I send you the following as an answer to the Enigma in your last Woburn Journal. The whole is "Rev. Mr. Stockbridge, Woburn, Mass."

My 1, 20, 23, has caused much misery, (Run.)

5, 24, 7, is a domestic animal, (Rat.)

12, 7, 8, 10, is a hard substance, (Rock.)

6, 18, 22, is a near relation, (Son.)

21, 24, 7, is a vermin, (Rat.)

3, 16, 12, 11, is a part of speech, (Verb.)

13, 22, 23, is a public resort, (Inn.)

21, 2, 14, is a color, (Red.)

4, 20, 15, is a useful article, (Mug.)

26, 20, 22, is a bright luminary, (Sun.)

19, 21, 13, 15, is a vessel, (Brig.)

25, 24, 17, is an instrument, (Saw.)

17, 18, 21, 23, is an insect, (Worm.)

J. A. C. R.

NORTH WOBURN, FEB. 14, 1852.

MR. EDITOR:—I presume your juvenile readers would like to know the answers to the Enigmas, Puzzles, &c., that you publish. I send the answers to all you have not given answers to. I find the answers respectively:

To the first, No. 14, "James W. Harris, North Woburn, Mass." To the second, "The Maine Liquor Law."

To the Enigma, in No. 16, "Mens-sana-in-sana corpora. To the Problem, "142 miles, and 27-4ths, or 142 miles, '36 rods, 6 feet."

To the Enigma, in No. 17, "Rev. J. C. Stockbridge, Woburn, Mass." To the Rebus, Numa, Ed, Lamb, Sage, Order, Night; initials, NILSON; final, ALBERT. To the Puzzles, "John Loring Miller."

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 16, 12, 7, is an exclamation of joy.

25, 23, 3, 6, are good for the understanding.

19, 2, 10, 13, 18, is the mainspring of life.

22, 5, 10, 14, 21, is a weight.

14, 28, 14, 8, 17, should always command our sympathy.

1, 4, 5, 20, 24, 9, is a useful article of furniture.

15, 11, 24, 21, 27, 18, 26, is a kind of marble.

My whole is a motto that all should observe.

CALISTA.

A PROBLEM.

Required a number from which if 7 be subtracted, and the remainder be divided by 8, and the quotient be multiplied by 5, and 4 added to the product, the square root of the sum extracted, and three-fourths of that root cubed, the cube divided by 9, the last quotient may be.

J. P.

LIFE INSURANCE.—Our readers are directed to the advertisement of the U. S. Life Insurance Company in our columns this week. It rates are deserving the notice of those proposing a visit to the gold regions, as it deservedly ranks among the best and most reliable of these institutions. The California fever will accomplish not a little good to many a family by attracting attention to the yet unappreciated blessings of Life Insurance.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

WINCHESTER LYCEUM LECTURES.

The Committee of the LYCEUM AND LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, announces that the exercises for the remainder of the season will be as follows:—

Thursday evening, Feb. 26th, lecture by Rev. A. L. Stone. Thursday evening, March 4th, by Wendell Phillips. Esq. Thursday evening, March 11th, lecture by Dr. Youngman, at 7 o'clock.

Tickets for the remainder of the course can be obtained of Dr. Youngman, at 25 cents. Single admission 12cts. Lecture commences at 7½ o'clock.

J. HOVEY, Secy.

Winchester, Feb. 21, 1852.

NOTICE.

The "CLOCK COMMITTEE" are requested to meet on Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in the Vestry of the Orthodox Church, to hear the report of the Subscription Committee.

Woburn, Feb. 21, 1852.

JOHN RICHARDSON.

WOBURN, FEB. 21, 1852.

JOSEPH GARDNER.

Woburn, Feb. 21, 1852.

JOHN RICHARDSON.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.
CRISPEN'S SONG.
Air—"Camptown Races."
Come, brother yours, list to my song,
Be cheerful, be cheerful,
Let's laugh, and sing old Time along,
Be cheerful every day;
The world was made to live in,
And not to die by sorrow;
We'll be happy to-day, and prepare the way
To be happy again to-morrow.

The "times are very hard," they say,
No matter, no matter,
We'll do the best our debts to pay,
And make ourselves the fitter;
Our minds we will improve, boys,
We'll work through foul and fair;
To brood o'er dark despair.

Old Winter soon will say " farewell,
Good bye, good bye,"
The "bossed" ones their shoes will sell,
Better times by and by;

The times are very hard, boys,
We'll do the best we can;

We'll make the shoes, and read the news,
And improve the inner man.

There is nothing gained by the "blues,"
Then be cheerful, be cheerful,

We'll laugh, and sing, and make the shoes,
And "drive dull care away."

We'll take a stitch in time, boys,
And our work we'll do complete;

We'll forget the past, and look to the last,
And try to "make both ends meet."

Woburn, Feb. 6, 1852. BARD OF CRISPEN.

Written for the Journal.

THE TOWN CLOCK.

When that new clock shall tick and strike,
'Twll tell the traveller he's right;
If not, it must not do; then the train.

Friend Stowell, he will do the work,
And place the hands upon the clock;

"Four, Forty," is the price, they say,

That we good citizens agree to pay.

In order to raise that little fee,
We called together one grand levee;

Perchance we did not get that sum,

We'll call upon the richest men;

And say to them, "How would it look,

Not see the dial of that clock?

Not hear it strike both night and day?

We think you can't refuse to pay.

Come, draw your purse, and lend a hand,

For we live in a Christian land;

The clock we'll have, so don't look down,

We want no such in Woburn town."

Woburn, Feb. 6, 1852. ANONYMOUS.

Written for the Journal.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

Written for the Journal.

CULTIVATION OF FRUIT TREES, &c.

The cultivation of orchards are too often neglected. Some persons entertain the notion, that as the tree is a spontaneous production, nature has provided for its sustenance adequate laws; allowing this to be true, the orchards needs cultivating, top and bottom. For an illustration, permit us to note down some substantial facts, which are from many year's observation, and therefore from actual experience.

The person to whom we refer owns an orchard but a short distance from the writer's residence; he purchased it some ten or a dozen years since, and for his two or three first years he received a profit probably equal to an hundred dollars annually; but for a number of years past it has not been a tenth part of that sum. We happened to pass through this orchard during the last summer season, and the only difference that we could perceive at first sight between this orchard and those which were visited by a terrible tornado in a neighboring town, was, the former were standing, the latter mostly prostrate; the foliage were similar; that of our neighbor's looking apparently as if a whirlwind of fire had sped its course through its branches, for its leaves were as sear and yellowish in midsummer as the autumnal forest. A number of years since he employed a practical farmer and orchardist to trim his trees, which was accordingly done with satisfaction to those whose business it is to cultivate orchards, but not so to the employer, who is a farmer and mechanic combined. He said, (I cannot express it in exact words, but similar) "I don't want you farmers to trim trees for me,—you would ruin my orchard." Sure enough his orchard is ruined from the want of proper pruning and tilling. The above facts are gleaned from that primary source, or fountain head, from which correct information in agriculture chiefly flows—observation, protracted and actual experience.

Another inference is that of a writer who recommends the "trenching at the end of the roots, and replacing it with a mixture of manure and ashes;" this appears to us to be a mechanical operation, and not that of the husbandman; besides it is wandering far from the mode usually practised by farmers. The reader may call the two above operations theoretical, scientific, or by whatever name he chooses; we say they are anything but the precedents of an experienced farmer. Contrast the profits which such persons receive annually from their farming operations, with that of the experienced and practical farmer, and see if the latter will not out-balance that of the former by many scores. The fruit tree in its natural or wild state, such as is sometimes found in the lone sequestered forest, will develop its gigantic form with equal rapidity to that of some cultivated orchards. There may be some exceptions in this matter, but the tree that thrives where nature planted it—the peach tree for instance—is life generally prolonged far beyond that which was transplanted. We would not have the reader understand

that we object to the cultivation of fruit-trees, for an orchard whether transplanted or not, if it is located in a sterile soil, it needs cultivating, because the gases contained in earthly matter, necessary to promote vegetation, having been absorbed by unceasing drawing upon the great nourisher of earth's productions, must in some degree be replaced, or its crops will wither and crumble to the ground.

Winchester, Jan. 1852. J.

(To be concluded.)

A GOOD GARDEN.

No branch of industry is more neglected than the garden. Those farmers who live too far from market to indulge often in the salt of fresh meat, are still content to dine on salt pork or beef, with the addition of potatoes only, rather than devote a few hours to a kitchen garden. Both health and good taste demand that a farmer's table should contain a full variety of vegetables. Radishes, lettuce, cauliflower, beans, peas, tomatoes, beets, turnips, and indeed many others, should be found there in the proper seasons, while melons and the small fruit will furnish the evening's board with healthful luxuries.

Raspberries, strawberries and blackberries, may be grown almost without labor, and with due attention, their improvement in quality will fully compensate for the pains taken.

If farmers wish their children to be fond of home, they should at least furnish them with such luxuries as every journeyman mechanic would purchase in the large cities for the use of his family, particularly when he does so at comparatively little cost.

SLOVENLY FARMING.—Farmers generally possess too much land to be well cultivated. Fifty acres well tilled, will ever produce more than one hundred acres poorly tilled. The net profit, that is to say, on fifty acres well tilled, will be more than one hundred acres badly managed. Now, all know or should know, what good cultivation is; but do all cultivate well? Do you take time by the forelock in preparing your grounds, and at a proper season? Do you use the subsoil plow where the lands want renovating? Do you pulverize the soil by harrowing and dragging? Do you use the best farming implements? Do you keep them in order, or do you leave them about the fields to rust? Do you hoe your crops well, and at the proper time? and do you harvest at the proper time?

POULTRY DUNG.—Have this regularly swept up every Saturday, packed away in barrels, and sprinkled over with plaster. Darn with force and truth says: 'the strongest of all manures is found in the droppings of the poultry yard.' Next year each barrel of it will manure you half an acre of land; save it, then, and add to the productive energies of your soil. Don't look upon it as too trifling a matter for your attention; but recollect that the globe itself is an aggregation of small matters.—Maine Farmer.

ANTIPATHY OF PLANTS.—The vine is wont to catch hold of anything nearest, except the cabbage, from which it will turn away, as if in strong aversion, and trail on the ground, rather than seek support from such a neighbor.

MISCELLANY.

PAUL JONES.—After dinner, walked out with Captain Jones and Landais, to see Jones' marines, dressed in the English uniform, red and white; a number of very active and clever sergeants and corporals are employed to teach them the exercise, and manœuvres, and marches, &c., after which, Jones came on board of our ship. This is the most ambitious and intriguing officer in the American navy. Jones has art and secrecy, and aspires very high. You see the character of the man in his uniform, and that of his officers and marines, varient from the uniforms established by Congress—gold button-holes for himself, two epaulets—marines in red and white, instead of green. Eccentricities and irregularities are to be expected from him. They are his character, they are visible in his eyes. His voice is soft, and still, and small. His eye has keenness, and wildness, and softness in it.—*Diary of John Adams.*

STANDING IN THE WORLD.—Many an unwise parent labors hard and lives sparingly all his life for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives is like putting bladders under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and then he will never need the bladders. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you have given him what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You will have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend on his own resources, the better.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "NEWSPAPER."—In former times (between the years 1595 and 1730,) it was a prevalent practice to put over the periodical publications of the day the initial letters of the cardinal points of the compass

thus, E.—W.—NEWS—importing that these papers contained intelligence from the four quarters of the GLOBE; and from this practice is derived the term *Newspaper!*—*Vide Hayden's Dictionary of Dates.*

BROTHERS—SISTERS.—The following feeling tribute to home influences will be responded to by many a wanderer from the paternal mansion and its inmates. Alas! that in some it should awake the painful recollection that the loved ones are no more on earth!—

"I am very proud of my sisters, and I am grateful to them also; for had I not such kind and affectionate sisters, and such a mother as I have, I do most sincerely believe that I never should have been successful in life. The thought of home and the loved ones there, has warmed my benumbed feelings and encouraged me to renew my efforts, by the reflection that there were, though far off, those whose happiness was at least in some degree connected with mine; and I hold that no person can be entirely miserable, while there is in the world a single individual who will rejoice in his prosperity and feel sorrow for his adversity."

A YOUNG SPENDTHRIFT.—A young spendthrift was walking down State street, when he was accosted by a gentleman of wealth, who had lent him considerable money.

"Well," said the merchant, "when do you intend to cease your dissolute course of life, and pay your debts?"

"By patient, my dear sir, I beg of you," answered young Hopeful; "I intend shortly to get married, and settle down."

"I don't care what you intend to do, sir," rejoined Mr. S., "but it appears to me it would be much more to your credit if you manage somehow or other to settle up."

The intelligent and kind-hearted gentleman moved off, internally pleased at his amiable joke.—*Yankee Blade.*

THE PACIFIC Mutual Insurance Company.

GIVE notice, that the amount of their capital paid in G and invested is

DR. FONTAINE'S BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS

FOR the Toilet, the Nursery, Bathing, and many medicinal purposes. Highly perfumed by its own ingredients. Recommended by the faculty of almost every European city, and established under the patronage of every physician in London and Paris, and thousands of adships and Boston. It is the greatest luxury a lady or gentleman could wish for the improvement of health, for comfort and personal embellishment, and its delicate, soothing smell, and the delightful softness it imparts to the complexion.

We give a few of the prominent properties of the BALM OF A THOUSAND FLOWERS, already well established by actual experience.

First—*This Balm cates every defect of the complexion*, and especially of the skin, which, at the time when both, by the changes of age, or freaks of nature, or disease, have been obscured or undermined—it cleanses the skin, and draws to the surface all impurities, and even scabs, and blisters; also removes the scabs, and salves, and ointments, imparting to the skin its original purity and an unspotted freshness, rendering it clear, smooth and white.

Second—it promotes the growth and increase of the hair, causing it to grow the most natural manner; it cleanses the scalp, giving vigor, health and to the very roots of the hair.

Third—it is an superior article for shaving, being superior to all descriptions of soaps, creams, pastes, &c.

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TALES AND SKETCHES.

THE UNPRESUMING MR. HUDSON.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

It chanced to me, during the last travelling season, to fall in with a party who, like myself, were destined for a fashionable watering-place. The most conspicuous members of this party were Mrs. Campbell, (a widow,) and her only and very pretty daughter, Louise, whose name, according to modern usage, was gallicised into Louise. The mother was educated in the old school, or to speak more accurately, in no school at all; but if she were ignorant she was unpretending; and it is perhaps as well to have the mind vacant as to have it filled with foreign, ill-assorted and undigested materials that encumber it without increasing its richness or productivity.

All Mrs. Campbell's pride, of every kind and degree, was concentrated in Louise. She had been, till this summer of her seventeenth year, at a fashionable boarding school in one of our large cities. She had had approved masters—and, as her doting mother said and reiterated, neither time or expense had been spared in her education. Accordingly, in her mother's acceptance of the word, she was educated. She played and sung so well that Mrs. Campbell averred she had rather listen to her than to Peletti or Mrs. Wool. She drew very prettily; she had learned by heart two entire plays of Goldoni; she waxed flowers, which her mother assured us were quite as natural as real ones; and she spoke French, like other young ladies. If the circumstances, relations, and issues of this brief life require any thing more, the balance (as our mercantile friends have it) had not been thought of by the mother, or prepared for by the daughter. To do Miss Louise justice, however, she had not been spoiled. She was gay and good humored; she had the most good natural self-complacency—no uncomfortable awe of her superiors—(I rather think she did not believe in their existence)—no jealousy of her equals, and to her inferiors she was kindly-hearted.

It was in a stage coach, on a warm day in Jane, that the day broke on our acquaintance. Mrs. Campbell was a lady of facilities, and we had a travel a half-day together, before, by means of half a dozen ingenious waylaying questions, she had ascertained all she cared to know of us, and had liberally repaid us with what she thought we must care to know of her. Besides us there were two persons in the coach not so easily perused. The one a Col. Smith, (Smith, happily called the anonymous name, and certainly the most tormenting and baffling to an inquirer,) and the other a Mr. Charles Hudson.

Colonel Smith's demeanour was very unlike his name, marked, high-bred, and a little aristocratic. 'A gentleman, he certainly was,' Miss Campbell said, as soon as we had an opportunity of holding a caucus on our fellow-travellers; but whether he were of the Smiths of New York, Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Carolina, and so on, thro' the States, she could not ascertain. However, the cardinal point was settled: he was a gentleman, by all our sufferages—and this most important matter established, we were at liberty to interchange with him the common civilities of life.

Mr. Hudson was a more puzzling case for our inquest. Mrs. Campbell remembered to have met a very respectable family of Hudsons at Saratoga who were from Boston—at least she was *almost* sure they were; but our Mr. Charles Hudson, in reply to certain leading remarks of hers, had said he had never been in Boston. She remembered, too, when she was in Baltimore, some twenty years before, to have seen a family of Hudsons who were very intimate with the Carrolls—this was equivalent to a patent of gentility; but Mr. Hudson affirmed he did not know the Baltimore Hudsons.

One of us remembered a certain Mr. Hudson who once had unquestioned circulation in the *beau monde* of New York, but whence he came was either not known or forgotten. Miss Louise had heard a young friend say she had danced with a Mr. Hudson in Washington. This could hardly be admitted as credential, and we were at last compelled to wait till we could adjust the gentleman's claims by his merits. The disquieting anxieties of some good people in our country, on the head of family or rank, is very much like a satire on the fancied equality resulting from republican institutions.

Mrs. Campbell was not inclined to be over fastidious, but she gave it in charge to her daughter to be 'rather reserved,' while we remained on the level arena of a stage coach. Miss Louise paid as much deference to her mother as could be expected—reserve not being a quality *par excellence* of American young ladies. In the course of the morning an accident to the coach compelled the passengers to walk for some distance down a steep and winding descent. The morning was beautiful; the air deliciously tempered; and the majestic oaks and maples of Virginia, like its inhabitants—to borrow a rustic phrase from one of their mountainers—'stout of their country,' threw their

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broad shadows over our path. The rhododendron, then in its glory, was in profusion around us; and the wild roses, with other unknown and unnumbered flowers on every side.

Our party was not of the most romantic materials; but as we descended the gorge and looked below us on a sea of the topmost branches of lofty trees, and long before us to a narrow and winding ravine sunk between the mountains, and affording just space enough for a road beside a brawling stream, we were though, as I 'have' confessed, not of the most susceptible materials, all excited by the fresh and beautiful aspect of nature. The pretty Louise, with the elastic step and joyous spirit of youth, leaped down the rocks and over the runs, singing, laughing, and exclaiming at every step. Her mother toiled after her, calling out, 'Louise, my dear, you'll fall. Put on your bonnet, my child, you'll be one freckle—Louise! Louise! your gloves off! how absurd!'

But Louise heard not or heeded not. She ran on like another Atalanta, defying the gentlemen to overtake her, and, like her prototype, giving them a fair chance, by often stepping aside to crop a flower too inviting to be resisted. They all followed her lead—all but Mr. Hudson, who coolly walked beside the elder ladies—pointed out the best stepping places—gave them his arm when necessary—and gave them the flowers he gathered, reserving only a few of the choicest. Mrs. Campbell touched my arm, and whispered, 'We need no ghost to tell us for whom those are destined.' The lumbering coach came on, and one after another the pedestrians were picked up. Louise's color was heightened by exercise and her eyes sparkling with excited spirits. She was something like a flower in the desert—the only one among us young or pretty, and she was fluttered and petted on all sides. She sat between her mother and myself, and was continually putting her pretty face forward on one side and on the other, to answer the compliments and salutes directed to her from the gentlemen on the middle and front seats. As with the exception of Mr. Hudson, they were all of the trustworthily, elderly, papa and uncle order, this did not imply any undue fondness in our young friend. At any rate, Mr. Hudson, the only member of the party not *here du combat*, did not profit by the vantage ground she offered, to advance his acquaintance with her. He now and then glanced his eye at her, and a strikingly open, gentlemanly eye had Mr. Hudson,—so said her mother,—and sometimes smiled at the *jeu d'esprit* that might have derived a portion of their brilliancy from the bright lips through which they passed, as water takes a hue from the precious ore through which it sometimes issues.

'Mr. Hudson seems quite to appreciate Louise,' whispered Mrs. Campbell; 'and yet did you ever see any one so unassuming? He has not even ventured to offer her the bouquet he gathered for her!'

'For me, mamma! are you sure he gathered it for me?'

'Certainly, my love, for whom else could it be?'

Louise was determined the flowers should not fail of their destination, through the youth's modesty.

'How sweetly pretty your flowers are, Mr. Hudson,' she began.

'They are both sweet and pretty, Miss Campbell.'

'Fragrant, you mean?' Mr. Hudson bowed assentingly. 'That is delightful; where could you have got them? I never find a sweet wild flower. I am passionately fond of fragrant flowers. Indeed, I think flowers without fragrance are quite an imposition. Look at these. She held up the bunch with which she had seemed a few minutes before quite satisfied. 'A French flower-girl could make quite as good!' She threw them, with a pretty toss of her head, out of the window; and still on this hint, Mr. Hudson spoke not—to the point.

He very coolly snuffed his flowers, and said he wished a certain Englishman was in the coach whom he had heard assert that American flowers had no fragrance; that the climate like the satyr, blew hot and cold on them: melted and froze the odor out of them. He thought that he would be satisfied that his opinion, like some other foreign opinions, was rather the result of his own ignorance, than of a just appreciation of the products of the country.

Mrs. Campbell heard this long speech out—begged leave to smell his flowers—then passed them to her daughter, and she, after some eloquent 'Ohs!' and 'Ahs!' returned them to Mr. Hudson, who received them with a polite inclination of his head, but without anything like the anticipated, 'pray keep them!' I looked at the mother, expecting to see her a little crest-fallen, but no! her face was the very picture of confidence and good humor, with a slight touch of pity for the self-denying modesty of her new acquaintance! 'I do not doubt,' she said to me at the first opportunity, 'that Mr. Hudson has been to France, where, they tell me, it is reckoned very improper to afford attentions of any sort to a young unmarried lady. He is uncommonly unassuming! but do you not think he is a little too particular?'

'He may be so—but particularity is a good fault in a stage coach, Mrs. Campbell.'

'Certainly, that is a very just remark, and

it will be quite time enough to encourage him when we arrive at the Springs.'

'At 'The Springs' we arrived in the course of the following day, and were received and had our places assigned us as one party, of which the 'unassuming' Mr. Hudson made, so to speak an integral part. No mode of ripening an acquaintance is so rapid as that of travelling two or three days, more or less in a stage coach. In a steamboat, if you are reserved, sullen—Anglois—(we quote a French synonyme)—you may go apart, upon the upper or the lower deck—fore or aft—you may drop your veil and look down into the water or turn your back upon the company, and gaze upon the shore—or you may creep into a berth, and draw a curtain between yourself and the world; but what art, what device, what panoply can resist the social system of a stage coach! Scott somewhere says, I believe in his chapter upon equality, that it exists only among the Hottentots; he overlooked the temporary but perfect democracy of a stage coach, where each is reduced to a unit, and feels, whatever his rank, fortune, or distinctions may be, as he is packed, crowded, and pinioned in, that his next neighbors virtually address to him what a surly fellow in a 'Jackson Meeting' yesterday said to a poor man who remonstrated against being jostled and speezed, 'What are you, sir? you are nothing but an *individual*!'

But with the good-humored and kind-hearted, instead of hostility, there is a *neighboring* fellow-feeling, nurtured by the intimate relations of a stage coach. Our fellow-passengers seem to us like contemporaries—we have set out with the same purposes and hopes—not with the same disappointments and mischances—we have had our losses together; in short, in a stage coach, as in every mode and condition of human life, sympathy—the electric chain of social being—may be developed, and, instead of gall and vinegar, we may enjoy the sweetest of all draughts—the milk of human kindness.

Franklin wrote an essay upon the morals of chess. A chapter on the morals of travelling might not be unprofitable in a country like ours, where half the population is about three months of the year.

But my short story must be finished without (I fear) a moral of any kind.

The Springs, or rather the Spring, which we had selected for our *postre restaurante* for some days, was the celebrated Sweet Spring in Union country, Virginia. We chanced to have arrived there before the fashionable season. Our pretty Louise was very near the sad predicament of a belle without a beau. She had, however, plenty of admirers and attendants. Bachelors of some forty or fifty years' standing: widowers from the South, who had come up to the Springs to get rid of their bile and their sad memories; and young married men there were who were permitted by their good-natured wives to ride and dance with Louise.

Louise was of the happy disposition that takes 'the goods the gods provide,' and enjoys them; that never use a vulgar smile, throws down the actual bread and butter for the possible cake. The Virginia Springs have few artificial contrivances for pleasure; and it was delightful to see in the pretty Louise the inexhaustible resources of a youthful and cheerful spirit. She would talk by the half-hour with the old Frenchman who obtains a little *pecule* by keeping the bath, and furnishing fire and towels for the ladies, 'for what it pleases them to give him.' She would listen to his stories of the French revolution, and his assurances in Anglo-French, forty years of his three-score-and-ten had been passed in America, that she spoke French like a *Parisienne*. She was like a butterfly, perpetually winging over that beautiful lawn, (how profanely marred by the ugly little cabins that dot it!) which swells up from the deep dell in which the Spring is embosomed, and hidden by a gird of magnificent oaks and elms.

Mrs. Campbell, though the essence of good-nature, was not just then in so satisfied a frame of mind. It was her daughter's *debut* as a young lady, and she had seen visions, and dreamed dreams of lovers, and their accompaniments, offers, refusals, and an acceptance! No wonder that the scarcity of the raw material, the warp and wool of which the good mother expected to have woven the matrimonial fabric, should have proved trying to her. Its natural effect was to enhance Mr. Hudson's value; and while Mrs. Campbell unceasingly commanded his *unpresummingness*, she gave him the kindest encouragement to dispense with it, and sometimes appeared a little nettled at his obstinate modesty. Walks were often proposed; but Mr. Hudson, instead of taking a tempting and accessible position beside the young lady, would attend her mamma, or modestly leave them both to the elderly gentleman, and strayed along alone. Once I remember, a stroll was proposed to a romantic waterfall. The gentlemen whose services we had a right to command were playing billiards. 'I am sure,' said Mrs. Campbell, 'we may venture to ask Mr. Hudson—he is so unassuming! but do you not think he is a little too particular?'

'He may be so—but particularity is a good fault in a stage coach, Mrs. Campbell.'

'Certainly, that is a very just remark, and

—was all affability; Miss Louise was all gaiety and frankness—so pretty, so attractive, so aided by the sylvan influences that in 'love-breathing June' dispose the young and susceptible to the *sentiment par excellence*, that I confess I marvelled that our young friend contained the *unpresuming* Mr. Hudson.

One evening, at Mrs. Campbell's suggestion, a dance was got up. It was a difficult enterprise; but by the aid of one or two married pairs and a philanthropic elderly single lady, we mustered a sufficient number for a cotillion. You and Louise will have hard duty this evening. It is to be hoped she may prove an agreeable partner,' said Mrs. Campbell to Mr. Hudson as he led off her daughter; 'of course,' she added, in a whisper to her next neighbor, 'they must dance together, but I should not have hinted it to him if he were not so very unassuming!'

But Mr. Hudson did not find the necessity strong enough to overcome that quality of his disposition which now began to appear to us all as potent as a ruling passion. He evidently enjoyed the dance with his graceful partner, then modestly resigned her hand, and filled up the measure of his virtue by dancing with the unattractive married ladies, and finally crowned it by leading off a Virginia reel with the above-mentioned single lady.

When I part with Louise for the night, what a gentlemanly, agreeable man is Mr. Hudson!' said she, 'and mamma says, so very unassuming!'

But with the good-humored and kind-hearted, instead of hostility, there is a *neighboring* fellow-feeling, nurtured by the intimate relations of a stage coach. Our fellow-passengers seem to us like contemporaries—we have set out with the same purposes and hopes—not with the same disappointments and mischances—we have had our losses together; in short, in a stage coach, as in every mode and condition of human life, sympathy—the electric chain of social being—may be developed, and, instead of gall and vinegar, we may enjoy the sweetest of all draughts—the milk of human kindness.

'Ishaw! Mamma—do hush!' said Miss Louise, whose smiles, in spite of her, betrayed that her mind had, simultaneously with her mother's, seized on the solution of Mr. Hudson's mysterious unassumingness.

'Lu! Louise, my darling, we need not mind Miss—; I am sure she is so discerning she must have seen, as I did long ago, that Mr. Hudson was like young Edwin in 'Edwin and Angelina.'

'Then he has not yet talked of love?' I asked, rather mischievously.

'Bless me, no! This however, is a bold step, going to Natural Bridge with us—but *n'importe*, as Louise says, he will do nothing hasty—I am sure of it—he is so unassuming!'

Whilst we were talking, the Finecastle coach arrived, and it was announced to Mrs. Campbell that there must be a delay of an hour or two before it would proceed, as it required some repair, and, as every body knows who has travelled in Virginia—there was no other carriage to take its place *en route*. The servant, who communicated this to Mrs. Campbell, told us that a very nice looking gentleman and his lady, and daughter, had arrived in the coach, and were to remain at the Sweet Springs. 'Who were they? and what were their names?' She did not know, 'but she reckoned they were somebody, for they had a heap of baggage.' It was immediately proposed that we should abandon the cabin and reconnoitre the drawing room and piazza, in quest of the new-comers. In those strong holds of *ennui*—Watering-Places—the perusal of new faces is as exciting as the covers of a fresh novel to the fair patronesses of a circulating library. We were disappointed in our purpose. We met no one but Mr. Hudson. He seemed, since we parted, a changed man; and instead of the listlessness, abstraction and indifference—to all which it pleased Mrs. Campbell to apply the term unassuming—he was all expression and animation. Once only the flow of his spirits was checked for an instant, when Mrs. Campbell said, with a complacent smile, 'I was very glad to see your baggage brought out for the Finecastle coach.' He stammered and blushed, and she changed the conversation. Louise was touched by the consciousness of having produced a sensation, and was quiet and retiring, and Mr. Hudson so much more attentive and interested than I had ever seen him before, that I began to think the mother was not at fault, and that our Mr. Hudson was as like the unassuming hermit lover, as a whiskered, well-dressed, Springs' lounger could be. I was confirmed in this belief, and convinced that he would soon 'talk of love,' when, on going with Louise to her cabin in search of something she had left behind, we saw, on her table, a book neatly enveloped in white paper, on which was written in pencil, *To L. C. from C. H.*, and under it the trite quotation from the text-book of lovers, 'The world is divided into two parts: that where she is, and that where she is not!' 'How very odd!' exclaimed Louise, blushing, and smiling, and untying with a fluttering hand, the blue ribbon wound round the envelope. She opened the book. It was a blank album, with flowers pressed between its leaves, the very flowers that the 'unpre-

suming Mr. Hudson' had not the courage to offer Louise on the first day of their acquaintance. Here they were embalmed by love and poetry; for on each page was pencilled a quoted stanza from some popular amorous poet. We had hardly time to glance our eyes over them, when the horn of the Finecastle coach sounded its note of preparation.

'What am I to do?' said Louise. 'Why did not that stupid chambermaid give me the book before, He thought I had seen it, and that explains his being in such spirits, and mamma telling him, too, she was glad he was going on with us; he must think it is as good as settled! What am I to do! I can't leave it—can I?'

'Not if you choose to take it, I replied, implying the advice she wished.

Then do, Miss, just wrap it up in that shawl of yours, and while I am getting into the coach you can just tuck it into my carpet bag. I can show it to mamma, and if I return it there is no harm done, for he was so very unassuming! But is it not droll, his flaming forth so all of a sudden?

Very 'droll' and inexplicable, certainly, did appear to me this new phase of the Proteus passion, and marvelling, I followed my young friend, scrupulously concealing the album in the folds of my shawl. As we left the door of the cabin Louise had occupied, we saw, in the walk just before us, the two ladies of whose arrival we had been apprised.

'Oh!' exclaimed Louise, 'how much that young lady's walk is like Laura Clay's!'

At the sound of her name the stranger turned, and proved to be an old schoolmate of Louise's. I took advantage of the moment when the young ladies were exchanging their affectionate greetings, to perform my delicate commission, and having ordered in the carpet bag, I had drawn it into a corner of the room, and was just unlacing it, when the girls came in.

'How very provoking,' said Louise, 'that we are going just as you have arrived!'

'And only think,' returned her friend, 'of the chambermaid telling me I was to have the room of a young lady going in the Finecastle coach, and my never dreaming of that young lady being you, and we could have had such nice times in that room together, I have so much to tell you!'

'And I have the drollest thing to tell you!' said Louise; 'but, by the way, I heard you were engaged.' The young lady smiled. 'Is it true?' She nodded assent. 'Oh, tell me whom! I am dying to know—the deuce take that horn!—just tell his name!'

'Charles Hudson.'

'Charles Hudson!'

'Yes, my dear—Charles Hudson—is it not very curious you should have been here with him and not found him out.'

Louise was too much astonished to reply. She cast an imploring glance towards me, and I, while I relaxed the bag, returned a look that assured her the album should be secretly restored to its right place. Mr. Hudson's unnatural coldness to the charms of my pretty little friend, the mystery of the book—Miss Clay's initials being the same as Miss Campbell's—all was explained. Louise concealed her blushes in a hasty parting embrace, and as she stepped into the carriage, I heard her mother saying to Mr. Hudson,

'Not going with us; why did you change your mind?'

'Some friends have arrived here, Madam, whom I expected to have met at the Natural Bridge.'

Mrs. Campbell bowed for the last time to the unassuming Mr. Hudson. The coach drove off, and left me meditating upon the trials of a pretty young girl who is charmed to watering-places by a silly, expecting, and credulous mother.

THE CANTERBURY SHAKERS.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, FEB. 28, 1852.

83 The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.
North Western—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

Worcester.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

Stoneham.—Mr. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

Boston.—Messrs. S. M. PITTENGILL & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

TOWN GOVERNMENT.

Next Monday will be the day for Legislation in town affairs, and the citizens of Woburn will be called upon to decide in regard to those measures which tend to the best interest and welfare of the town, and to select such persons to carry on those measures, as in their opinion will serve those interests most acceptably and faithfully. In such matters, each resident of a town has a direct personal interest and responsibility, thus making it important for him to devote attention to the subject.

It is gratifying to know that here is ground where all can meet in common sympathy, where all party feuds can be cast aside, and the political squabbles of the day be forgotten, and all sectional and denominational differences laid by, for the purpose of adopting such recommendations, and taking action upon such measures, as shall tend to benefit the town in all its varied interests. We here see the wisdom displayed by our Puritan forefathers, in making the laws and general features of our town affairs so entirely under the control of the residents of each town, thus placing the arrangements of all the details of government directly in the power of those who are to receive the benefits or bear the evils of laws made.

In looking over the report of the town officers for the past year, we notice that the affairs have been conducted in a prudent, economical manner, that does credit to those having the various matters in charge; and we are glad to know that all the interests of the Town are in such a prosperous condition, thus proving that they have been carefully looked after and well cared for by those in authority.

By reference to the Town Warrant, published in another column, it will be seen that quite number of articles are to be acted upon, and we hope that the importance of the general interests of Woburn, will call out such a spirit, that at the expiration of another year Woburn will still be prospering in all respects, and it can then be said of her, behold a town where the good of all is thought of, and where petty differences are overlooked for the "greatest good of the greatest number."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received from some of our regular contributors, Poetry, Prose, Enigmas &c., and find them as usual, of value to us, and use will be made of them in due season.

"Susan"—is informed that the person she refers to lives in London, a poet and a philanthropist.

"B. M. R."—The subject you write on is one of great importance, and worthy of consideration.

"May Ritchie."—Your tale has been perused, and will be published as soon as we can find room; it is a well written story.

"Veto Boy."—If we can find room, by and by, your poetry will appear, but when articles are so lengthy, we find it difficult to accommodate as we wish. We are glad to read the good account you give of Veto, No. 2, Engine Company.

Two pieces from "M." are received, the incident of "Columbus" is beautiful.

EXHIBITION.—Last night, a very creditable exhibition was given in the Town Hall, by the scholars of the Grammar School. At this late hour we cannot give any particulars, but will say, that the performance reflected great credit on the young gentlemen and ladies. The crowded and uncomfortable state of the Hall, was a beautiful illustration of our conveniences for exhibitions and concerts, and we hope the day is not very far distant when we shall have some attractions to offer in the shape of a public room.

GODEY FOR MARCH—is already received at Fowle's Bookstore. As usual, it is filled with interesting matter, and has some superb engravings. The rival pictures are very fine, and we should say were "both best."

A. JAM.—At the annual military and civic ball, at Nashua, N. H., last Tuesday evening, four hundred couples were present. No doubt they had a "hopping good time" of it. We acknowledge an invite to the "Journal."

LITFELL'S LIVING AGE.—Fowle has at his counter this valuable publication. It seems to increase in interest; and would our readers get compendium of the best foreign monthlies, they will find it in Littell.

12 We would call attention to the notice, in another column, of Rev. Mr. Holland's lecture on "Palestine," to be given in this town. It will be one of interest, and we hope the lecturer will have a full house.

Written for the Journal.

OUR DUTY.

Traveller, o'er life's dreary road,—
Pilgrim, to the throne of God,—
Stranger, here on earth awhile,—
Cant thou, 'midst these sorrows, smile?

Has the earth for thee no joy,
Like gold refined without alloy?

Yes! if thou dost thy duty here,
Relievest sorrow's flowing tear,
And sinners save from danger near,
Unchecked by scorn, unmoved by fear,
The world around with smiles will bloom,
Sweet tears be shed above thy tomb.

They see'st that man of sorrows there,
Asks thee of a brother's care ;
He may have sinned, yes, fallen low,—
And made his home a scene of woe,
Kindness may save him, scorn may kill,
Go mortal, do thy Master's will.

Thy duty done, the world around,
To Heaven sends up a joyful sound ;
Sinners are saved, let us bow lowly,
Erin man is made more holy ;
Then thou will feel an earnest joy,
Like gold refined without alloy.

Woburn, Feb. 1852.

L. P. Q.

NEW LIQUOR LAW.

Mr. Brigham, Chairman of the Committee, who had the Temperance petitions under their care, reported a bill for the suppression of the retail traffic in ardent spirits. The bill and reports are quite lengthy, and we have prepared a synopsis, which will give our readers an idea of the general features of the Law. It is supposed that it will be submitted to the people for their decision—the report and bill were adopted unanimously by the Committee before they were reported:

Sec. 1. No person to be allowed to manufacture or sell any liquors of any kind, except as provided in other sections.

Sec. 2. A person or persons to be appointed in each city or town by the Aldermen or Selectmen, for the purpose of supplying liquor for medicinal, chemical, mechanical and sacramental purposes to be appointed in May for one year, and removed at pleasure of the board.

Sec. 3. All agents to receive a certificate of appointment, as soon as a bond for six hundred dollars shall be executed to conform in every respect to the law in all its provisions, two sureties are also to be given.

Sec. 4. Commissioners of the several counties, after the first Monday of May, shall authorize persons who apply, to manufacture liquor, at suitable places, and to sell in quantities not less than thirty gallons to go out of the State, and to the agents appointed as above sections provide.

Sec. 5. Such persons shall receive certificates after a good bond with sureties for six thousand dollars is executed.

Sec. 6. A correct record of all the parties so authorized to make and sell shall be kept and shall be open to public inspection at all reasonable times.

Sec. 7. If any person shall violate these provisions, he shall pay ten dollars and costs, on the first conviction, and give bonds in the sum of not less than one thousand dollars; that he will not again violate the law within a year. On the second conviction he shall pay twenty dollars and costs, on the third and every subsequent conviction, he shall pay twenty dollars and costs, and shall be imprisoned not less than three, nor more than six months; if the fine is not paid, he shall not be entitled to the poor debtor's act for relief, until two months imprisonment shall pass, &c. &c. This will apply also to any clerks, agents, &c., of parties interested.

Sec. 8. The penalty may be recovered in an action of debt, or complaint before any Justice of the Peace, or Judge of the Police Court, and the forfeiture shall go to the town or city where the party resides; the complainant or prosecutor may be a witness in the trial; and it shall be the duty of Aldermen or Selectmen to bring action immediately, on receiving reasonable proof of said violation.

Sec. 9. In case of an appeal after judgment, the parties must give bonds and sureties as provided.

Sec. 10. In case of a violation of the law, the agency shall be revoked, after a hearing before the Aldermen or Selectmen.

Sec. 11. This relates to those manufacturers who may violate the law, and has the same penalty as Sec. 10.

Sec. 12. No persons shall manufacture without being duly appointed, under the penalty of one hundred dollars, and costs, or imprisonment for 60 days, and the penalties to be increased with each future conviction. Any person concerned in it shall be held equally liable with the principal.

Sec. 13. No person engaged in the unlawful manufacture or sale of liquor, shall be competent to set upon a jury in any case arising under the act.

Sec. 14. All cases under this act shall take precedence in Court of all other business, except criminal cases, when the parties are under arrest awaiting trial.

Sec. 15. Provides that on the oath of any two voters, that they have reason to believe that liquor, &c., are being sold &c., unlawfully, a search-warrant shall be issued, seizures made, the owner warned to appear and make defence, and unless it is shown that he has done lawfully, the liquor law shall be destroyed in obedience to an order from a Justice or Judge; the certificate of importation or marks in a cask are not to be received as evidence in a defense.

Sec. 16. If the owner of the liquor is not known, then it shall be advertised at least two weeks before condemnation, and in case of legal proof of ownership, the liquor shall be delivered back.

Sec. 17. In case of an appeal from the judgment of the Justice or the Judge, the party

shall be obliged to give bond and sureties for at least \$200 before his appeal shall be allowed; nothing contained in this act shall interfere with any chemist, artist, or manufacturer in whose trade it may be necessary to use liquor in such art or trade, but not for sale.

Sec. 18. Provides that if any liquor is sold in any tent, shanty, place of refreshment, cattle show, or places of muster, &c., the liquor shall be seized and destroyed, the seller arrested and imprisoned thirty days.

Sec. 19. An appeal must be accompanied with bond and sureties to the amount of two hundred dollars. In a second action for violating this act, it need not set forth all the record of the first offence, but allege briefly that such person has been convicted, &c.

Sec. 20. All payment for liquor sold in violation of this act, shall be considered as received or due in violation of law, and no action shall be maintained in any court to recover possession of liquor or the value of the same, except such as sold under the provisions of this act.

Sec. 21. This act to take effect in sixty days from its passage, and all acts inconsistent with it are repealed.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The last week has not been a very active one. Our sleighing is about gone. The weather is becoming fine, and the business season near at hand. The latest news from Europe brings nothing of much importance.

France seems quiet under her new Republic. President Bonaparte rules with his own will. They talk of war between France and England; it will be all talk. Emigration to America continues unabated. The ship fever is raging in New York, and is spreading through the city; much alarm exists; 700 cases at the hospital. Several physicians have died from the contagion while attending the sick. Some of the Cuban prisoners pardoned by the Queen of Spain, have arrived home. Nothing of importance from Congress; various petitions are daily presented and referred, and this is about all they have done. We find seven petitions against Sunday mails, four against the extension of Woodworth's plowing machine. A grant of land in aid of railroads is before Congress, with prospects that the bill will pass. The Western States are rapidly increasing, and call loudly for railroads to the Pacific. Our country presents a grand picture of progress, power, and prosperity never before equaled. The last steamer for California could not carry one half the passengers. The steamers for March are reported full.

Sec. 22. A correct record of all the parties so authorized to make and sell shall be kept and shall be open to public inspection at all reasonable times.

Sec. 23. If any person shall violate these provisions, he shall pay ten dollars and costs, on the first conviction, and give bonds in the sum of not less than one thousand dollars; that he will not again violate the law within a year. On the second conviction he shall pay twenty dollars and costs, on the third and every subsequent conviction, he shall pay twenty dollars and costs, and shall be imprisoned not less than three, nor more than six months; if the fine is not paid, he shall not be entitled to the poor debtor's act for relief, until two months imprisonment shall pass, &c. &c. This will apply also to any clerks, agents, &c., of parties interested.

Sec. 24. The penalty may be recovered in an action of debt, or complaint before any Justice of the Peace, or Judge of the Police Court, and the forfeiture shall go to the town or city where the party resides; the complainant or prosecutor may be a witness in the trial; and it shall be the duty of Aldermen or Selectmen to bring action immediately, on receiving reasonable proof of said violation.

Sec. 25. In case of an appeal after judgment, the parties must give bonds and sureties as provided.

Sec. 26. All cases under this act shall take precedence in Court of all other business, except criminal cases, when the parties are under arrest awaiting trial.

Sec. 27. Provides that on the oath of any two voters, that they have reason to believe that liquor, &c., are being sold &c., unlawfully, a search-warrant shall be issued, seizures made, the owner warned to appear and make defence, and unless it is shown that he has done lawfully, the liquor law shall be destroyed in obedience to an order from a Justice or Judge; the certificate of importation or marks in a cask are not to be received as evidence in a defense.

Sec. 28. If the owner of the liquor is not known, then it shall be advertised at least two weeks before condemnation, and in case of legal proof of ownership, the liquor shall be delivered back.

Sec. 29. In case of an appeal from the judgment of the Justice or the Judge, the party

lodged in her shoulder. Leutres' picture of "Washington Crossing the Delaware" has been sold for \$10,000. The cholera has carried off 40,000 the last year in Jamaica.

Our neighboring towns seem alive for improvements, and the coming spring will no doubt show the march of improvement, and the call for laborers. Woburn will not be the last of the train. Our town is beginning to attract the attention of parties in search of country residences, and we may hope to see many first class houses erected the ensuing season. Spring is near opening, and we shall soon have the busy preparations of the farmer for tilling the soil. The past week, with its occurrences, have passed and gone; that coming one may be "big with the fate of Rome."

BRITISH PROVINCES.

We have received the "Royal Gazette," printed at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, by E. Wheten, from which we gather many items of the doings amongst our British neighbors. They seem to have their ups and downs in politics, and the freedom of the press seems to have the largest liberty. The growing importance of the trade of the Provinces to Boston is not fully appreciated. We are informed by a Boston friend who has travelled through the most business towns, that commercial business is rapidly increasing, and when the contemplated railroad shall be completed, it will open new resources, and add facilities for transportation which they are now much in want of. Prince Edward Island is almost a paradise. The soil is very fertile and yields largely. We have before us a statement of agricultural items. On one farm 11,000 bushels of turnips were raised on one acre; oats and barley are in abundance. Potatoes are raised in large quantities, and of a superior kind; immense quantities are shipped to Boston. This Island is about 150 miles in length and an average of 30 miles broad, situated on the gulf of St. Lawrence, fifty miles from Pictou.

The Government consists of a Lieutenant Governor, appointed by the Crown, with a Council and Parliament emanating from the people, and termed a responsible government, independent of the other Provinces, and seems like a little nation by itself. The great drawback to its increase is the long winters, as most of the harbors are frozen from December to April. But vegetation comes forward early, and in summer and autumn there is no spot more lovely and healthy; and if those of our friends who seek the bracing breezes of old salt ocean, wish to enjoy the pure pleasures of nature, they will find them in abundance at Prince Edward Island.

The inhabitants are industrious and friendly, and cordially welcome their brother Yankees. Charlottetown is the principal port, and is a place of much business; the merchants import large supplies of Yankee notions from Boston, the duties on which are light. They complain (and justly too) that we impose heavy duties on our fish, which if we would reciprocate with them, their trade would be important. This must sooner or later be done.

The north shore of this Island was the sad scene of the wrecked fishermen last fall. The humanity of the inhabitants to the unfortunate fishermen will not soon be forgotten. The past winter has been a severe one for this Island; a large number of vessels have been lost, with their outward and inward cargoes, but we hope the vigor of Spring trade will repair the losses. We are promised items of the other Provinces:

FILLING TEETH.—Dr. Clough, in his new work on the teeth, speaks of the importance of having decayed teeth filled; and we suppose there is no kind of personal neglect, which brings eventually so heavy a penalty upon the sufferer, as this one. There are hundreds of people who annually suffer excruciating pain and torture, and lose teeth, from the simple reason that they will not take the time to consult a good Dentist and have their teeth

repaired.

It is of the first importance to every one, that they take the best of care of their teeth, and that they also have them often examined by a skilful Dentist, who will inform his patient when a tooth should be filled; and by having them attending to, in this way in proper season, many teeth, now lost from neglect, could be saved, and used for many years. Dr. Clough is always to be found at his rooms in Tremont Temple, Boston, and we recommend our readers to give him a call.

INSTALLATION.—On Wednesday afternoon, Feb. 25th, the Rev. E. P. Marvin was installed as Pastor of the Second Congregational Church, Medford. The exercises were as follows:—Reading the Scriptures and Invocation, Rev. Mr. Northrop, of Melrose, Sermon, Rev. E. N. Kirk, Boston. Installing Prayer, Rev. Mr. Horton, West Cambridge. Right Hand of Fellowship, Rev. Mr. Warner, Medford. Concluding Prayer, Rev. Mr. Edwards, Woburn.

REV. MR. WIGHT'S LECTURE.—By an error, we omitted to state that the lecture on "Voltaire" given in the Unitarian Church, was an exceedingly interesting one, and was listened to by a gratified audience. The assertion of Voltaire's being "the skeptical representative of the eighteenth century," was dwelt upon by the lecturer in an able manner, and those present must have felt fully repaid for their attendance.

12 We are indebted to HON. CHAS. SUMNER, and HON. ROBERT RANTOL, Jr., for valuable Congressional documents received during the past week.

FRANKLIN.

12 One of the best jokes of the season is the statement that one of the candidates for Governor in New Hampshire, who is "stumping the State," got some thirty miles into Canada, making speeches to the k'ucks, before he knew he was out of his own "bailiwick."

ADVERTISING.—Advertising is to the merchant what manure is to the farmer. It fertilizes his business, stimulates his custom, and makes harvest sure and great.

APPOINTMENT.—Gov. Boutwell has appointed Moses Taylor, Esq., of Acton, a Justice of the Peace for the County of Middlesex.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

WOBURN BRANCH RAILROAD.

Mr. EDITOR:—Probably no town within a ten mile range of Boston can offer more desirable inducements for country residences, than Woburn; and the facts brought to our notice in your paper of last week are sufficient to satisfy any person of the truth of such an assertion.

The remarks made in regard to our railroad, its conductors and those connected with it, were in exact accordance with the testimony of all who travel over the road; and when we remember the perfect safety that has always attended the travel between Woburn and Boston, it is indeed worthy of especial notice, that we have a road with such efficient managers.

Mr. Higginson, the able Agent of the Lowell Road, deserves great credit for the accomodating way in which he makes his arrangements, thus enabling persons doing business in Boston, who live on the line of the railroad to accomodate themselves to most any hour of the day or night. I have often heard this matter spoken of, and could point out many facts to show that this road is under the best of management.

Some time since it occurred to me, that without extra expense on the part of the Company, they could increase the inducements for permanent travel on the road, and also materially aid in building up our town and the other places on the road. It appears to me if a large engine was put on the Branch Road, and run over the road from early in the morning until late at night, *hourly*, or nearly so, it could be done with great ease, and would be very desirable on many accounts; and I have no doubt if the vote of permanent passengers was taken, it would be found that it would be unanimous in favor of some such plan.

There might be some of the trains that would not be filled, perhaps, but when we consider the great convenience connected with such an arrangement, and the inducements held out for travel, it is very evident that as a *whole* it would pay. For instance, I know of many persons who would like often to spend the evening in town, and then return to their homes in the city. Now this, to many, would be an additional inducement to come and reside here, if their friends and acquaintances could be accommodated in this way. I might go on, giving facts and arguments to prove how desirable such an arrangement would be, but I think the managers of the road will perceive the reasonableness of the suggestion without further comment.

When are we to have that new depot in Boston, which shall bring our landing place nearer to the centre of the city? It appears to me, that the Corporation could not make a better investment of their surplus funds, than by giving their patrons a depot so located and so arranged, that it shall be worthy of belonging to the best supported and arranged road leading from Boston. All these hints I throw out because they appear to me so reasonable, and also because I have heard them made the subject of frequent comment, and also because I hope they will be taken into consideration by those who manage the "Woburn Branch Railroad." Excuse my occupying so much of your space.

Woburn, Feb. 1852. TRAVELLER.

DEATH OF A LADY FROM GRIEF.—Mrs. Agnes Boyd, of Cincinnati, it is said, died of grief a few days ago, in consequence of the disease of her husband. During the week previous to her death, she was almost constantly occupied with prayer, interrupted at frequent intervals by maniacal supplications to her children. She took no food nor nourishment of any kind, save such as were forced upon her, and when the stricken spirit fled, the fair temerity it had occupied was reduced almost to a skeleton. She was only 20 years of age, a lady of rare accomplishments, and the daughter of the Rev. Dr. George, of Philadelphia.

A YOUNG POLICE WOMAN.—The other day, as a little girl, some six years of age, was approaching the residence of her father on Walnut street, she saw a colored gentleman coming out of the house, with a shawl which she at once recognized to be her sister's. She immediately "arrested" him—telling him the shawl was her sister's, and sticking to it so pertinaciously, that the entry thief was glad to give up his booty and decamp.—*New Bedford Mercury*, 25th.

THE SEA SERPENT CAUGHT AT LAST.—The N. Y. *Tribune* of Monday publishes a letter from Capt. Seabury, of the whaling Monongahela, of New Bedford, giving a long and circumstantial account of the discovery and capture, in the Pacific ocean, of a huge marine monster, having the form of a serpent, with spout-holes like a whale, and swimming paws. Its immense size rendered it necessary to cut it up, but its head and bones have been preserved.

THE principal coin in circulation in California are fifty dollar gold pieces, which they call *stags*. A man can be at no loss to make his way with such shots in his locker.

Forty-one thousand immigrants landed in Canada during the past year, and of this upward of twenty-thousand were Irish.

Eggs—which a fortnight since, sold at Cincinnati at 40 and 50 cents a dozen, are now selling at 10 and 12 cents.

Why is the letter t like an island? Because it is in the middle of wa(t)er.

To-morrow—the day on which idle men work, and fools reform.

Written for the Journal.

THE WESTERN PRIMARY SCHOOL.

Mr. EDITOR:—Yesterday I attended the examination of the Western Primary School, taught by Miss L. Damon. There I met a large number of the parents and friends of the children, and of the cause of common school education, assembled to listen to the exercises and witness the order of the school, in order to appreciate the labors of the teacher, and learn the proficiency of the scholars. Such an attendance must be a source of pleasure and encouragement to both teacher and scholars, and no less of profit and pleasure to those who avail themselves of the privilege.

I cannot forbear alluding in particular to two things there witnessed, and highly approved, without, however, intending any invidious distinction, but only to incite emulation. I refer to a song sung by all the children—standing—which, for the want of a better name, I will call a gymnastic song,—in which there was a happy association and combination of language, sentiment, and social and muscular exercise, in great variety, all of which are essential to facilitate study, to promote happiness, to improve health, and I sincerely believe, tend to lengthen life.

I will only allude to the affectionate relation and sympathy manifestly existing between teacher and scholar. Here lies a hidden and effective principle, the great lever of success. The art of pleasing is the first step towards teaching. I would recommend a standing posture for scholars, at all times, when singing in schools. The exercises in general were very creditable to all engaged therein, and I trust will receive, as they deserve, from the proper hands, due commendation.

Woburn, Feb. 1852. L.

Written for the Journal.

HOME.

What place is there better than home! there is none. We may wander over all the earth, see different scenes, make new acquaintances, be surrounded by friends, yet there is a desire within us that cannot be suppressed; an ardent desire to revisit our home—the home of our infancy. An old and true saying is, "home is home, be it ever so homely." It is here that true enjoyment is to be found, while surrounded by parents, brothers and sisters, and other loved ones. And how are we grieved when death enters the family circle, and removes a beloved friend from our midst. While enjoying these blessings, we should remember they cannot always last; that sooner or later we must be deprived of them. Let us then improve the present time, that in the future we shall have nothing to regret, and when we are called to part with them, we may part in peace, thinking we have done all we could.

North Woburn, Feb. 1852. FLORA.

NEWSPAPERS IN MASSACHUSETTS.—It appears by Adam's Massachusetts State Record for 1852, just published, that there are two hundred and nineteen periodicals published in this Commonwealth. Of this number 119 are published in Boston, viz.; 12 dailies, 62 weeklies, 25 monthlies, 7 semi-monthly and quarterly, and the remainder semi-weekly, yearly and occasionally. There are 4 papers published in Barnstable County, 8 in Berkshire, 11 in Bristol, 1 in Dukes, 21 in Essex, 3 in Franklin, 11 in Hampshire, 13 in Middlesex, 2 in Nantucket, 4 in Norfolk, 4 in Plymouth, 12 in Worcester, and 2 in Chelsea, which with those published in Boston, make 121 for Suffolk County.

Woburn Lyceum Lectures.—The Committee of the LYCEUM AND LITERARY ASSOCIATION, announce that the exercises for the remainder of the season will be as follows:—

Thursday evening, Feb. 14, Lecture by Rev. A. L. Stevens, Esq., "The Slave," March 4th, by Wedderburn, Esq., "The Slave," March 31st, by Wedderburn, Esq., "Palestine," Thursday evening, March 14th, by Dr. E. P. Whipple, "The Lecture to commence at 7 o'clock.

There will be charged an admission fee of 12 cents for a gentleman and lady, to defray expenses. Woburn, Feb. 23, 1852.

4. HOVEY, Secy.

Life Insurance Rates.—GEO. W. POWELL is the editor of the *Life and Health Insurance*, a pamphlet furnishing the particulars of sixty-one claims promptly paid by them within the last seven years, and amount in all to the great sum of \$21,000. Also, of *Death Premiums*, a pamphlet containing 120 cases, recognized with \$10,000 capital, under the above-mentioned names. Its design is to secure experience men the benefit of their principles, without being subject to the losses by interpretation.

Woburn, Feb. 21, 1852.

5. FOWLER & WELLS, PHRYSIOLOGISTS AND PRACTITIONERS, as M. D. P. Butler, have opened a Cabinet and Bookstore in Boston, No. 143 Washington Street, where professional examinations, with charts or written descriptions of character, may be obtained.

Books on Phrenology, Physiology, Hydropathy, and Photography, for sale. AGENTS and Booksellers supplied on the most liberal terms.

jan 24 2m

6. MARRIAGES.

In this town, by the Rev. Hollis Kendall, Mr. Curtis Greenwood to Miss Lucy A. Taylor, both of Woburn. In Salem, 24th inst., Mr. Washington McKenzie, of Essex, to Miss Martha A. Conant, of Salem.

7. DEATHS.

In Woburn, 25th inst., Mrs. Charlotte Newton, 35, wife of the late William Newton, 35, of Woburn.

In Dedham, 25th inst., Mr. John Bullard, 79, for the past forty years Treasurer of the County of Norfolk.

8. INSOLVENCY NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given by the subscribers, that they have been duly elected and commissioned as Assessors of the estate of Wm. C. Farnum, of Middlesex County, Minot and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, his indentured debtor, and that the second meeting of the creditors will be held at the office of Bradford Russell, Esq., at Charlestown, on the 31st day of March next, for the proof of claims against said estate, and the transaction of other necessary business.

W. M. T. CHAOTE, JOHN FLANDERS,

Woburn, Feb. 28, 1852.

9. AT AUCTION.

A small DWELLING HOUSE, known as Lopez's Badger's place, will be sold at Auction, on Friday, May 11, at 10 o'clock, A. M., in the Town Hall, at Woburn, and not necessarily at the above place, situated on a street leading from Franklin Street to Wm. Carrill, and contains about half an acre of LAND. Possession given of the said house against said estate, and the subscribers will be entitled to the same.

W. M. T. CHAOTE, JOHN FLANDERS,

Woburn, Feb. 28, 1852.

10. NOTICE.

THE subscriber having disposed of his stock and stand to Mr. LEONARD THOMPSON, JR., and grateful for the very liberal patronage bestowed upon him while he has been in town, earnestly hopes for a continuance of the old stand, Knight's Building.

Woburn, Feb. 28, 1852.

11. GOOD BUTTER.

FAMILIES can supply themselves with a choice article of Butter, put up in small packages, by calling on

Feb. 28 2f J. S. ELLIS & CO.

12. EGGS! EGGS!

Eggs for Hatching, at Fifty Cents per Dozen!

THE subscriber continues to breed from his large and well selected stock of pure SHANGHAI FOWLS, which he esteems, as well as all poultry and scientific breeders, as one of the very best breeds known. They grow to a very large size, and are very prolific. The subscriber has them weigh over 15 lbs per pair.

S. HINES.

13. FOWLS.—A SHOEMAKER'S SHOP, on Salem Street, now for sale, if applied for soon will be sold cheap. Apply to J. S. Ellis's store, or the subscriber.

C. H. THWING.

14. STONE FOR SALE. The subscriber is prepared to furnish a first rate quality of STONE, for Cellars,

Feb. 28 3m JOHN CARTON.

15. BLANKETS.—A superior article, at low prices, at W. B. WOODBERRY'S.

16. LIVERY STABLE.

THE subscriber has established himself in the above business on Union street, a few rods

from Main street, where he is prepared to furnish a large quantity of teams of short notice, and at a rate sufficiently low to suit the means of the riding public. Call and see.

W. B. WOODBERRY.

17. FRENCH LUSTREL, or Hair Restorative, for clean

ing, preserving, beautifying and improving the hair prepared by DAVID YOUNGMAN, M. D., Woburn, Feb. 28 3m

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 30 letters. My 11, 6, 15, 8, 6, 16, reads backwards and forwards the same.

23, 24, 25, 5, is a musical instrument.

27, 17, 15, 10, is what every one has been.

12, 7, 4, is good advice.

19, 9, 20, 26, is trampled under foot.

22, 7, 6, 20, is what horses are sometimes made to do.

3, 29, 18, is an animal.

8, 2, 14, 19, is what we sometimes ought to take.

28, 21, 6, is used a great deal.

1, 5, 15, is very useful.

My whole is something which has been a great while coming, but has come at last.

Woburn, Jan. 1852. SCHOOLBOY.

Written for the Journal.

A PROBLEM.

Seven-eighths of a certain number exceeds four-fifths, by 6; what is that number?

RICHARD.

A CHARADE.

I am composed of letters three;

And two are found in Galilee;

The other may be found in warm,

My whole's a part the human form.

* CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, Feb. 1852.

North Woburn, Feb. 24, 1852.

Mr. EDITOR:—I send you the answer to

"Calista's" Enigma of last week. It is "Be

sure you are right, then go ahead."

Also to the "Problem," which is, 163.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, Feb. 1852.

Mr. EDITOR:—I send you the answer to

"Home," which is, 12.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, Feb. 1852.

Mr. EDITOR:—I send you the answer to

"Sickles," which is, 12.

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

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CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

North Woburn, Feb. 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

A SLEIGH-RIDE—AND RACE.

One winter's day last winter,
I thought I'd take a ride;
So I got a horse and sleigh,
And a lady by my side.

The horse he went so slow,
It really made us fret;
I whipped him ; then he went so fast,
I thought we should upset.

On we went with lightning speed,
Faster than railway pace,
I saw a shadow on the snow,
I think, we'll have a race.

Faster we went, then o'er a hobbie
The sleigh it gave a lurch,
I thought we were upset, but no !
I eat steady as a church.

I heard some one shout : thinks I
He thinks he'll beat me sure ;
But on I went, and very soon,
I jumped out at the tavern door.

I turned to my sleigh,
To hold my lady out,
When lo ! she was not there !
Ah ! that accounted for the shout.

I turned my horse's head about,
And quickly back we sped ;
Soon I found her in the snow,
Yea ! caught in sight but her head.

I have not been to sleigh-ride since,
The girls with me won't go ;
They think I may run a race,
And leave them in the snow.

Woburn, Jan., 1852.

Written for the Journal.

THE SPIRITS HOME.

Faith tells us of the spirit's home, fadless clime and fair,
And many a heart's gem lost on earth, lies bright in beauty there ;

Then would we wish our lov'd ones back to linger in those hours,

Where the beautiful must quickly fade,—death's blight is on earth's flowers.

Yet we may weep to see them borne forever from our eyes, for Jesus, our example here, wept o'er earth's broken ties :

But mercy, that bright attribute, that lured him from the throne,

That linger many weary years, neglected and unknown, Whispers the spring brings back the flowers, that winter robes in gloom,

Meet emblem of that glorious opening that brings immortality home.

Then shall we murmur or complain, that earth has broken ties ?

When the Christian's hopes are blighted here, faith points beyond the skies ;

No, rather let us live below that we may meet above, Where Jesus' countless blood-bought host chant their sweet songs of love.

Memphis I hear songs of gold attuned to heavenly praise,

And earth amidst her dreariness have caught some of their lays ;

All glory, shouts the faithful heart, to Jesus' name be given, All glory to the dying Lamb, rings thro' the courts of heaven.

Woburn Centre, Feb., 1852.

MARY.

MISCELLANY.

Written for the Journal.

FLOWERS.

"Oh ! they look upward from every place,
Through this beautiful world of ours,
And dear as a smile on a old friend's face,
Is the smile of the bright, bright flowers.

They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot,
Burst forth at the call of God."

The Mignionette Roseda odorata, which is a very general favorite, will form the subject of the present article. It is a native of Barbary, and grows wild on the sandy shores of Algiers. The name Mignionette was given to it by the French, and signifies little darling. In France however, it is called by the Latin name Roseda, while in England and this country it goes by its French name. It is generally grown as an annual, but by proper management, may be made a shrub which will continue to give its beautiful fragrant flowers for many years in succession. It is my intention to give both methods of culture.

Mignionettes should be sown in a light sandy soil, as it is not so fragrant when grown in rich earth. It is quite easy to have this plant in flower during every month in the year. In order that it may flower during the winter, the seed should be sown either in pots or in the open ground in July. If sown in pots, they should be placed in a situation where they can have plenty of light and air. In September the plants should be put in the pots in which they are to flower. From 3 to 8 in a pot, according to its size, will be the right number. They should now be taken into the house and remain to the latter end of October, when the flower buds will be formed. At this time they should be removed to a window in a room where there is a fire, where they will grow and continue flowering if regularly watered till March.

The seeds of the plants which are to flower in March, should be sown in pots at the latter end of August, and be placed under cover, in a situation where they can have plenty of light, and air occasionally. Early in November they should be thinned out or transplanted, and the pots should be plunged in sand-boxes, and placed in a cellar, a room where they will be free from frost. They should be covered so as to be entirely dark, and regularly watered once or twice a week.

About a fortnight before they are wanted to flower, the boxes should be placed in the light in a room where there is a fire. The plants which are quite white will soon become green and form their flower buds. The pots may then be taken out of the boxes, and placed in large tubs, with moss stuffed in the interstices between

the two, or double pots will suffice, provided the outer one is only just large enough to admit the inner one.

A third crop may be sown in February in pots, and sheltered till all danger from frost is over, and then set in the open air—these will flower during May, June and July. A fourth crop should be sown in April in pots to flower from July to November.

In order to produce a tree Mignionette, a healthy specimen of the April sown plants should be selected, and transplanted into a pot by itself before the blossom buds form ; these should be taken off as soon as they appear. In the fall all the lower side shoots should be cut off in order to form a miniature tree, and it should be transplanted into a pot a size larger, in a soil composed of turfy loam broken small, and sand. It should be kept in a moderately warm room during the winter, and watered every day. It should be treated in the same manner the following year, and by the third it will become a shrub. It may now be allowed to flower, and it will continue to do so for many years. Perhaps by the same process, plants selected at different periods might be reared in the same manner, and made to flower from month to month as the annuals described above. If there is nothing known to the contrary, the experiment is well worth the trying.

R. U. P.

Written for the Journal.

CULTIVATION OF FRUIT TREES, &c.

(Concluded.)

We frequently hear the remark that fruit costs the farmer very little labor, or something of a similar character ; but such sayings are very erroneous ; the orchard needs cultivating, in our estimation, as much as a field of corn or potatoes, or any other agricultural production, except in new countries, and even then it should not be neglected ; but here in this vicinity, the orchard must be cultivated, if the owner wishes to receive any real benefit from it. Plowing and pruning are indispensable in promulgating culture, and manure, together with vegetable matter, should be occasionally used as a top dressing, and slightly covered with the plow, which will tend to keep the soil light and loose—two very essential items, and should be particularly cared for. There are various duties enjoined upon the orchardist, if he would see his trees loaded with "fruits in abundance." It should never be allowed to grass over, or mosses to gather upon the trunks of the trees ; insects, which are now very numerous, and prey upon both fruit and tree, should be looked after, and their hiding-places ransacked. Says an excellent writer, who had been on a journey through various sections of this State and in New Hampshire, and whose attention was particularly turned to the orchard, the manner of planting and managing them, "they began with a commendable zeal in the use of the plow ; set their trees in somewhat of a straight jacket, in holes two or three feet in diameter, planted potatoes and hoed them, and bid God-speed to their orchards. This should never be allowed to grass over, or mosses to gather upon the trunks of the trees ; insects, which are now very numerous, and prey upon both fruit and tree, should be looked after, and their hiding-places ransacked. Says an excellent writer, who had been on a journey through various sections of this State and in New Hampshire, and whose attention was particularly turned to the orchard, the manner of planting and managing them, "they began with a commendable zeal in the use of the plow ; set their trees in somewhat of a straight jacket, in holes two or three feet in diameter, planted potatoes and hoed them, and bid God-speed to their orchards. This

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der a cloud and I could not see distinctly, but I believe there's a child floating out to sea, in this freezing night, on that cake of ice."

We were on deck before either spoke another word. The mate pointed out with no little difficulty, the cake of ice, floating off to the leeward, its white glitter

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ing towns, solicited.

TALES AND SKETCHES.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It was a splendid room. Rich curtains swept down to the floor in graceful folds, half excluding the light, and shedding it in soft hues over the fine old paintings on the walls, and over the broad mirrors that reflect all that taste can accomplish by the hand of wealth. Books, the rarest and most costly, were around, in every form of gorgeous binding and gilding, and among them, glittering in ornament, lay a magnificent Bible—a Bible, too beautiful in its appointments, too showy, too ornamental, even to have been meant to read—a Bible which every visitor should take up and exclaim, “What a beautiful edition! what superb bindings!” and then lay it back again.

And the master of the house was lounging on a sofa, looking over a late review—for he was a man of leisure, taste, and reading—but then, as to reading the Bible!—that form no part of the pretensions of a man of letters. The Bible—certainly he considered it a very respectable book—a fine specimen of ancient literature—an admirable book of moral precepts—but then, as to its divine origin, he had not exactly made up his mind—some parts appeared strange and inconsistent to his reason—others were very revolting to his taste—true, he never studied it very attentively, yet such was his general impression about it—but on the whole, he thought it well enough to keep an elegant copy of it on his drawing-room table.

So much for one picture, now for another:

Come with us into this little dark alley, and up a flight of ruinous stairs. It is a bitter night, and the wind and snow might drive through the crevices of the poor room, were not that careful hands have stopped them with paper or cloth. But for all this little carefulness, the room is bitter cold—cold, even with those few decaying brands on the hearth, which that sorrowful woman is trying to kindle with her breath. Do you see that pale little girl, with large bright eyes, who is crouching so near her mother—hark! how she coughs—now listen:

“Mary, my dear child,” says the mother, “do keep that shawl close about you, you are cold, I know,” and the woman shivers as she speaks.

“No, mother, not *very*,” replies the child, again relapsing into that hollow ominous cough—“I wish you wouldn’t make me always wear your shawl when it is cold, mother.”

“Dear child, you need it most—how you cough to-night,” replies the mother—“it really don’t seem right for me to send you up that long cold street, your shoes have grown so poor, too; I must go myself after this.”

“Oh! mother, you must stay with the baby—what if she should have one of those dreadful fits while you are gone—no, I can go very well, I have got used to the cold now.”

“But, mother, I’m cold,” says a little voice from the scanty bed in the corner, mayn’t I get up and come to the fire?”

“Dear child, it would not warm you—it is very cold here, and I can’t make any more fire to-night.”

“Why can’t you, mother? there are four whole sticks of wood in the box, do put one on, and let’s get warm once.”

“No, my dear little Henry,” says the mother, soothingly, “that is all the wood mother has, and I haven’t any money to get more.”

And now wakes the sick baby in the little cradle, and mother and daughter are both for some time busy in attempting to supply its little wants, and lulling it again to sleep.

And now look you well at that mother. Six months ago, she had a husband, whose earnings procured for her both the necessities and comforts of life—her children were clothed, fed, and schooled, without thought of hers. But husbandless, friendless, and alone, in the heart of a great busy city, with feeble health, and only the resources of her needle, she has gone rapidly down from comfort to extreme poverty. Look at her now, as she is to-night. She knows full well that the pale, bright-eyed girl, whose hollow cough constantly rings in her ears, is far from well. She knows that cold, and hunger, and exposure of every kind, are daily and surely wearing away her life—and yet what can she do? Poor soul, how many times has she calculated all her little resources, to see if she could pay a doctor, and get medicine for Mary—yet all in vain. She knows that timely medicine, ease, fresh air, and warmth, might save her—but she knows that all these things are out of the question for her. She feels, too, as a mother would feel, when she sees her once rosy, happy little boy, becoming pale, and anxious, and fretful—and even when he teases her most, she only stops her work a moment, and strokes his poor thin cheeks, and thinks what a laughing little fellow he once was, till she has not a heart to reprove him. And all this day she has toiled with a sick and fretful baby in her lap, and her little, shivering, hungry boy at her side, whom poor Mary’s patient artifices cannot always keep quiet; she has toiled over the last

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NO. 20.

“I’M A LITTLE BOUND BOY NOW.”

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

We do not know when we have real anything so touching as the subjoined incident:

The Philadelphia Sun relates that one of the Police officers of that city was proceeding along the sidewalk on Sunday afternoon, whilst the snow was falling thick and the wind blowing in eddying gusts and piercingly cold, the sob of a child attracted his attention. He soon found a poor little boy in an alley standing up to his middle in the snow, and benumbed with the cold. The little fellow told the officer that he had been sent out to clear away the snow from the alley. “Go in the house,” said the officer, “and tell your mother that she ought to be ashamed of herself.” “My mother,” replied the boy, “is dead—I’m a little bound boy now.”

Poor little orphan! No kind mother would have sent her own child to expose life and health, even to earn a penny with which to buy bread; and no human heart bade the wretched boy go forth in such weather and such storm. The condition of a friendless, motherless little one, is to our mind the most deplorable on earth, and the being who could ill use or neglect an orphan must assuredly suffer—either in this world or the future.

“I’m a little bound boy now,” alas! how mournfully eloquent those few words; “I’m a little bound boy now.” Did he remember the time when the light of a mother’s love was continually sunshine to him? when he was the star of her existence, when his little lips, wreathed in smiles, were pressed again and again by her lips, and his eyes were mirrors of her love beaming face? Did he remember the time when a place on her bosom on which to pillow his head was recompense for all his trials, when her sweet voice soothed him to slumber, and the depths of her beaming eyes were graves for all his disquietudes? Then doubly heart-rending the thought and the feeling that he is “a little bound boy now;” he cannot leap over the door-step as of yore, and fearlessly cling to the hand of his mother; no! he moves with a cringing tread within the stranger’s domicile; he starts at the smallest request, for the tones of the stranger are cold and icy; there is no music in them as there used to be in the voice of his mother; the sweet request is changed to the peremptory command, and he flies over the pavement to execute the tyrannical order, as if every brick were a live coal beneath his feet.

Perhaps he remembers the time when he hurried from school, happy but hungry, and sure of the welcome slice of good, sweet bread; but now when he is almost starving, he dares not ask with the trusting familiarity of one who knows his very reasonable wish to be supplied.

“My mother is dead;” oh! the utter desolation of spirit which a child must experience on beholding the death-cold brow of an only, a darling parent. He stood perhaps, by her bedside, and felt the heavy pressure of her hand, heard her wild prayer, and clung to her cold, lifeless clay. Then it may be, he was consigned to the house of charity, from whence he was bound out, God help him, where the milk of human kindness flowed not through human channels; for him, bound out, to toil where the children of his own age, in the same family, where sheltered from the rough winds of heaven, and cared for so tenderly.”

The vision of that desolate child, standing in the drifted snow heaps, the tears freezing on his cheek, his poor hands red and numb, his limbs all trembling, has often since obtruded itself on our vision; and that plaintive wail, “I’m a little bound boy, now,” oh! how does its searching pathos penetrate our inmost soul. We look sometimes upon the rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes of those near and dear to us, and picture such a fate for them; and the blood shrinks back to our heart—

What! they sleep in the broken garret where the snow sifts through? they feel the hard hand of anger upon their quivering flesh? they pass long, terrible days, and dark, lonely nights, and no sweet kiss dimple their cheeks, no soft, loving arms enfold them, no heart beat close to theirs? And yet, we shudder while we write, such is the fate of thousands, once as carefully reared as they; no older in years, but in bitter experience, aged—their souls scared, blackened by unkindness; the elements of hatred burnt into their very hearts by the cruel taunt, and the unfeeling sneer. Be careful, ye who have charge of such unfortunate; be kind to them for the sake of your own dependent offspring, for in God’s mysterious providence, they may in future years be laid in the grave, leaving their little ones to heartless charities. We had rather be deceived, thank God! than turn from the child-beggar with a cutting sarcasm, or to tell it to go about its business, or start back with horror at its soiled garments touch our ungloved hand; yes, we had rather ten thousand times be deceived, and pity those unfortunate who appeal to us for sympathy by the very muteness of their misery—pitiful aid them.

“I’m a little bound boy;” the simple words need not gesture, nor tears, nor groans, to give them pathos; no, none of these. They look sorrow, and speak volumes by their brevity. Bound—to bear uncomplainingly; bound

to agonize, moment by moment; bound to a master who knows not the meaning of the word mercy.

Still art thou bound to humanity, poor little bound, boy, and He who sees the end from the beginning, has bound thee to Himself by ties that the world may tarnish, but not break, for the suffering have a Father and a consoler in Jesus Christ.

PALESTINE.

BY E. W. B. CANNING.

Woe for the homes of ancient Israel! Woe for the goodly heritage and the pleasant land! For the feet of the oppressor hath trodden down its glory, and the wrath of Jehovah is dark upon its mountains! The mighty have perished, and the beautiful languish in captivity! Mourn for the harp of Israel; for the daughters of music have ceased, and there is no voice in their halls!

The shouting for summer-fruits, and for the harvest, is fallen; gladness is taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field, and in the vineyard there is no singing, neither is there shouting.”

The Ancient of Days hath forsaken his people, and the idolatrous buildeth his shrine on the hill of Zion. The rose of Sharon has forgotten to bloom; the excellency of Carmel hath departed, and the glory from Lebanon; and the beauty of the land is clad in desolation!

Thus mourned the Genius of Palestine, sitting on Judea’s solitary hills, mantled in the sackcloth of ages.

There is one listener on whose ear this lamentation falls, cold and heavy as the earth-clod that buries departed love; whose hope struggled to dash the cup of despair which his own suicidal hand had mingled. It is he whose fathers were lords of the Holy Land; to whose obedience were promised the blessings of Gerizim, and against whose apostasy the curses of Ebal were thundered;—the once proud Israelite, now forsaken, despised, exiled, fallen. His name is a by-word, and himself an outcast among the nations, asking no sympathy, and dead to consolation. If ever, in his solitariness, the stirring memory of the primeval glory of his people awaken the burning spirit of olden time, the remembrance of his iron slavery quenches the dawn of hope, and stifles his first grasp for freedom. It may quicken his blood, and swell his pulses of pride, but the mantling flush is balanced anon in a check of shame. For him the past has no solace, the present no joy, and the alleviation he hopes from a future is a far-off blessing. He has sinned with enormity, and the vengeance of the Omnipotent follows him; the abominations of Israel have cried to Heaven, and the sun of its glory has gone down with a curse.

Yes, he hath sinned, but not beyond redemption. The sun of Israel has set, but not forever. “They shall look upon Him whom they have pierced,” and their “captivity shall be turned like the streams of the South.”

There shall yet be a gathering from the farthest nations, even from realms by the ancient Jew undreamed, and the Tribes shall hail a

resurrection of joy in their fatherland.

Genius of Palestine! resume thy harp,

and again sweep the strings with the song that has slumbered for ages! See by the dimless light of prophecy, lo, the beauty of a second creation bursts in splendor from thy desolation!

The greenness of Eden again clothes thy wilderness; the tall old grove again cluster on thy thousand hills; again the fountain leaps from its cavern to sport in the sunbeam.

The harvests again nod in gold among thy valleys, and the slopes of thy mountains are mantled with the rich, dark clusters of the vine.

Once more the stag bounds joyously

among the fatness of Naphtali; the birds break silence in the endless rapture, and their melody fills all thy echoes. The husbandman goes forth to harvest with mirth and shouting unknown, even in thy happiest day, and the soft-laden wain is welcomed home by the mingled voices of son and sire, of matron and maiden. Valley and hill-top are alive with the holy joy, and the land rings with the bursts of an immortal jubilee.

Free, happy, beautiful Palestine!

No foe shall ever again blow the trumpet of war upon thy sacred mountains, nor shall the shock of battling hosts disturb thy lasting repose.

Jerusalem shall sleep in security without her towers, and Galilee’s placid waters no more

flash with the gleam of the Assyrian spear:

it shall mirror a glorious sky that smiles forever.

Shades of the Prophets! The Jew hath

believed your report; his lion heart hath

put on the meekness of the lamb, and tears of

penitential joy dim the eye that looks to

Calvary—and to Heaven.

■■■■■

A droll story is related of an honest

farmer, who attempted to drive home a bull,

but suddenly hoisted over the fence.

Recovering himself, he saw the animal on the other

sides of the rails, sawing the air, with his head

and neck, and pawing the ground.

The good old man looked steadily at him a moment

and then shaking his fist at him, exclaimed,

“Dirn your apologies—you needn’t stand there

you tarnal critter, a bowin’ and scrapin’—

you did it a purpose, darn your curly pictur’!

WOBURN JOURNAL.

Written for the Journal.

TO MY HUSBAND.

Through all of time thou art most dear,
Than all the world beside;
And when I feel thy presence near,
I know no ill beside.

And as we down Life’s path do tread,
Our Saviour for our guide,
We’ve nothing which to dread,
For we in Christ confide.

Together let us live and love,
And let us hope and pray
That God at last accepts above
Our souls, through “Christ the Way.”

Woburn, Feb. 16, 1852.

ADDIE.

Written for the Journal.

THE FALL OF MAN.

Six thousand years ago, in a luxuriant spot on this, our earth, was placed a beautiful garden. Rich and rare were the flowers which grew spontaneously in this delightful place. The air was perfumed with the fragrance of a thousand blossoms, a soft and velvety carpet of green had sprung up from the rich and gladsome earth, on which the foot of man had never yet trod. A murmuring brook ran through this garden, watering and refreshing those beautiful plants with its cooling water. A magnificent grove of palm trees overshadowed it, and sheltered it from the scorching rays of the sun. The air was soft and balmy, and was filled with the melody of a thousand feathered songsters, which inhabited that delightful grove. Every tree the fruit of which was pleasant to the eye, and delicious to the taste, was found here. Every thing had been planned and executed by the Divine Being, and all things by him had been pronounced good. All this had been prepared for beings, who were from henceforth to take up their abode in this enchanted place. The night was spent. The morning broke, and everything in nature was alive with life and beauty. This day man gazed upon the scene; at first he was struck with wonder and amazement, at the beauty and grandeur which surrounded him. But when told that all this had been prepared for him and his companion, his wonder and amazement was turned to joy and gladness. Their Creator said to them, all thou seest is thine, thou shalt have dominion over all this place, thou mayest pluck the choicest fruit, thou mayest freely slack thy thirst, but of the tree of good and evil thou shalt not eat, for in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die; all else is thine. He then left them for the time; and those two lovely beings wended their way through the garden of paradise. Sometimes they would amuse themselves by gathering flowers, or listening to the songs of birds, or roaming together over the high and lofty mountains; sometimes they would angle for the little fish, in their native brook, and at noon, when the scorching rays of the sun shed its beams upon them, they would repose in luxuriant ease beneath the waving branches of the palm trees. Thus, day by day, they passed in sweet converse together. At this time the serpent, supposed to be then the most beautiful of all creatures to look upon, lived with them, but he was of malicious disposition, and seeing their happiness, he was determined they should break the commands of their Creator, thus to bring upon them calamities which would forever put an end to their paradisical happiness. To all his outward beauty was added a smooth and fascinating manner, and bringing all his charms to bear, with all the subtlety and sauciness he could command, he told them that if they would eat of the tree of good and evil, they should not surely die; that they would obtain all knowledge; he spoke to them of the happy life they would lead, nay, a life not inferior to a God; in this manner he beguiled them, and persuaded them to taste of the forbidden fruit. But shame and confusion covered them. Their understanding was indeed sharpened, but why did they who were wont to come and converse with their Maker, now fly from him? because they knew they had disobeyed him and broken his commands. He called to them but they did not answer him; he says to them, thy silence is not a sign of virtue, but of guilt; I have made every provision for your happiness, but thou choose to disobey me, and from henceforth thou shalt be a wanderer on the earth. It shall not bear fruit of its own accord, but thou shalt earn thy bread by the sweat of thy brow; thou and thy posterity forever shall be subjected to pain, disease, and death. And to the serpent he said, thou shalt be cursed above all the beasts of the field, for thy malicious designs upon man;—thou shalt be deprived of the

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE,.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852.

The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed to this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, LYCEUM Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

SHREWSBURY.—Mr. G. W. DIX will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETTENGILL & Co., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

A NEW HOTEL.

The present seems to be an appropriate time to agitate the question, as to whether we shall have a new Public House in Woburn, of such a size and combining such attractions, as will induce city visitors to come here and board during the summer months, and one that can also accommodate permanent boarders; in fact, whether we can get up public spirit enough to build a Hotel that shall be an ornament to the town, and be worthy of the place in which we reside.

Those persons who feel a lively interest in the prosperity of Woburn, and will take the trouble to look into the merits of the question, will, we think, become thoroughly convinced of its importance, and will readily perceive how intimately it is connected with the best interests of our town. For it is a matter of fact, that a well conducted, first-class hotel, is a great benefit to any town favorably located, and it follows, as a matter of course, that such would be the result in such a beautiful town as Woburn.

If beauty of scenery, delightful rides o'er hill and dale, a Branch Railroad and every convenience connected therewith; if good society, churches, schools, &c., are any inducement, or possess and offer attractions to those leaving the city permanently, or for a few weeks merely, then Woburn will offer every attraction to persons seeking the country. We do not know of a town that combines to a greater degree than our own village, all the above named desirable features.

It would not be a very difficult task to give quite a string of arguments to prove the assertion that we need the hotel, but we will only say that we believe they are "self-evident" arguments, and we can but think our readers are well-convinced of this; we are also bold to say, that we believe if the citizens of Woburn will take hold of the matter in earnest, and will all feel interested in the success of the enterprise, then there will be no difficulty in soon raising the means for building the house.

In another column will be found a call for a public meeting, to be held on Monday evening next, to take the matter into consideration. We hope there will be a large attendance, and that every person who has a spark of public spirit, will be there to lend his aid and influence in such a public matter; and let us see if Woburn cannot have a hotel that will be the pride of our town.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C.—The Committee intend to have four faces to the clock, so that all can see the "time o'day," and they now wait for the decision of the Orthodox Church.

Hermit—is received, and welcome as usual.

Schoolboy,—Caroline,—P., and others, send Puzzles and Enigmas; they will be kind enough to have patience, and they will appear in due time.

J. A. G.—Your interesting lines are received, and quite acceptable.

D.—Our New York correspondent, appears this week. The Rhode Island and California correspondence is unavoidably crowded out. The letters are in type, and will appear in our next.

L.—We have at hand your interesting article, and will use it soon.

Public.—We have said "our say" about trees, and hope some action may be taken upon the subject, and shall be happy to second any such effort in so good a cause.

Hattie Maria.—We are glad to hear from you, and shall use the piece you favor us with.

H.—We have declined inserting articles on the same subject, both "pro and con," and think it best for us to pursue that course still, although we may think you reason well.

M. F.—We understand the Institute will meet here in the course of a few weeks, and then you and others will have an opportunity to show liberality.

THE GALE.—The blow last Sunday morning was very severe, and chimneys, shingles, slate, &c., suffered in all quarters. At Winchester, a new unfinished cottage was prostrated, and was damaged to the extent of some hundred dollars.

SCHOOLS FOR COOKS.—A lady writer in the *Transcript*, after expatiating most eloquently on the trials of housekeeping from bad servants, suggests a plan for the establishment of a "Boston School for Cooks." The idea is a good one, and her scheme looks practicable.

TOWN MEETING.—In another column will be found a full account of our Town Meeting. We are glad to hear from our sister towns, and publish their proceedings.

Written for the Journal.
HAY SCALE TRAGEDY.
Line: written on the setting down on the ice of a Gentleman and Lady, near by the Hay Scales, in Woburn.

BY JONATHAN.

All round I rolled my eyes, looking for my muse, Hoping to get ideas that my poor pen can use, For I want to tell and sing of some and events, Of what I did see down by the *Hay Scale*.

"Twas a little while ago, I think the other day, I saw a man and wife, near by the scales for hay; Pretty they went along, then tried to cross the street, But found it dreadful hard to keep upon their feet.

The ice was smooth,—in fact 'twas all a glaze, The wind did blow, and seemed to say, "take care I" And 'mid all the "Scales" looked wondrous fine, I could but wish—Yes I wished them mine.

On the couple I gazed as they journeyed along, And saw so much that I'll put it in song, For the man he got right opposite the *Boyer*, And to his wife exclaimed, with tones of power :

"My dear! do you see this pretty spot, You see 'tis fenced,—it can't—he never upset, She looked, and gazed with wondrous eye, And then exclaimed, and said—"Oh, my!"

Just then there came from the wind a gust, Down went the man, he went down fast! This upset his wife, and at that sad hour, I saw both spray, with the *Hay Scale Boozie*."

* A term translated from the Hebrew, applied to the enclosure at the *Hay Scales* on the Common.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The past week has been a cold and disagreeable one; more snow has been added, and the sleighing continues good. The wind on Saturday night was very high, many chimneys blown down, and in our neighboring towns several buildings sustained damage. In New York the gale was very severe.—The winter has been long and tedious, with a fair prospect of six weeks sledding in March.—Arrivals from California still bring encouraging news of continued prosperity in mining. All the steamers are reported full for March and April. The vast number leaving for the gold regions, includes some of our most enterprising citizens; society in California must improve.—

Charles W. Upham has been chosen Mayor of Salem. Mr. Stevens was reelected Mayor of Cambridge.—The March elections seemed to have passed off without excitement.—The German States have adopted Morse's Telegraph as the best, and are to send him a gold medal; this is a high compliment.—Collins' line steamer Baltic has been up the Potomac; she was visited by the President and heads of the Departments, with crowds of members of Congress and citizens from Washington; she excites much admiration, and her visit will no doubt aid the application for extra pay, for carrying the mail. The Homestead Exemption Law has passed the New Jersey Legislature.—The last survivor of the "Boston tea party," David Kennison, died in Chicago, in February, aged 117 years.—S. J. Varney, publisher of the Lowell Courier, was last week convicted of libel on B. F. Butler of Lowell; printers must look out.—The Maine liquor bill is before the Pennsylvania Legislature; there is a fair prospect of its passage.—Hon. Charles Allen, member of Congress from Worcester, is dangerously sick in Washington.—The Jury in the case of Willis against Forrest, for assault and battery, in New York, have returned a verdict for \$2,500 against Forrest.—Up to Saturday last there had been 117 days of continued good sleighing in Vermont.—The quantity of coal sent over the Reading Railroad for the last week was 24,312 tons. A. Gridley, of Westfield, has been bound over for procuring the publication of a notice of the death of a person still living. We hope he will be made to swear to it.—O. Ames & Co.'s shovel factory, at North Easton, was destroyed by fire on Friday night, with 1600 doz. of shovels; loss \$30,000.—An overseer in a tobacco factory in Richmond was killed by a slave who he undertook to correct.—A man in Buenos Ayres received two millions of dollars from a bank; he was arrested the next day and shot; his riches took wings and flew away quickly.

There are 12,000 marriageable girls in Lowell; we wonder how many ditto men.—The Taunton Copper Works have spoiled all the oysters at Somerset.—Grunig, who murdered his wife, was hung last week in New York.—A church spire was blown down in Syracuse; it fell on the roof of the church, crushing the building to the ground—the wall fell upon a dwelling-house, entirely destroying it.—At a large fire in Old Cambridge, Mr. Thomas G. Fay, at the eminent risk of his own life, rushed through the smoke and flames, and rescued several children from the flames; such a man should be honored.—A party of eight persons, hunting in Florida lately, bagged in six days, forty-eight deer, fifty-seven turkeys, three alligators, one panther and five wild cattle—pretty fair shooting.

—Senator Gwin is about to introduce a project for a railroad from the California to the lower Mississippi on the bank of the Gila river.

—Large quantities of grain are being stored at the shipping ports, on the upper lakes from Ohio and Michigan; a prospect of a rise in prices are bringing it forward.—Bills on the Hamilton Bank, North Situate, R. I., have lately been put in circulation; they are worthless, the bank failed some time since.—We have nothing worthy of remark from Congress, members seem to take their ease; some sparing ring between Mr. Rhett, of S. C., and Mr. Clemens, of Ala.—Late arrivals from Europe are barren of important news; France is quiet; England prosperous; Austria is strong against Hungary. A revolution is expected among the Mormons.—The great *haze* of the season was the reported arrival of the *America*, bringing news of the assassination of *Napoleon*, his groans, &c., &c.—The weather at New Orleans has been delightful; thermometer

ter 80.—Kossuth is at Louisville.—The plunders of the Missouri are now on trial. There has been a strong opposition to the *Compromise* bill in the Senate; the Coalition parties have voted to give it to the people, the Whigs went against such a plan; the Coalition will not be.—Money seems to be getting easy, and stocks are improving in price. The prospects for a good spring business is fair.

THE WEATHER.

Types are sometimes strange confounders of men's thoughts. Fancies and facts are both made anything but intelligible, by the queer transpositions or omissions of those little agents of the printer. In my remarks on the Aurora Borealis in last week's paper, you made me say some things differently from what I wrote or intended, but I presume your intelligent readers made the necessary corrections for themselves. I will not, therefore, trouble you to make an "Errata," but wish merely to refer to the subject, knowing that with the greatest care such errors are almost unavoidable in the hurry of putting a paper to press.

Thursday, Feb. 26.—Clear and fine, cooler than for some days; wind fresh from W. and N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 28; at 1 P. M., 20.

Friday, Feb. 27.—Clear, with the exception of a part of the forenoon; hazy late in the evening; wind W. by N. W.; thermometer at sunrise 12; at 7 P. M., 18; 10 P. M., 19.

Saturday, Feb. 28.—Commenced snowing at an early hour this morning, and continued until 3 P. M. The storm then changed to hail for an hour or two, when it turned to rain, and continued until late in the evening. About two inches of snow fell, but the rain soon made a sloppy mess of it; wind East, and part of the day quite strong; thermometer at 7 A. M., 21; at 1 P. M., 31; 10 P. M., 34.

Sunday, Feb. 29.—Soon after midnight the wind shifted towards the South and West, and blew in most furious gusts. Houses trembled and rocked very sensibly, and some chimneys were blown down. There has been no gale so violent since the great storm of April 1851. It continued to blow with considerable force through the day; sky very clear, and the snow and water frozen solid; thermometer at 7 A. M., 20; at 1 P. M., 22; 10 P. M., 16.

Monday, March 1.—Cloudy through the day snow fell slightly from 11 o'clock till 2; wind in the forenoon light from W. and S. W.; afternoon, N. and N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 18; at 1 P. M., 30; 10 P. M., 20.

Tuesday, March 2.—Cloudy, a fine mist until 9 o'clock; snow to 3 P. M.; cleared away in the evening, fine and cool; wind W. to W. S. W., during the forenoon, then N. by E.; evening N. W., and quite brisk; thermometer at sunrise 20; 7 P. M., 12; 10 P. M., 10.

Wednesday, March 3.—Clear and cold through the day; wind N. W.; thermometer at sunrise 5; at 2 P. M., 14; 10 P. M., 10. This morning the thermometer stood lower than on any day in March since 1848.

The month of February past, (as stated by the Boston Traveller correspondent,) averages 21-2 degrees warmer than the mean temperature of the last twenty-eight Februarys. Eight of the twenty-eight have been warmer, and the remainder colder. The coldest February in the same time was in 1836, and the warmest in 1828.

FRANKLIN.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.—We have received the circular of this new Society, and upon looking at its aims and objects are much pleased to notice the excellent arrangements being made to carry them out.

We hope all persons in the country, both ministers, parents and editors, will lend all their aid and influence to this and another similar Association in Boston. The originators are persons who have at heart the best interests of young men who seek the city for a livelihood; and when we consider the many dangers of city life, we can at once see the wisdom of such an effort as the one now referred to.

We wish these Societies God-speed, and hope their efforts will be crowned with good success; their cause is one that at once presents a strong claim upon the Christian and philanthropist, and we feel assured it will be responded to from all parts of the New England States.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—We call attention to the notices, in another column, relative to the Institute to be held here. We are glad to know that the Secretary of the Board of Education has decided to hold a meeting in Woburn, and have no doubt of its proving very interesting and beneficial. Let all who are interested in the matter, attend the meeting, so as to enable the School Committee to make all the necessary arrangements without delay.

We hope to see a full attendance, so that we can report a large and spirited meeting in our next paper.

CARPET BAG.—That laughter-provoking, witty, and funny paper, the "Carpet Bag," which Fowle always has on his counter, is about to enter upon a second volume. Probably no paper in this country has ever produced more interesting matter than this same "Carpet Bag." While it always contains satire, criticisms &c., it seems invariably to be governed by good sense, and we doubt whether a more readable paper can be found. We wish the proprietor every success, and hope, during the second volume, they will have an increased circulation, and be able to sustain their present well earned reputation.

THE GALE.—The blow last Sunday morning was very severe, and chimneys, shingles, slate, &c., suffered in all quarters. At Winchester, a new unfinished cottage was prostrated, and was damaged to the extent of some hundred dollars.

THE GALE.—The blow last Sunday morning was very severe, and chimneys, shingles, slate, &c., suffered in all quarters. At Winchester, a new unfinished cottage was prostrated, and was damaged to the extent of some hundred dollars.

PROCEEDINGS OF TOWN MEETING,

MARCH 1, 1852.

On Art. 1st, chose Abijah Thompson, Moderator.

On Art. 2d, chose the following Town Officers for the ensuing year, viz.:

Town Clerk—David Youngman.

Selectmen—Chas. McIntire, Asa Locke, Jr., Gardner Symmes.

Overseers of Poor—Alonzo Chapin, S. S. Richardson, Gardner Symmes.

Treasurer—S. B. White.

Assessors—Joshua E. Littlefield, John Johnson, Jr., Moses J. Pearson.

Town Treasurer—Gawin R. Gage.

Overseers of the Poor and Highway Surveyors

—John Tidd, John Johnson, Jr., Thomas Richardson.

Constables—Thomas J. Porter, Wm. D. Warren.

Sexto—Samuel G. Neville.

Special School Committee—J. C. Stockbridge, J. P. Converse, Daniel Kimball.

Auditor—John Johnson, Jr.

Collector—Henry Cummings, at 14 per cent. on a dollar.

Town Officers of BURLINGTON.—Town Clerk—Rev. Sam'l Sewall.

Selectmen—Wm. Winn, Jr., Humphrey Prescott, David Skelton.

Assessors—George Gleason, Wm. Winn, Jr., Humphrey Prescott.

School Committee—Rev. Sam'l Sewall, Nathan Blanchard, Otis Cutler, Isaiah Reed, Jr., David Skelton.

Constables—Stephen Skelton, Jr., Joseph Butters.

Overseers of the Poor—the Selectmen.

WINCHESTER.—At the Town Meeting, on Monday last, John A. Bolles, Esq., was chosen Moderator, and the following were chosen as town officers for the ensuing year:

Town Clerk—David Youngman.

Selectmen—Chas. McIntire, Asa Locke, Jr., Gardner Symmes.

Overseers of Poor—Alonzo Chapin, S. S. Richardson, Gardner Symmes.

Treasurer—S. B. White.

Assessors—Cyrus Bancroft, Marshall Symmes, Jr., J. S. Richardson.

School Committee—F. O. Prince, Chas. Kimball, O. R. Clark, Rev. J. M. Steele, Dr. A. Chapin, Dr. D. Youngman, Marshall Symmes, Jr.

Cemetery Committee—J. A. Bolles, Harrison Parker, A. D. Weld, Chas. Kimball, O. R. Clark.

TOWN OFFICERS OF BURLINGTON.—Town Clerk—Rev. Sam'l Sewall.

Selectmen—Wm. Winn, Jr., Humphrey Prescott, David Skel

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1852.

DEAR JOURNAL.—During the week that has passed by, many things of a very interesting nature have taken place in this city. In my last communication, I informed you that, owing to the anniversary of the birthday of Washington coming on the Sabbath, many Societies intended celebrating it the previous week, and this was the case. But the city authorities reserved their notice of it until Monday, the 23d, on which day they observed it in a manner worthy of the "great father of his country." The military were out in goodly numbers, presenting a grand appearance, and the countenances of nearly all wore the expression, "Thank God, I am a countryman of Washington." Although more than half a century has passed since the spirit of this good man took its flight to the "abodes of the blessed," yet the respect which our fellow citizens have for the anniversary of his birthday, proves that their regard for this great patriot has increased with the lapse of years, and that the force which his own great character left behind him is not without its effects. New York is a patriotic State, and is not behind any of her sister Commonwealths in rendering homage to those who have loved and served their country. A full length portrait of Washington was placed in front of the balcony of the City Hall, and as we gazed upon his serene face, as portrayed by the artist, we thought the heavens above would be no unfit comparison.

The lectures of Mr. Mann, of which I spoke in my last, upon "The power and influence of woman," were creditable to their author, and gave general satisfaction. He spoke highly of the "better half" of creation, but expressed a doubt that many might be injured by flattery. He took the ground that the same advantages should be given to the ladies, for acquiring a knowledge of the sciences and arts, as were afforded to the other sex, and that they were capable of making as great proficiency in these as the males. Mark that, Mr. Editor. "Woman" said he "has a nature capable of being exalted to the seventh heaven, but if she falls, she falls to the antipodes of it." We should like to speak more at length of the manner in which the learned gentleman treated his subject, but want of space prevents.

The late Temperance Banquet came off with much eclat. Able and eloquent addresses were made by Gen. Houston, Mr. Mann, Ned Dow, Dr. Chapin, Beecher, and others. While there are many warm friends of the temperance cause in our city, we regret to say there are very many on the other side. A large meeting has lately been held by the latter, at which some pretty hard things were said about the Maine Law, and the movements for the suppression of intemperance. But we do not believe that this doctrine of "rum and glory" is long to triumph, even in New York. The "sober second thought" of the people will soon set matters right.

The Historical Society of this city held another of their anniversaries on Monday night, at Niblo's Saloon. The address was by our own great statesman, Mr. Webster; and of course was a production such as he only is capable of. We relied upon a friend for a ticket, but the anxiety was so great to have and see the distinguished orator of the evening, that we were left minus. While Mr. Webster's orations at Plymouth, and at Bunker Hill will remain forever as monuments to his learning, his eloquence, and his patriotism, still his recent address is pronounced by many, one of his best efforts. His discourse shows him to be almost as familiar with the doings and sayings of those ancient times, as he is with those of his own day and generation. In the course of his remarks, he spoke feelingly of his adopted State of Massachusetts, and uttered sentiments of which every citizen of that Commonwealth may well be proud. Mr. Webster, judging from his portrait taken in other days, is looking somewhat feeble, and in all probability, will pass away, and "sleep with his fathers." It was the fortune of your correspondent, not long since, to see his beautiful house at Marshfield; and as I witnessed its retirement and quietness,—as I looked upon the ocean which washes its shores,—I could but think that it was, in part, a fit dwelling place for that "gigantic intellect which is the pride of our own country and admiration of the world."

On Wednesday evening, of the past week, Mr. C. Bryant, of the Evening Post, delivered a very able and ingenious discourse upon "The Life and Genius" of James Fenimore Cooper. Mr. Webster presided, and addresses were made by Messrs. Bancroft, James, and others. There has been two very interesting lectures delivered at the Tabernacle, the past week, by Dr. Kane, upon "The Expedition in search of Sir John Franklin." Dr. K. will remember, went out as Surgeon. It is really startling to hear the recital of what he and his noble comrades passed through in the Arctic regions. The lecturer deeply regretted that they had not the honor and satisfaction to accomplish the great object of their mission; nevertheless, he believed the mission could be successfully carried out, and in conclusion expressed a strong desire that Congress would immediately send out another expedition, that would have the honor of bringing back Sir John Franklin and his companions—whether they were living or dead. Oh! that the cloud of doubt which hangs over this pioneer and martyr in the course of science, were removed.

On Friday last, another was added to the list of those who have recently been executed in our city. The unfortunate man protested his innocence to the last, but the outraged majesty of the law which he had violated, de-

manded his life, and nothing else would satisfy it.

To-day, I suppose you, Mr. Editor, in common with the freemen of the old Bay State, go to the ballot box, and there while discharging your municipal right and duty, witness the practical working of the most perfect Democracy the world has ever seen. I hope you and readers of your Journal will pardon the infliction I have imposed upon them.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., D.

Written for the Journal.

A PUZZLE.

I am composed of five letters. If you take away my first and last, I become one of the digits. If you take away my second, third and last, I become a word which is very often used when the speaker refers to himself. If you take away my second, third, and fourth, I become a word you will find in this puzzle. If you take away my first, fourth, and last, and read backwards, I become a word which sometimes means a great deal. If you take away my second and last, and transpose me, I become part of the community. My whole is something all want a great deal of.

Mr. Enron:—I send you the above which you are at liberty to publish if you think it is worthy of that notice.

"X," in his communications about "The District School as it was," describes "the sports of the scholars," which he says is unlike those of the present day. He speaks of one game called "gool." If "X" could have passed along, last summer, about "recess time," by the Common, he would have seen the boys of the Grammer School playing a game, which, if not precisely like that he mentions, is very near the same. It is sometimes called "French and English." But I never heard it called "gool" though it might be by some. There are two "gools" precisely like those described by "X."

I find the answer to "Richard's," problem is 80; and I think the answer to "Claude Melnotte's" Charade, is "Ear."

Woburn, March 2, 1852. SCHOOLBOY.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 18 letters. My 1, 2, 12, 9, 17, is a kind of drink. 1, 10, 3, 17, 14, 12, is a vegetable. 5, 11, 14, 13, is what we see in winter. 5, 10, 13, 11, 16, 6, 12, is what all men should avoid.

5, 4, 13, 8, 5, 5, is the name of a city. My whole is my first name and place of residence, CAROLINE.

East Woburn, Feb., 1852.

FOR CRAMP IN THE STOMACH.—Warm water sweetened with molasses or brown sugar, taken freely, will in many cases remove the cramp in the stomach, when opium and other remedies have failed.

The earth is nearest to the sun on the first of January, and farthest from it on the first of July.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Teachers' Institute.

Arrangements have been made for holding a TEACHERS' INSTITUTE in the town of WOBURN, in the County of Middlesex, to commence on MONDAY, the 29th of March, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and to continue until the afternoon of Saturday, of the same week. The following regulations are to be observed:

The Institute is designed for those who are teachers in Public Schools in Massachusetts, or who have a reasonable prospect of becoming such within a year from the time of the said Institute shall be held.

Each applicant must come provided with a Bible, Pen, Ink, and Paper, a Dictionary, and a blank book for taking notes.

The expense of Instruction, Lectures, Room, Lights, &c., is defrayed by the Commonwealth, and the supervision and government of the Institute, are placed by the Board of Education in the hands of its secretary.

School Committees, and all the friends of Common Schools, are respectfully and earnestly requested to render such aid as may seem to their judgment, to facilitate the attendance of the members of the Institute.

BARNAS SEARS,

Secretary of the Board of Education, Boston, Feb. 28, 1852.

Phalanx.—Attention!

The members of the WOBURN MECHANIC PHALANX are requested to meet at the Atticory, THIS (Saturday) EVENING, March 6th, at 7 o'clock, for drill and business.

Per order, F. A. THOMPSON, Clerk.

Woburn, March 6, 1852.

Special Notice.

All persons interested in making arrangements for the TEACHERS' INSTITUTE, which is to be held in this town on March 29th, are requested to meet at the TOWN HALL, THIS (Saturday) EVENG, March 6th, at 7 o'clock.

Per order of School Committee.

New Public House.

A public meeting of the citizens of Woburn will be held in the TOWN HALL, on MONDAY EVENING, March 6th, at 7 o'clock, for the purpose of taking measures in relation to a New Public House. All persons interested in this public enterprise are requested to attend.

Woburn, March 6, 1852.

Winchester Lyceum Lectures.

The Committee of the LYCEUM AND LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, announce that the exercises for the remainder of the season will be as follows:

Thursday evening, Feb. 28th, Lecture by Rev. A. L. Thurston, Lyceum, evening, March 6th, by Wendell Phillips, Esq. Thursday evening, March 13th, Lecture by E. P. White, Esq.

Ticket for the remainder of the course can be obtained of Dr. Youngman, at 25 cts. Single admission 12cts. Lecture commences at 7 o'clock.

Winchester, Feb. 21, 1852.

4w.

Fowler & Wells, PHRENOLOGISTS and PUN-

LISTERS, assisted by Mr. D. P. Butler, have opened a Cabinet and Bookstore in Boston, No. 142 Washington Street, where professional examinations, with charts or written descriptions of character, may be obtained.

Books on Phrenology, Physiology, Hydropathy, and Phonography, for sale. AGENTS and Booksellers supplied on the most liberal terms.

Jan 24 2m

Life Insurance Rates.—GEO. W. FOWLE is enabled to furnish blanks, and the explanatory tables of rates in the *National Loan Fund Life Company*, whose premium rates are the principal rates in the country, and are monthly paid by them for the last seven years, and amounting in all to the great sum of \$219,550. Also, of THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE INSURANCE CO., recently organized, with \$100,000 capital, under the auspices of most respectable men. Its design is to secure temperance, and the benefit of their principles, without being subject to the losses by intermission.

On Friday last, another was added to the list of those who have recently been executed in our city. The unfortunate man protested his innocence to the last, but the outraged majesty of the law which he had violated, de-

manded his life, and nothing else would satisfy it.

MARRIAGES.

In West Cambridge, Mr. Charles Dunkin to Miss Margaret Brown.

In East Cambridge, Mr. Daniel R. Kinney to Miss Nancy barrel.

DEATHS.

In Billerica, 2d inst., Mrs. Mary Spalding, wife of Dea. Amos Spalding, 56.

In Charlestown, 3d inst., Mary E., wife of Mr. E. Russel Estee, 27 yrs., 9 mos.

FOR SALE IN WOBURN CENTRE,

A pleasant and desirable COTTAGE HOUSE, situated on the southerly side of Main street, near the upper extremity of Academy Hill. Said house is about five minutes walk from the Depot, and not more than three from the new Station on the Woburn and Lowell Railroad, which is to be opened in 1850. It is built of wood, with a few stone, and is in excellent repair; contains water within, and is a never-failing well of pure soft water without; is one story and a half high, and is built in a good size, and a dry cellar, has a large back yard, and a porch, 30 ft. in length, fronting on the street; together with a well made and commanding BARN, about 50 feet distant.

There is about an acre of LAND connected with the house, with the choicest of fruit trees, such as Peaches, Quinces, Apples, Pears, Raspberries, Grapes, (white and black,) Peaches, (Bartlett and Sickle) Cherries; a good bed of Asparagus; 35 Apple Trees, which yielded in 1850—then bearing year—18 barrels of Baldwin, besides a large quantity of other kinds of apples. Most of these fruit trees are now bearing well, and are rapidly increasing in size and quality. Also, a NURSERY, the land borders partly on Main and partly on Warren street, each of which is a good building lot.

Also, for sale a large two-masted PLEASURE BOAT, capable of seating a dozen persons, and a first rate sailer. Also, a furnished PEW in the Congregational Meeting House.

The subscriber wishes to sell immediately, will dispose of the above on the most favorable terms. For the terms of sale, and other particulars, apply to the subscriber on the premises.

EDWARD A. WILSON.

mar 6

Hardware, Stoves, &c.

Drugs, Medicines,

Chemicals,

Drugs,

Medicines,

Perfumery,

Dye Staff

Nos. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS,

WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.

Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh For-

geen Leeches constantly on hand.

EDWARD A. WILSON.

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mar 6

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Perfumery,

Dye Staff

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 6, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

THE AMERICAN BOY'S SONG.
I was born in the chosen land of the free,
Near the fields of its earliest battles,
Where the shout of freedom, from freemen's lips,
Was blent with the cannon's rattle;
Where our fathers first fought for their altars and homes,
And their blood forth like water was flowing,
With patriot hearts to their sons, the while,
The rich boon of freedom bestowing.

I hear the wild music of waves and woods,
I breathe the free air of the mountain,
I watch the free course of the mountain stream,
And drink from its gushing fountain;

I am free! I am free! the granite rocks

And echoing hills repeat,

The cataract's thunders prolong my shout,

Till the skies above me greet it.

I hold the reins of the iron horse,
As he dashes with furious motion
Over mountain and plain, and drags the long train
From the wilds of the West to the ocean;

As he ploughs the wave of the western lake,

Or swims up the mighty river,

Or with hoarse laugh and scream o'er the prairie he bounds,

Resistless and tireless forever.

The lightning obeys me,—I send it forth
On its bridges of wire, proclaiming
With burning words to the depths of earth,
That their blood-bought power is waning;

I bid them look to their towering thrones,

Let them fall, themselves entombing,

I bid them whisper to earth's oppressed,

Of the "good time" truly coming.

There are signs in the skies,—bright lights appear,
That herald the glorious morning
Of a day when Freedom shall reign o'er the earth,—
Oh! aid and hasten its dawning!

When the clanking of chains shall be heard no more,

And the slave be freed from his fetters,

And Justice and Right on the Future's bright page,

Shall be stamped in indelible letters.

Then, up! friends, brothers,—there's work for us all,
Let us know our power, and use it
In battering down Oppression's strong walls,
Improving each chance ere we lose it;
Let us work with earnest hands to extend
The blessings of freedom to others;

Here Nature works on her broadest scale,

Then why shall not we, my brothers?

North Woburn, Feb. 1852.

CAMPO.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

THE BALDWIN APPLE.

A late *Watchman* contains an article on fruit raising, from the pen of one of the Messrs. Spear, the noted orchardists, of Braintree, Vt., in which it is stated, on the authority of the *Horticultural Journal*, if we rightly remember, that the original tree bearing the Baldwin apple grew in Wilmington, Mass. It is true that such a statement has appeared in the work quoted, and it is also true that Cole, in his "Fruit Book" says that Wilmington and Tewksbury have equal claims to its origin; while an able correspondent of the *N.E. Farmer*, Mr. Fowler, claims Somerville as the place where the tree grew, affirming that there still exists some kind of monument to mark the spot.

In the conflict of testimony, we beg leave to repeat in substance the account we published in our paper a year or two ago, respecting the origin of this far-famed apple; and give the authority we had for our statements:—Our account was, that this tree grew, and at the close of the Revolution, was standing in the orchard of Samuel Thompson, in Woburn, and was known by the name of the Wood-pecker tree; and its fruit, being a great favorite with the boys, was often stolen and carried to other parts of the town. In this way, Col. Loomi Baldwin, father of the late U. S. Engineer, of that name, got a taste of the fruit, admired it, procured a supply of the scions, and grafted them in his own orchard. In a few years, when his grafts began to bear, he took pride in regarding his visitors from abroad with his new fruit; and they in turn begged scions and asked him by what name they should call them. "Why my name, you know, is Baldwin," was generally the reply, it was said, that he would make to the question. In this manner the fruit was disseminated and its present name established through the country.

Our authority for this account was the Rev. Charles Brooks, of Boston, who for general accuracy as a naturalist is surpassed by few, and who, on again being questioned by us on the subject, in an interview we had with him in that city a few months ago, fully re-affirmed the statement, and said he had it from his kinsman, the late Governor Brooks, who, when a boy, was personally knowing to the circumstances. And this, we confidently believe, is the true history of the fruit which should be called the Thompson instead of the Baldwin apple.—*Green Mountain Farmer*.

FARM WORK FOR MARCH.

March is usually a rough and boisterous month—a continued contention of the elements for the mastery. Now, the glad sunlight rests upon the earth and soft air from the south call out the blue-bird and robin, and invite us into the garden to look at the snow-drop, the crocus and yellow hellebore, the first sweet harbingers of spring. But ere the birds have finished their song, or the flowers unfolded a leaf, hoarse breathings at the North are heard, and down comes old Boreas again with all "his attendant train" of hail, sleet, wind and snow. Like a bright meteor, the golden moment's quickly passed, and winter reigns again supreme.

But March weather, rough and blustering as it is, could not be spared. Its rude winds are ordained to sweep away the surplus moisture, and prepare the soil for the hand of the cultivator. The old proverb tells us that "a peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom." It indicates continued dry weather and a suit-

able condition of the soil for the reception of seed. Were these winds hushed, and the redundant March moisture remain, seeds would not germinate, but rot and decay. "A dry and cold March never begts its bread—because it prepares the earth for seed time—but a wet March makes a sad August," because the ground is saturated with cold water, the seed is spoiled and yields no crop in August.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

CLOVER SEED.—This month is a suitable time for sowing clover seed on fields laid down to grass in August or September last. Clover is apt to be winter-killed, and most persons leave the seed for spring sowing. It may be scattered upon the snow, which affords a good opportunity for ascertaining how thick to sow it; or upon the ground, or even where the water is standing—there is no difficulty in its coming now.

HOR BINS.—See that these are in order, and start your tomatoes, lettuces, egg plants, &c.

GRAPE VINES.—Make a judicious trimming of these, and shorten down to three or four eyes of the vigorous shoots of last year's growth. Prune apples, and other fruit trees that need it—but not to indulge a fancy for using the knife and saw, as that may more properly find vent on the wood pile. Look after the currant and other bushes; clip the tops and tie up the raspberry bushes that were neglected last fall, and you shall find an abundant recompence by-and by.

FRUIT STONES.—Sow such fruit stones as have been preserved, and mark the rows of each.

EARLY POTATOES.—Prepare potatoes for early planting by sowing them in horse manure, or in barrels by the kitchen stove. Plant in some sunny border or sheltered place and you may have fine potatoes by the 20th of June, or earlier if all circumstances are favorable.

FENCES.—Where the frost is out, build up gaps in the wall where it has been thrown down by its action or other causes—repair the board or rail-fences now before the seed-time demands your attention. If by plowing and sowing early you lose a little seed, it is better than to postpone all your work until the soil is in the most fitting condition. Early crops cover the ground and get established before our usual summer drouths come on. They thus prevent excessive evaporation, and hold in reserve the moisture which would otherwise escape during the long, hot dry days of mid-summer.

POULTRY.—Keep two or three kinds of grain before them, cob-meal mixed with hot water, once a day, occasionally meat, scraps, or lard mixed with meal, plenty of pounded bones, oyster-shells, mortar, and a warm and sunny place, and they will not only pay you for the outlay, but a handsome profit. During the severely cold weather of the three months just past we have had a most abundant supply of eggs for family use, and some sixty dozen for market, from thirty hens.

SYSTEM.—Arrange where your crops shall be, the corn, the oats, the potatoes, and see that seeds of all the kinds you intend to use are in sufficient quantity and in good condition. Make a plan of the garden, making out your beds for flowers (for our readers cultivate flowers) and kitchen vegetables; for beans, peas, and the melon and cucumber hills. Decide how many and what kind of fruit trees you will plant, and where you will place them. Add a quince bush here and there in the spots which they love, and where they will thrive surprisingly.

The above are but a few hints—the systematic farmer will have all things "squared away" for spring business, as the good seaman has his ship for action. Starting a little ahead of his work in the spring he will drive it before him all the busy season; finding time to attend to each crop at the moment when it most needs his attention. Thus he will have a ready hand, and cheerful heart, with plenty of opportunities for intellectual enjoyment and for adding his portion to the amenities of life. And all this is especially his farm work for March.—*New England Farmer*.

GOOD ADVICE TO APPRENTICES.—The faithful apprentice will, in nine cases out of ten, make a successful business man, and the unfaithful will be unsuccessful. And any one with half an eye, can see the philosophy of the matter. The faithful boy acquires correct business habits; he learns to do well for his employer and has a business habit formed which in due time he can appropriate in doing business for himself. On the other hand, the unfaithful boy who acquires not the habit of attending to his employer's business, and when he wishes to stand for himself, that habit will prevent his attending to his own business. We see this demonstration every day we live.

A GEORGIA DOCTOR.—Before the beginning of the present century, a doctor practiced somewhere above Augusta, whose cure for the third-day ague was the ground sweat. On one occasion, he dug a hole in the earth—burnt a log-heap on it—put the fire out, put his patient in, and covered the whole closely with a blanket. When the blanket was removed, the sick man was roasted to death.

It is said that a pretty pair of eyes are the best mirror a man can shave by.
"Zectly so, and it is unquestionably the case that many a man has been shaved by them."

What relation has gardening to the education and breeding of the aristocracy?
"The latter is haughty culture (horticulture.)

able condition of the soil for the reception of seed. Were these winds hushed, and the redundant March moisture remain, seeds would not germinate, but rot and decay. "A dry and cold March never begts its bread—because it prepares the earth for seed time—but a wet March makes a sad August," because the ground is saturated with cold water, the seed is spoiled and yields no crop in August.

MISCELLANY.

KEEP YOUR BACK WARM.

About twenty years ago, I read a medical treatise which stated "that the back is the most vulnerable part of the human system, through which most of the cold enters."

Recollecting that when I took cold suddenly, I noticed that my neck was generally cold, I had my waistcoat cushioned along the back, six or eight inches wide, since which, I have not taken one quarter as often as before. Several men who have tried the experiment at my suggestion, have informed me that in their opinion, they have been materially benefited thereby.

The philosophy of it is, that by putting more clothing along the spine than elsewhere, other parts become chilled first, and warn to guard against taking cold, while the increased clothing at the same time, prevents such a sudden change of temperature. "Take care;" cold coming from the back is generally too late—the cold has already become seated.

I hold that cold and damp feet cause many colds, more because they conduct to the chill, than because they cool the extremities.—*Exchange Paper*.

INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.

It is related in the life of a celebrated mathematician, Wm. Hutton, that a respectable looking country woman called upon him one day, anxious to speak with him. She told him with an air of secrecy that her husband behaved unkind to her, and sought other company, frequently passing his evenings from home, which made her feel *étrangement unhappy*, and knowing Mr. Hutton to be a wise man, she thought he might be able to tell her how she should manage to cure her husband.

The case was a common one, and he thought he could prescribe for it without losing his reputation as a conjurer. "The remedy is a simple one," said he, "but I have never known it to fail—*Always treat your husband with a smile.*"

The woman expressed her thanks, dropped a courtesy, and went away. A few months afterwards, she waited on Mr. Hutton, with a couple of fine jewels, which she begged him to accept. She told him, while a tear of joy and gratitude glistened in her eye, that she had followed his advice, and her husband was cured. He no longer sought the company of others, but treated her with constant love and kindness.

NICE GIRLS.

The young ladies of Damariscotta, in the State of Maine, have recently formed themselves into a society for mutual improvement and protection. Among the resolutions adopted at a regular meeting we find the following:

That we will receive the attentions of no "so-styled" young gentleman who has not learned some business, or engaged in some steady employment for a livelihood—for it is apprehended that after the bird is caught it may starve in the cage.

That we will promise marriage to no young man who is in the habit of tippling, for we are assured his wife will be no want and his children go barefoot.

That we will marry no young man who is not a patron of his neighborhood paper, for we have thus not only strong evidence of his want of intelligence, but that he will prove too stingy to provide for his family, educate his children, or encourage institutions of learning in his vicinity.

THE DUTCH COUNTERFEIT DETECTOR.—Nothing gratifies us more than to receive from such of our readers as keep an eye and ear open to what is going on around them, anecdotes of their neighborhood, like this—which we have among our week's correspondence, from S. C. M.:

"The other day I went over to a Dutch grocery, to get a \$1 bill changed. The Dutchman had heard of \$1 bills being altered from 1; he took the one I offered him and held it up to the light. "What are you doing that for?" I inquired. His answer was brilliant. "I wish to see if dish bill have been altered for a \$10."

Worthy of Nicholas Biddle—decidedly!—*New York Reveille*.

FILE YOUR NEWSPAPERS.—A sexagenarian, regretting that he did not begin in early life to file away his newspapers, says:

"How interesting it would be to an old man to look into the newspapers which he had read when he was twelve, or sixteen years old!—How many events would this call to mind which he had forgotten? How many interesting associations and feelings would it revive?—What a view it would give one of past years?—What a knowledge it would preserve by assuring the memory? And how many valuable purposes of a literary kind even might it be rendered subservient to? How much I wish I could look into such a record, while composing this article."

It is said that a couple went before the minister for the purpose of being married; he asked the usual question, whether the man would take the woman to be his wife, &c., and the answer given, with the true nasal twang, was, "Wal! I guess I shawn't do nothin' else."

A candidate for medical honors having thrown himself almost into a fever from the incapacity to answer the questions, was asked by one of his professors, 'How would you sweat a patient for the rheumatism?' He replied, 'I would send him here to be examined.'

Wanted, a load of tan, made from the bark of a dog.

VERGOATS, and other garments, may be found in great variety, at GAGE & FOWLE'S, Nov 18 M.

WOOLEN YARN—a large assortment, at W. WOODBERRY'S, Nov 22 M.

Profane men (and there are many) should be asked—Do you use the name of God because you think there is such an Almighty Being, or because you think there is not? If the latter, what sense in swearing? If the former, what safety.

False happiness is like false money, it passes for a time as well as the true, and serves some ordinary occasions, but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel our loss.—*Pope*.

THE PACIFIC

Mutual Insurance Company

GEOTE notice, that the amount of their capital paid in should be \$35,000,

and that they make insurance against Loss or Damage by Fire, on Dwelling Houses, Furniture, Merchandise, Stores, and property generally. Also against the hazard of Marine risks, not exceeding

15,000 DOLLARS ON ANY ONE RISK.

15% Liability to Assessment.

Insurance effected upon Dwelling Houses, favorably located, for the term of five years, at \$12.50 per \$1000 insured, or \$3.00 for the term of one year, being at a much less rate than it costs in Mutual Companies which are compelled to resort to the objectionable mode of assessing Premium Notes to get funds to meet Losses.

Office, 74 State Street, Boston.

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Items of local intelligence, from this and the neighbor
towns, solicited.

ORIGINAL TALE.

THE MAID OF ROCHELLE; — OR — THE FATAL SECRET.

BY MAY RITCHIE.

CHAPTER I.

Mademoiselle Laurie Gauria was surpassingly beautiful, yet that, alas! together with an unspotted reputation, was all that she possessed—the last descendant of an illustrious family, which had, however, unfortunately attained the summit of its prosperity long before her entrance into life, so that little more than the name, once dignified by renowned actions, was left to its posterity. The parents of Laurie Gauria were supported by an employment under government, consequently, at their decease, which was a few weeks, or, within a short period of each other, our heroine, then but twelve years old, was left with but little or no means of support. She succeeded, however, by the proffered aid of a friend of her parents, in procuring a liberal education, after which, she commenced the arduous task of an instructress; by this means, she succeeded in obtaining a scanty support.

Our heroine, at the time when I first introduced her before my readers, had scarcely attained her eighteenth birthday. She was the queen of beauty, and knew it; but her mind was too elevated to retain a desire to play the part of the heartless coquette—she disdained all appearances of the same, and when suitors sought her hand—and not a few had she—she frankly told them she loved them not, and never, either by word, look or action, did she at any time seek to win the regard of the opposite sex, for well she knew what power to charm lie concealed beneath the ivory lid and modious tones of her voice.

But Laurie at length loved: the object of her love was a handsome young student. It is needless to add that her love was reciprocated, for who could behold the lovely Laurie without at once being smitten.

Charles Weston, the young suitor, was an American, and had sought the continent for the purpose of completing his studies; therefore we are not surprised to behold him, after a short acquaintance, and engagement with our heroine, bid her adieu for a short time, and return on urgent business to his native land. Why he did not wed, and take the lovely Laurie with him, we are not prepared to ascertain.

Some time had elapsed since the absence of Charles Weston. His lady-love had long since looked for his return, but yet he came not. Correspondence on his part had ceased, and our heroine began to conjecture her lover false. Presently rumors of his worthlessness reached her ear; these combined, produced no very pleasing impression upon her natural susceptible mind. During this period of suspense, a young French nobleman, Adita Garault, of pleasing appearance and bewitching address, became enamored with Laurie, while at a superb entertainment at the residence of an intimate friend of the latter. Mons. Garault used all his endeavors to ingratiate himself into the favor of the fair one, whose beauty he thought excelled, and accomplishments exceeded, all other females he had ever witnessed. But his efforts proved ineffectual. Chagrined, that a poor preceptress should thus refuse his addresses, while the majority of female hearts owned the power that c'en a look from the dark orbs of Adita Garault had over their hearts—many had loved hopelessly, many still continued to love, and a few had, but a few paragraphs more will paraphrase to what extent their affections were carried,—chagrined, as I have said, that he should thus be slighted, he determined upon a method that he flattered himself would prove effectual.

Laurie had of late accepted the invitation of a friend to pass a few weeks with her at Niort, a small country seat a few miles northeast of Rochelle. While there, she was surprised, during one of her romantic excursions, by the appearance of Mons. Garault. She was about to flee from his presence, but was detained by the following declaration:—

"Mlle. Gauria, flee not thus from me: if I were a monster, you could do no more. What have I done to merit such displeasure as you at present evince?" he added, while a shade of dejection rested upon his handsome features, and a sigh escaped his lips as he said, "would that death had ere this consigned me to the dark regions of despair, if you still continue to eject me from your presence! oh!—"

"But how else should one appear that is already betrothed? Would you have them inconstant during their true lover's absence?" interrupted the maid.

"No, albeit, their lover were true, but—" and he shook his head as if he already knew too much about the maiden's lover. Laurie observed this, and quickly responded—

"What do you mean, Mons. Garault? Know you aught of Charles Weston, for I am willing to aver that he is the one, and only one, that possesses my heart's best and truest affections."

"Would that I could say," replied the designing man, "that I had never heard of him" return instantly to my home." He obeyed,

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1852.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE,.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1852.

W The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed for this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to the successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

SALEM.—Mr. G. W. DIXE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETERSON & Co., State street, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Richard," "Claude Melnotte," "Squib," "E. A. L.," and others, can use enigmas, puzzles, &c. They will be in type one of these days.

"Winchester."—We are much obliged for the report you send; part of it we had before received.

"Frank."—Your excellent lines in answer to Schoolboy's enigma, will appear, and the poetry is; are well written; we shall use them.

"Don Carlos."—Your sketch well illustrates the end of thousands, and we hope our young readers will ponder and beware.

"E. F."—We have both you articles on file, and will use them. It would improve the lines to shorten them some, as now they will run over a line of our columns.

"J. F."—Your sketch of the "Cotton Speculation," or Young Cotton Thieves, is interesting, and we shall be glad to publish.

"Elsie, the Peasant Girl."—Welcome, of course. Many thanks for the continued favors.

"Ella."—We shall be glad to hear from you again. Your "Trifles" will be found in another column.

"N. McR."—We are always pleased to get articles of such sentiments as yours, but are often obliged to leave them for some time account of their length, and we may have to keep this a little while on that account.

"E. P."—We will gladly publish a part of the little work you send, and hope it may meet the eye of those interested.

"Water," "Shade," "D.," "M.," all received; will have due attention.

"Sober Thought."—Your communication about the Hotel next week.

SPRING.

Probably most of our readers feel quite relieved to know that Winter is past, and that we have now fairly entered upon the season of Spring. The unusually cold weather of the past few months has peculiarly fitted us for the enjoyment of the balmy air of Spring, and all its delightful associations. The singing of the birds will strike upon the ear with tenfold sweetness, because for so long a time we have listened to naught but the shrill whistle of the winter's blast, and the unpleasant howl of the unwelcome storm; the opening buds and green fields will be gauded upon with fond delight, because for many weeks the face of nature has been pale and white,—not even displaying, as usual, her rocks and bare ground, so beautiful in wildness,—but keeping herself clothed in a mantle of white, thus warming the earth, and preparing the vegetal world for an early start in the Spring.

Soon the farmer will be busy in his preparations for his usual duties at this season of the year; we shall see him go forth in his strength, to prepare for seed time, putting forth all his energies in the hope of reaping an abundant harvest, breaking up the hardened soil, planting the seed, and going through all the routine of operations, and then trusting to a higher Providence for the results. We have often thought that such persons, although hard workers, were among the happiest and most contented to be found in a community, for they seem to have as few of the cares and ills of life as any of the other class of our readers. True, they work hard, but they always reap a sure reward, and thus fit themselves for the enjoyment of all their gains and possessions; and by keeping clear of the speculations, perplexities and excitements of other kinds of business, they save themselves much care, live longer, and die easier.

Spring is an apt emblem of youth and hope,—full of the fond anticipations of the future,—full of joy and gladness. In our youthful days we sow the seed, and prepare for the Summer and harvest; we are full of strength and vigor, and like the farmer in Spring, youth is ready to do most any kind of rough work, and break up the soil. And yet, how sad the reflection to know, that there are but comparatively few who fully realize the importance of sowing the right kind of seed in their youth. Although in theory they must know, that "as they sow so shall they reap," yet they practically say by acts, they do not believe or realize the truth, and go on in a course that will bring a harvest of sorrow rather than of joy.

But our space will not permit us to moralize any longer, so we will close by hoping that our farming friends will be successful in their Spring operations; and also hoping that our young friends will, in "their youthful days," sow such good seed in their own hearts that they will be sure to reap a "rich reward."

W Mr. L. Thompson, Jr., has purchased the stock and stand of Mr. Theo. Ladd, and will continue the hardware business at the old place. Purchasers have always been able to obtain a good assortment of hardware at this store, and we are sure that under the care of Mr. Thompson, a good and well selected stock can always be found.

L LIBERAL.—The Boston and Lowell Railroad have placed on the Woburn Branch, for the early train for Boston, and the 7 o'clock, P. M., train from Boston, a fine large car, in place of the old one used so long.

Written for the Journal.

TIME.

Time, good old Dr. Franklin says, "is money;" 'Tis true, and yet 'tis passing funny To know that many a whiskered fellow, With head as soft as a pumpkin mellow, Should have of time a store and plenty! He lives on time, but never has the money.

And yet, if one be true, why not the other? Please tell us, Mr. Editor, and get me out the bother.

SIMON.

[We should prefer that some of our correspondents would look into this profound subject, and report.—Ed.]

PUBLIC HOUSE.

Agreeably to notice, our citizens met in the Town Hall on Monday evening last, to have a "talk" about a new Hotel. Hon. CHAS. CHOATE was called to the Chair, and JNO. A. FOWLE was chosen Secretary.

Remarks favorable to the project were made by Messrs. Thompson, Winn, Clough, Hill, Champney, Flagg, and others, and there seemed to be a "spirit abroad," that looked like setting the ball in motion.

A committee was appointed to take into consideration, and to report at a future meeting, as to cost, location, &c. &c. The committee consisted of Messrs. Abijah Thompson, J. B. Winn, Chas. Choate, Sam'l Hill, David T. Wilson.

It was proposed that the sum of \$25,000 be raised in shares of \$100 each; this appears to be the true plan, for having the shares at a moderate sum, it will enable many of our citizens to invest a share or two.

We hope when the proper time comes, that this highly important matter will be taken hold of in earnest, and that we shall have the pleasure of announcing the liberality of our citizens in this goodly enterprise.

P. S.—Since the above was written, we learn that the committee have commenced their labors with a subscription list, and will canvass the town thoroughly, giving all an opportunity to subscribe. Now, then! we shall soon see how much public spirit there is in Woburn, in favor of an enterprise in which all are deeply interested.

CORRECTIONS.

Some mistakes occurred in the last number of the "Journal," in an article on the proceedings of the late Town Meeting.

The vote on Art. 8th should read as follows:—

"Voted to raise fifteen hundred dollars for the repairs of highways, town ways, and bridges."

Art. 9th, in relation to the appropriation of school money, should read—

"Voted that we give every school of fifty scholars, or less, one hundred dollars, and that every other school have one hundred dollars for every additional fifty scholars, and the remainder be divided according to the number of scholars in each District between the ages of five and fifteen."

The fault was not in the printer. W.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.—At a public meeting held last Saturday evening, a committee was appointed to take measures to provide for the persons who may attend the Convention to be held in this town. The committee have issued a circular addressed to the citizens, and we hope that a ready response will be given to the call, that the Committee of Arrangements will have no difficulty in finding accommodations for those who attend.

The editors of other papers in this county will please notice this Institute, and also state that an invitation is cordially extended by the Committee of Arrangements, to all teachers who would like to attend; and by reporting themselves to the committee they will be amply provided for.

PHALANX ASSEMBLIES.—The sixth and last of these popular assemblies was given on Wednesday evening. It was well attended, and being the last dance of the season, the company seemed determined to enjoy it—and they did. The complete success of these parties must be attributed to the excellent management of the committee, who have spared no pains or expense in arranging for the comfort as well as pleasure of those attending. All who have joined in the "merry dance" of the Phalanx, have had a capital good time.

NEW GOODS.—Messrs. T. A. & H. G. Chapman, No. 6 Hanover street, Boston, three doors north of Court street, have just received a large and carefully selected assortment of English prints and De Laines particularly adapted to the present season, which for durability of color and beauty of design, are unsurpassed elsewhere. They have also a fresh supply of very superior white linens, which we would recommend, at unexceptionably low prices.

OUR OUTSIDE.—We are obliged, by the large accumulation of original articles, to fill the outside of the "Journal" with them; they will all be found worthy of a perusal. Our stock is not yet exhausted, and we hope our friends who so kindly favor us with their contributions, will have all possible patience, and not think that we wish to neglect any of our numerous correspondents.

WINCHESTER.—The Lyceum Building and Railroad Depot present, in the evening, a fine appearance. They are lighted by gas made in Lyceum Building, and our Winchester friends must gaze with a good deal of satisfaction on the results of their enterprise and public spirit.

LIBERAL.—The Boston and Lowell Railroad have placed on the Woburn Branch, for the early train for Boston, and the 7 o'clock, P. M., train from Boston, a fine large car, in place of the old one used so long.

Written for the Journal.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

The House of Assembly at Prince Edward Island have voted an address to the Queen, asking for the removal of restrictions on the Fisheries, between England and the United States, provided we will reciprocate with them. These fisheries are of great importance to us; the trade between Boston and the British Provinces will be large the coming season.

The Temperance cause is exciting much interest at Prince Edward Island, and we also observe strong movements on Education. This age is a progressive one, and there are few places where improvements will not reach.

Business in New York is opening fair; all departments in trade are preparing for customers; other cities are ditto. Daniel Webster has been nominated for President, by a large meeting in New York. The steamer America has been seized by the Collector, for smuggling a large lot of laces; it appears the head waiter was the party guilty, he has absconded, and \$500 is offered for his arrest.

There are fifty sewing machines, driven by steam, now in operation in New York.

Sulphate of lime is good to destroy rats, and a perfectly safe article. The Maine Liquor Law meets with poor success South.

A freight car, loaded with mutton, took fire and was entirely destroyed on the Taunton Branch Railroad on Saturday last.

5000 passengers are at Panama, waiting to get passage to California; provisions in consequence were scarce and high; many were returning home.

There are 5000 liquor dealers in New York;

1541 only shut up shop on Sundays. The New York papers are filled with accidents, murders, and crimes of all descriptions, the result of these grog shops.

The loss by the late fire in Northfield, Vt., to the Vermont Central Railroad, was \$140,000; insurance only \$20,000.

Money is decidedly plenty, and the market easy; foreign capital is seeking investments in United States securities.

The copper mines of Lake Superior are beginning to develop the richness of the mining districts; there appears to be many companies at work, and doing well.

The value of the three articles of flour, wheat and wool, received at Buffalo from the West, during the year 1851, exceeds \$14,000,000.

Late news from Europe brings intelligence of the resignation of the British Ministry, and the formation of an entire new Cabinet; it is said to be a liberal one.

France is quiet, and where the President seems determined to act the despot.

We shall see the end by and by.

The progress of liberal sentiments cannot be stayed, and must ere long cause trouble in Europe.

Congress moves slowly; only six public acts have been passed this session; this is all play and no work.

Kossuth is at the West making speeches, and receiving funds in aid of Hungary.

Quite a revival in the boot and shoe trade in New York the last week.

The prospect is very favorable for the Spring.

The Railway Times says all the railroads now on earth have cost \$147,700,000.

What a snug sum of money.

There are 3500 Chinese in California.

Over 500,000 emigrants arrived in the United States the last year, two-thirds from Ireland.

The projected railroads in the British Provinces are strongly discussed in their Legislature; it is strange they should hesitate about granting them.

A bill is reported in the Senate, additional to the act known as the "Mechanic's Lien Law," giving additional security to builders and laborers.

Also a bill to establish a Board of Agriculture.

The Maine Liquor Bill passed by a vote of thirty to nine against it.

Private letters from France give a dark picture of affairs in that unstable country.

Snow in the back counties in Maine is on an average of five feet deep.

The election in New Hampshire for Governor and Representatives resulted in favor of the Democrats.

Marshal Tukey has declared war on the dogs in Boston—dog owners will take notice.

The Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad Co. have abolished the sale of liquors on the stations along the road, and with all persons connected with the trains.

This is a creditable movement.

A resolution is reported in the Board of Aldermen of Boston, to have the stalls in Faneuil Hall Market, leased for three years at auction on the 1st of May.

The village of Cannavashie, in New York, was nearly destroyed by a freshet last week; the amount of damage is very great.

The Commonwealth newspaper gives Senator Burlingame a hard dose for his vote against the Maine liquor bill.

The Bromfield House, in Boston, is hereafter to be conducted on temperance principles, the bar is abolished; this is right, temperance men should patronize the house.

Henry Clay is recovering his health.

Deaths in New York last week, 388.

A British squadron of vessels have destroyed some African towns on the slave coast, the king refusing to sign a treaty abolishing the slave trade; they drove off the King, and placed another chief in power.

The native force was near 30,000 men.

The population of the United States, June 1st, 1850, was 23,246,301; number of free colored persons, 428,637; number of slaves, 3,198,298.

The total emigration to the United States since 1790, and their descendants in 1850

is 4,350,934.

A license law has passed in Louisiana;

it gives power to the authorities

of cities and towns to regulate the sale of liquor.

\$10,000 were found in the dead letter office at Washington, during the present quarter.

A mechanic in Cincinnati has built a fire engine, to be worked by steam; the machine was tested, and was working in nine minutes after the fuel was fired.

In our own vicinity there is not much to note; the snow has nearly disappeared, and the last few days has been much like the opening of

Spring.

The Woburn Hotel is in a fair way of success. The Tree Society is ditto. The clock will soon be ready to give us the true time, and many other improvements may be brought out to adorn our "native homes." Let each reader ask himself, have I performed all my duty in the week which has past,—if not, resolve to make it up in the one to come.

BURNING FLUID.

We insert the following from the "Traveller," on the subject of "Fluid," and the use of so many accidents. We hope those persons who use the article will carefully peruse the communication, and by noticing the hints given, they will be enabled to avoid the accidents to which a careless use of "cannister" renders them liable;—

"As a

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1852.

LETTER FROM RHODE ISLAND.

TIVERTON, AUG., 1851.

DEAR EDITOR:—As I am now enjoying a vacation of a few weeks at my Rhode Island home, I took it into my head to write a short article, with the hope it may reach you some time during the year 1852.

As I said, I am in the little State Rhody, whose seal, you know, is an anchor, and motto, *spes—fit emblem of the steadfast zeal with which she has maintained the early religious freedom and political rights established by her immortal founder—Roger Williams.*

My object in writing, however, is not to give you a history of their early religious asylum, but to give you a boundary view of the spot that gave me birth. To the west of the spot I still home, and forming the western boundary of my father's farm, is seen the placid Narragansett, whose waters, save when here and there some gentle zephyr, softly floating in the air, breathes upon its surface a smiling ripple, spread out like a field of polished glass. It seems to push its long arm up from old ocean's tiny main, to shake hands with the interior; and not thus content, with one of its fingers welled by Providence, and thumbed by Worcester, it marks a liquid line on your own state.

In the midst of this Bay is America's fair land marked off into beautiful fields, clothed with tall grass and ripening grain. It would seem upon its beautiful groves and glens, nature spread her brightest colors, and pencils with long delight. Add to these scenes, snow white cottages scattered here and there, and ten grouped into little villages, the ancient town of Newport, with its old stone mill, commanding Fort Adams, and you have fair picture of the Isle of Rhode Island. It is pleasant, as the sun is sinking in the western sky, to walk upon the Narragansett bank, listen to the dip of the boatsman's oar, the call of the sea-bird as it rends the air, and the playful ripple of the sea-swelling wave that scarcely moves the lightest pebble upon the shelving shore.

On the north the busy village of Fall River, evolves its slender spindles, and with massive hammers, loudly pounds upon iron bluish with intense heat. At its quay, the beautiful pair of water-birds, Bay State and Embo State, rest their weary pinions, making ready to take their speedy pass across the wide of the Sound to America's great metropolis.

On the east are ragged rocks, piled up in confusion, while anon some silvery rills from a sunny height, and in pearly drops, fall upon the ground below. Towering hills, with intervening vales, are covered with trees and waxy foliage, which seem to labor from earth upward, eager to pierce the skies, and fan with their waving tops the fading sun. Bushes, black with berries, bend to the earth, seeking deliverance from their burdened load; while, from the winding vine that hangs to the tree's large trunk, and thickly covers its wide spread top, large clusters of ripe grapes temptingly hang and scent the air with their sweet perfume.

As you pass under the tall, graceful trees, you might hear a single walnut rattling along the restless boughs, and as you look for the cause, you see a little gray squirrel hanging far out upon the end of a bending limb, apparently innocent of the traveller's alarm. The songs of the birds, the playful pranks of the innocent lamb, soften the mildness of the view, and give new beauty to the romantic scene.

In the south, Little Compton separates us from the rocky shores of the Atlantic, whose foaming surf, after an eastern storm, roars like distant thunder. Just about our cottage may be seen rich fields, speckled with stacks of sweet-scented clover, spirited steers, matronly cows, hard-working oxen, and the gentle sheep. On one side of the house is the newly built barn, while from a gentle slope on the opposite side, a never-failing spring issues its sparkling water which runs to the Bay, marking our course by a winding path of green. Close by in a running stream, noisy geese gabble in their innocent sports, while from the overhanging trees their morning bath, come more welcome notes of sweet Philomel's singing song, to say nothing of the healthy birds, crowned with golden fruit, the garden of young flowers, the lane shaded with graceful palms, and the mixed musical jargon of all kinds of poultry. I must close by giving you my polite invitation to call on me at time you can make it convenient. Of course you may bring your "better half," any number of friends, and as many of your good journals as you can spare.

Yours, with all respect,

A. L. T.

NEW CLOCK FOR WOBURN.—We understand Mr. Abel Stowell has already nearly completed a large clock for the town of Woburn, where a fair was held in that town a week since. Mr. Stowell has put up locks in many towns in this vicinity, and have proved to be among the best ever made in the country. They are to be found Worcester, Quincy, Chelsea, East Boston, Cambridge, (Court House) and other Bunker Hill Aurora.

LENTED.—The Norfolk County Journal that many persons who signed the petition in favor of the annexation of Roxbury, Boston, have relented, and are now opposed to the project.

Ninety persons were killed, and forty wounded, by railway accidents in the city of New York during the past year. Not as killed in his seat.

Written for the Journal.

ARITHMETIC, &c.

It has become quite a great affair, in our common schools, to study Colburn's Arithmetic, and it is considered of the highest importance, that scholars should go through with that book before taking written arithmetic. This notion seems erroneous, for a class of scholars may go through Colburn and acquit themselves nobly; be able to work many examples, and even learn many of the principles of the fundamental rules, and still know nothing of numbers as a science; of their increase from the right to the left, or decrease from left to right; that is, know nothing of Numeration; know nothing about writing his work; know nothing of the signs which are employed in connection with numbers, or be able to perform any examples which contain large numbers. It will be seen, then, that although a scholar has studied Colburn well, he must study the fundamental rules in written arithmetic just as long nearly, as if he had never studied mental arithmetic. I know it will be argued that it disciplines the mind, and strengthens the faculties; I don't doubt in the least. But could not the same object be obtained, if mental and written arithmetic were combined? Would it not be more interesting, and therefore a stimulus to exertion? We all know we can understand a question in arithmetic better, when we see it written out in full; we thus oftentimes fix some principle. Why will it not be so with children? Why would it not assist them in acquiring a knowledge of arithmetic, were they to write their work out after having gone through the mental process? Would not scholars make more proficiency by so doing?

I believe that in so doing, our scholars would make a greater advancement in numbers than they now do. But in reference to studying arithmetic, why is it necessary to commence so early as children do, and to pursue it with such energy, to the neglect of reading and spelling, and the first rudiments of language? Our scholars grow up and pass through the schools, many of them, without any scientific knowledge of language, and the construction of sentences. It appears to me that we do too much with arithmetic in our schools, and not enough with grammar. Our scholars do not study the English language enough. Now it seems to me that the subject of grammar might be commenced in the Primary Schools, and be taught in connection with reading and spelling. Let the pupil tell to what part of speech each word of his spelling lesson belongs, &c. Should this plan be pursued carefully, from the Primary up through the Grammar and High Schools, I think we should see an entire advance in the reading and understanding of the pupils; and the scholars would acquire just as much knowledge as they do now, for they would be better readers, and would better understand the examples they read.

North Woburn, Feb. 28. B. M. R.

Written for the Journal.

TREES.

MR. FOWLE:—It is very gratifying to see that a movement is being made with regard to forming a Tree Association. All will acknowledge that they serve as an embellishment, and it is a known fixed fact, that trees are a protection against fire.

Success attend you, gentlemen, and may your success be commensurate with your efforts.

Yours in the shade.

Written for the Journal.

FIRE! FIRE!

MR. EDITOR:—I would call the attention of the proper authorities to the condition of the pumps on the Common. "In time of peace prepare for war," is the language of an old fireman, and I do think that if a conflagration should break out in the Centre, we are but poorly supplied with

WATER.

P. S.—"A word to the wise," &c.

Woburn, March 10th, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

NOTICE.

MR. EDITOR:—I found the answer to "Schoolboy's" enigma, in the "Journal" No. 19, "The year eighteen hundred fifty-two."—Also to his Puzzle, last week, "Money."

To "Caroline's" Enigma, last week, "Caroline, East Woburn."

CLAUDE MELNOTTE.

THE RUSH OF PASSENGERS TO THE Isthmus.—The Empire City, which arrived at New York on Saturday from New Orleans and California, brought a number of passengers who have returned from Panama because they could not find passage to California. They report 5019 passengers waiting on the Isthmus, and many would have to return to New York on account of the scarcity and high price of provisions.

THE WHEAT CROP OF OHIO.—The crop of Ohio for the last year, according to the returns of the assessors, amounted to 34,176,420 bushels. The number of acres planted was 1,957,106; average per acre, 17 1/2 bushels.

The surplus for export is estimated at 21,876,420 bushels. The crop of 1850 was nearly quite as good, whilst that of 1849 was only 15,000,000 bushels, in consequence of the prevalence of cholera.

IT is a great art in the Christian life to learn to be silent. Under oppositions, injuries, still be silent. It is better to say nothing, than to say it in an excited or angry manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger.

Ninety persons were killed, and forty wounded, by railway accidents in the city of New York during the past year. Not as killed in his seat.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

ANTI-SLAVERY TEA-PARTY.

The LADIES' ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY OF WOBURN, will give a TEA-PARTY at the TOWN HALL, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, March 17th.

REV. MR. CLARK, Chaplain of the House of Representatives, will be present on the occasion, and give a short address. The tables will be set, and refreshments of this character, give promise of a happy evening.

MRS. PHILIPS, of Boston, known to many of us, for her voice of song, will discourse some of her sweet melodies. The Messrs. KIMBALL, and other singers, will give some other choice music.

The public are invited to attend. Doors open at 6 o'clock. ADMISSION 12 CENTS. Refreshments will be provided.

Woburn, March 13, 1852.

Tree Society.

It having been proposed to form an Association in Woburn for the purpose of setting out Ornamental Trees, a public meeting of the friends of that object will be held on MONDAY Eve next, at 7 1/2 o'clock, in the Town Hall, Woburn, March 13, 1852.

District No. 1.

The annual meeting of School District No. 1 stands adjourned until WEDNESDAY EVENG, 17th inst, at 7 o'clock, at the Congregationalist Vestry, JOHN D. TIDD, Clerk.

Woburn, March 13, 1852.

Teachers' Institute.

Arrangements have been made for holding a TEACHERS' INSTITUTE in the town of WOBURN, in the County of Middlesex, to commence on MONDAY, the 29th of March, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and to continue until the afternoon of Saturday, of the same week.

The following regulations will be observed:

1. All applicants must present themselves punctually at the time appointed for the meeting.

2. The Institute is designed for those who are teachers in Public Schools in Massachusetts, or who have a reasonable prospect of becoming such within a year from the time of the Institute.

3. Each applicant must come provided with a Bible, Pen, Ink, and Paper, a Dictionary, and a blank book for taking notes.

The expense of Instruction, Lecture, Room, Lights, &c., will be paid by the Institute, and the expenses of the purchase and payment of the Institute, will be borne by the Board of Education in the hands of its Secretary.

School Committees, and all the friends of Common Schools, are respectfully and earnestly requested to render such aid as may be deemed necessary and just, to facilitate the attendance of the members of the Institute.

BARNABAS SEARS.

Secretary of the Board of Education, Boston, Feb. 28, 1852.

Winchester Lyceum Lectures.

The Committee of the LYCEUM AND LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, announce that the exercises for the remainder of the season will be as follows:

Thursday evening, Feb. 25th, lecture by Rev. A. L. Phillips, on "The Slave in the South."—Friday evening, Feb. 26th, lecture by Rev. W. C. Phillips, Esq.—Thursday evening, March 11th, debate, "Is Slavery right?"—Friday evening, March 12th, lecture by Rev. E. P. Phillips, Esq.

Tickets for the remainder of the course can be obtained of Dr. Youngman, at 25 cents. Single admission 12 cents. Lecture commences at 7 1/2 o'clock.

J. HOVEY, Secy.

Winchester, Feb. 21, 1852.

27 Fowler & Wells, PHENOMENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS.

assisted by Mr. D. P. Butler, have opened a Cabinet and Bookstore in Boston, No. 142 Washington Street, where professional examinations, with charts or written descriptions of character, may be obtained.

Books on Phenomenology, Physiology, Hydrostatics, and Photography, for sale. Agents and Booksellers supplied on the most liberal terms.

jan 24 2m

LIFE INSURANCE RATES.—GEO. W. POWLE is the name of the *Life Insurance Company*, whose pamphlet *Principles of Life Insurance*, is published in Boston, and is well known, and amounts in all to the great sum of \$29,550. Also, of the *American Temperance Insurance Co.*, recently organized, with \$100,000 capital, under the auspices of the *Life Insurance Company*, to secure temperature for the benefit of their principles, without being subject to the losses by interperance.

Attest: SETH AMES, Clerk.

A true copy of petition and order,

Attest: SETH AMES, Clerk.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

Respectfully dedicated to M. J. S., to whom the author is indebted for her many kindnesses, during a severe illness.

BY MRS. MARY W. WELLMAN.

Thou kind and tender creature, thou whom I fondly love, Thou seem'st like some bright angel, sent me from Heaven above;

Thy voice it chears my spirit, thou lulls my cares to rest, Oh! well I know in Heaven, thy name's among the blest.

Oh, as I gaze upon thee, I think that other eyes, Are gazing on thee, lover one, from out the starry sky; Then gently hovering near thee, with all a mother's love, She throws her mantle o'er thee, returns to Heaven above.

Oh, sickness, cares and sorrow, ye fill our cup below, But there's no care nor sorrow, where all the faithful go; Then as I gaze upon thee, while bending o'er my bed, I think how brightly thou wilt shine when thy sweet spirit's fled.

Oh, may the Lord forever for thee and thine take care, And grant thee special blessings, and answer every prayer, May happiness attend thee, and in prayer remember me, If I ought on earth I cherish, 'twill be thy memory.

'Tis sweet to sit beside thee, to listen to thy voice, How many times its music made my sad heart rejoice; But ah, the pang of parting—it tries the stoutest soul, And words, and tears, are surely beyond the mind's control.

Then fare thee well! whatever may be my future lot, Like yonder star I love thee; thou'll never be forgot; This promise we will cherish, 'twas by our Saviour given, That every faithful child of His will meet again in Heaven.

* It has always been a pleasing thought to the author, to think the spirit of those that have left us are ever near to guard our steps unseen. In the above lines she refers to that of her mother's.

North Woburn, Feb., 1852.

Written for the Journal.

GOD IS EVERYWHERE.

There's grandeur in the mighty storm, There's music in the air, There's splendor in the morning sun, For God is present there;

There's beauty in the rainbow, There's calm in the sea,

There's magic in the echo's sound, For God is one in three.

There's dew upon the mountain, There's terror in the hail,

There's mystery in these elements, For God is in the rain;

There's shipwreck on the ocean, There's storm upon the main,

There's many a heart made desolate, For God sends joy and pain.

There's noble bearing in the human form, There's thoughts in the human mind,

There's memory seated in its deep recess,

For God so formed mankind;

There's joy and sorrow for the human heart,

There's a balm for all who weep,

There's a home above, not made with hands,

For God with us to meet.

Woburn, Feb., 1852. EDWIN.

LARGE MANUFACTORY OF PINS.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Post gives the following account of two establishments at Waterbury, Connecticut. The first is that of the "American Pin Company."

This, he says, is the largest pin manufacture in the United States, and I believe in the world.

"It has but one competitor in this country, and that is at Birmingham in this State. The patent to which this company owes its success, is a profound secret, not known even to its stockholders. It consists in an improvement for the making the pin and head solid, and all from one piece of wire. Till within a few years, the head of most of the pins in use, was separate and twisted on machinery. A few solid pins were manufactured, but they cost from thirty to fifty per cent, more than those of the older fashion. The discovery of the American patent has driven the twist heads entirely out of use. The privilege of using it was sold in England for \$30,000, where the same kind of pin is now manufactured.

"Of the portions of the works which I was permitted to see, I was most struck by the process of sticking the pins upon papers. My intellect had striven in vain to conjecture any process by which machinery could bring order out of the unspeakable confusion of several million pins thrown into a box together. I was here shown a row of very simple machines, each tended by a young girl, which arranged on paper more pins in one day than any one person could have possible done by hand in a fortnight. A practiced person, I was told, would pick 1200 papers a day, each paper containing 280 pins, making in all 336,000 a day. In a day of ten hours, this company throw off on an average 4,000,000 pins per day, about twelve hundred million a year.

When I learned this extraordinary fecundity of a single pin mill, I felt that it was of but little consequence what became of all the pins; it is pretty certain that the supply is not likely to give out very soon, in spite of any conceivable extravagance in pin money. The capital of this company is only \$100,000, but its profits are reputed to be very great.

"Upon the same premises we were shown the works of the Waterbury Hook and Eye Company, where a capital of \$16,000 is employed in the manufacture of hooks and eyes. My intellect had striven in vain to conjecture any

process by which machinery could bring order out of the unspeakable confusion of several million pins thrown into a box together. I was here shown a row of very simple machines, each tended by a young girl, which arranged on paper more pins in one day than any one person could have possible done by hand in a fortnight. A practiced person, I was told, would pick 1200 papers a day, each paper containing 280 pins, making in all 336,000 a day. In a day of ten hours, this company throw off on an average 4,000,000 pins per day, about twelve hundred million a year.

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"The price was named; the Irishman demurred, but after a 'bating down,' the thing was a trade. Paddy was about leaving the store, when the other called after him, asking—

"But what size shall I make them, sir?"

"Och!" cried Paddy, promptly, "never mind about the size at all—make them as large as you conveniently can for the money!" Newark Mercury.

BOGGS' SHEEP OVERBOARD.

A good anecdote is related by Mr. Eaton, in his annals of Warren, of one Boggs, who introduced the first flock of sheep into that place. He brought them from Pemaquid by water, and while setting on the windlass one day, got sleepy and began to nod. The patriarch of the flock, taking it for a challenge, drew back and knocked him sprawling upon the deck. Whereupon Boggs, more pugnacious than wise, seized the old fellow by the wool, and chuckle him overboard. But he got more than he bargained for by this counter movement, for the whole flock, feeling bound in all cases to follow their leader, popped over after him; and Boggs, being several miles from land, was obliged to heave to, and with much difficulty recover them again. He concluded that he had the worst of that battle at both ends.—*Kennebunk Journal.*

ROWLAND HILL AND THE CAPTAIN.—Once when I was returning from Ireland, (says Rowland Hill) I found myself much annoyed by the reprobate conduct of the captain and mate, who were both sadly given to the scandalous habit of swearing. First the captain swore at the mate—then the mate swore at the captain—then they swore at the wind—when I called to them in a strong voice for fair play.

"Stop! stop!" said I, if you please, gentlemen, let us have fair play; it's my turn now."

"At what is it your turn?" said the captain.

"At swearing," I replied.

Well they waited and waited until their patience was nearly exhausted, and then wanted me to make haste and take my turn. I told them, however, that I had a right to take my own time, and sweat at my own convenience. To this the captain replied with a laugh—

"Perhaps you don't mean to take your turn!"

"Pardon me, captain," I answered, "but I do, as soon as I can find the good of doing so."

My friends, I did not hear another oath on the voyage.

Written for the Journal.

FRIENDSHIP.

There is a little, tender plant,

That grows from seeds of kindness;

Its fragrance bids our troubles cease,

And fills the mind with perfect ease.

This plant of Friendship all may own,

And guard it in its growing;

'Twill gain us friends, and like a balm,

Bid all our worldly cares be calm.

Amid life's dark and thorny path,

When foes unite to harm us,

Nought like Friendship's gentle arm,

Can bear us o'er the seeming harm.

Would we gain friends, true, and faithful,

Those who seek our highest good;

We must love—as did our Saviour,

Ourselves better than our neighbor.

North Chelsea, Jan., 1852. ALBERT.

PADDY'S BOOTS.

We heard a good one of a green sprig from the Emerald Isle, who, the other day, entered a boot and shoe store in this city to purchase himself a pair of 'brogans.' After overhauling his stock in trade without being able to suit his customer, the shopkeeper hinted that he would make him a pair to order.

"An what will ye ax to make a good pair iv them?" was the query.

The price was named; the Irishman demurred, but after a 'bating down,' the thing was a trade. Paddy was about leaving the store, when the other called after him, asking—

"But what size shall I make them, sir?"

"Och!" cried Paddy, promptly, "never mind about the size at all—make them as large as you conveniently can for the money!" Newark Mercury.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE,

AND TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR FREE INSTITUTIONS

GENERALLY.

THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT,

and Compend of the Constitutional and Civil

JURISPRUDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES,

WITH A BRIEF

TREATISE ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY ANDREW W. YOUNG.

Twenty-fifth Edition.

The subjects embraced in the above entitled work, are:

I. The Principles of Government, in which are illustrated the nature, origin, and fundamental principles of Civil Government and Laws.

II. The Government of the United States, comprising the Constitution, with a brief commentary, showing the nature and design of its several provisions, as expressed by the framers; and an abstract of the laws for carrying into effect the principles of General Government, and its several departments.

III. The Civil Jurisprudence of the United States, being an epitome of the common law of the country, prescribing the rights, duties and responsibilities of citizens in their several relations.

IV. Political or Public Economy, in which the elementary principles of this science are familiarly explained.

While the interests of Education are deservedly receiving much attention, it is not a little remarkable that the *Science of Government* has hitherto been so generally neglected.

A knowledge of our Constitutional and Civil Jurisprudence can scarcely be too highly estimated. The very idea of free government, pre-supposes the knowledge, without it people cannot know how to govern. The more a man knows of the *Science of Government*, the more he will be enabled to exert his influence for the welfare of his country.

The principles of Public Economy are familiarly explained.

Questions of public policy, not merely affecting the common interests of our country, but involving constitutional principles, are often of great importance, and require a knowledge of the *Science of Government* to determine the right course of action.

It is a secret known to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a great

inclination to hear you, or that you should

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March 12/53

Vol. 20/52
Mar. 20/52
Should be Mar. 22
see another
see 1st Vol. 1

9 Vol. 1
instead of March 20/52

WOBURN JOURNAL.

VOL. 2.

WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

March 20, 1852 NO. 22

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

THY WILL BE DONE.

Affectionately inscribed to Mr. & Mrs. Nichols,
on the death of their only daughter.

She has gone to fairer climes on high,
Where death or sorrow ne'er can come!
Weep not for her, thy little one,
But humbly say "God's will be done."

But three short days ago that little form,
Now cold in death, was full of life and glee;
A merry, loving (only cherished one.)
Tis hard, but say "Thy will be done."

Mother, thou hadst fondly wished long years,
To spend with thy only daughter here below;
But God has taken her—the victory's won,
O meekly say "Thy will be done."

Father, another of thy household hand is gone,
Thrice ere this thou'st felt the chastening rod;
Little Lizzie's gone—her earthly course is run,
Yet calmly say "Thy will be done."

Brothers, thou no more thy sister 'll see,
O, absent one, sad the news for thee;
She's with her Saviour now, a spirit one,
Though hard, yet say "Thy will be done."

O wish her not back, she's happy now,
In her Saviour's arms she's safely folded;
But prepare to meet thy chub'rn one,
In heaven, where God's whole will is done.

CORA OF THE VALLEY.

Woburn, February 25th, 1853.

ORIGINAL

THE GARDENER'S DAUGHTER:

OR THE

Lily of Myrtle Dale.

A LEGEND OF MOUNT HOLYOKE.

BY PRAIRIE BIRD.

[CONCLUDED.]

The next morning Ornala and his aunt were up at an early hour, and Mrs. J.—, taking Ornala aside, insisted upon his telling her what made him so melancholy of late, assuring him if it was in her power he should have whatever he desired. Her many and repeated promises to keep all secret, let what would come, induced Ornala to trust her with his heart; Ornala told her all. She, with a serpent's tongue, poured into his ear her flattering words, assuring him she would see that Nea was received as a daughter by his mother.

While these words were uttered, her heart was filled with the most fiendish thoughts toward Ornala and the beautiful Nea.

Soon the church bells sounded, and Mr. Jones being somewhat indisposed, remained at home, while Ornala, with his aunt upon his arm, sought the temple that's erected for the worship of the creator. Mrs. J.— renewed her conversation on the road, and did not stop from extracting from Ornala every particular concerning Nea until the services commenced, by which Ornala felt greatly relieved.

Mrs. J.— requested Ornala to remain and accompany her home, after the communion service was over. Ornala not being a communicant, sat gazing with much solemnity upon the group as one after another partook of the emblems of the body and blood of our Divine Redeemer. Ornala could not but drop a tear as his mind wandered away to the scenes of Calvary; and oh! he thought to himself, would I could feel worthy to eat and drink with the group before me; and as his aunt Jones covered her face with her handkerchief and appeared so very humble, he felt he had sinned in ever thinking her capable of doing wrong intentionally. Poor Ornala! he had yet to learn that under the cloak of religion deeds of darkness, of deep and bloody dye, were concealed. The service being over, Mrs. J.— took Ornala's arm, and left the church. On her way home she renewed the morning's conversation, held Nea up as a pattern of virtue to her sex, and gave her the praise of being the best, the sweetest-tempered girl around. Did Ornala know the thoughts of that woman's heart—had he thought her to have been such a fiend, how quickly would he have dropped his arm by his side, and prefer to have had it pained rather than it should have been touched by so false, so vile an imposter to God and man as was his aunt Jones. Having arrived at home, Mrs. J.— complained of having a violent headache, and did not go to church the afternoon. Ornala returned to church; his aunt went to her room, took pen and paper, and wrote to Mrs. Beaumont in regard to her sons conduct at N—.

Mrs. J.— stated she had been delaying the subject in hopes Ornala would reform; told his mother and sisters he was keeping company with a girl of no reputation, daughter of a day laborer; that the whole town was in a state of excitement upon the same; that she, Mrs. Beaumont, must stop his mad career, or she could not have him in her family. Mrs. J.— closed by saying Ornala was keeping company with a low bred girl, not capable of making a common man a wife, much less the wife of a gentleman. Mrs. J.— then wrote three or four anonymous notes, purporting to be from men in N—, who were astonished at Ornala's conduct; and one she wrote Nea, telling her Ornala was trifling with her feelings, and that he was engaged to a rich young lady in N—, who would confirm this statement, if necessary. Mrs. J.— altered her style of writing in each, but a careful eye would easily detect her writing at once. Mrs. J.— had all these malicious notes dropped in office on Monday morning. The returning

mail from Boston brought letters from Ornala's mother and sisters.

Ornala went to the office on Wednesday morning, and was greatly surprised in finding so many letters from B—, and also three dropped notes. He hurried back to his aunts, and passing Gardner Percy's he noticed the sad countenance of the aged man, and wondered exceedingly what had so come over his mind to throw that veil of anguish over his once cheerful countenance. Ornala went to his room with a hurried tread; he could not but notice the guilty looks of his aunt as he passed her in the hall. The blood rushed to her face, and to look up in the face of Ornala seemed impossible, at first; soon a fiendish thought ran through her mind, and she stood before Ornala as though innocence were her twin sister. Ornala opens his letters, read that from his mother first, nor could he read more. His mother had forbade him to own her as mother; she told him he was unworthy to be called her son, and expressed her surprise at his conduct at such a time of life, when his young days had been passed so virtuous. She forbade a word of excuse in reply, informed him she would open no letter from him, neither would she see his face until he had repented and regained his former standing in society. His heart failed him, he could read no more, the light in his room was changed to darkness, and with a loud groan he fell senseless upon the chamber floor. Mr. Jones being in his library under Ornala's room, heard the groan and the fall, which jarred the whole house, rushed to Ornala's chamber, and found the young man in a state of insensibility. He tried to raise him, but all in vain; he ran to the parlor for help. Mrs. J.— made her appearance, and bringing cologne, began to apply it to his nostrils, and to chafe his temples; at the touch of that wicked woman's hand Ornala sprang to his feet, and with a countenance more like the dead than living, stood with arms folded across his breast, looking steadily and searching into the deceitful face of Mrs. Jones. The wicked woman made some excuse, and went below. Mr. Jones was thunderstruck; Ornala did not explain a word, but collecting his scattered papers, put all he had at his aunt's in his trunks, went to the street, called a coachman, and removed to the village inn. Mr. Jones sought in vain to see Mrs. J.— took her oath she was ignorant of Ornala's conduct, and though Mr. Jones had to check her as she went on in her rage declaring her innocence, he knew her too well to hear her repeated declinations of innocence.

Ornala being in his new abode, composed his mind and read each note, which he found to be the same handwriting, disguised a little. That afternoon he went to Gardner Percy's, and found the old gentleman, with Anna, his wife, and their lovely Nea, weeping in each other's arms. Ornala spoke not, but clasping Nea in his arms, burst forth in the agony of his soul, and the sweet happy home was for the first time the abode of sorrow. After an half hour of mingled tears, Ornala requested the household then to listen to the words of one who loved them, and to know for a certain that He who loves the children of obedience will not forsake such as are true of heart. "I will," continued the young man, "be obedient to God in this hour. I will not sin, though the world with its cruelty drive me to dispair." The old gardener then informed Ornala of what had happened; that lawyer C— had sent him a letter, stating that in consequence of Ornala Beaumont's intimacy with his family, Mrs. B—, mother of Ornala, was about to put a guardian over him, for fear he would run off, and become penniless in a short time.

This was new grief to Ornala. He had thought on the way to the cottage that if his mother, after being rightly informed of the case, remained unreconciled, one thing he could do; he was of age, and could command his property at any time, but now all hope was over. He could scarce refrain from cursing the instigator of so much falsehood and misery. Ornala then told the family all that had happened, showed his letters to the gardener, and soon after the gardener, with all his letters and notes, proceeded to Judge L—'s. Ornala and Nea went into a little summer house at the one end of the garden, where Ornala endeavored to prevail upon Nea to unite fortunes with him, be married, and go to a distant city, where he could readily obtain a salary sufficient for a maintenance. But Nea was too noble a girl to do this. Not but that she loved Ornala—not but that she would have been the happiest of women to be called his wife, but her heart forbade such a union amidst scenes of cruelty and strife.—Ornala, she perceived, was losing his better judgment; so overcame by such a dastardly act as his aunt was guilty of, he had in a great measure lost control of his thoughts. He appeared wild, at times would rave like a madman, then laugh out like a maniac, when he thought of his aunts deception. The old gardener soon returned, and brought cheering word to his family. Ornala regarded it not; flight with his lovely Nea was uppermost in his mind. Nea tried to convince him of the error he labored under, but to no purpose. Before her parents she told him of her love to him—that it was not an idle passion,—that her heart's purest affections were his; that time nor circumstances would ever change her feelings,—that if aught befell him, her now

ple. The prayers of the good gardener, the consoling words of his dear wife, the tears and entreaties of the gentle Nea, were all in vain. Ornala remained with death-like hue stamped upon his noble brow, urging the flight from a place he had first felt the poisoned arrow of death, shot from the bow of deception, by the hand of a pretended friend.

The silvery moon was silently stealing up the eastern sky, when a young man might have been seen rushing from the gardener's cottage, and making rapid strides toward the mountain. His looks were that of a maniac escaped from confinement. His dress was that of a gentleman, having on his arm a cloak of black broadcloth that well corresponded with the black suit he wore. Could one have heard the broken sighs that escaped his tortured, his lacerated heart, and mingled with the night wind that played through the branches of the old pines above his head, as hurriedly he trod the stony path up the mountain; could one have seen the eye that had refused to weep, and heard the sad groan from the depth of his soul ring out upon the night air, they would have been touched at the heart by the sad spectacle, and no pains would have been spared in order to relieve the wretched condition of one so distressed in body and mind.

Ornala ascended the mountain; he took one glance at the little path that led down to Nea's accustomed seat, then turning with clenched hands and blanched lips to a seat on the top of the mountain, he seated himself, while the cold respiration stood in a flood upon his forehead. Large drops of sweat fell from his brow on the rock at his feet. He wrapped his cloak about him, and the wind played with his dark locks that fell, wet with the night dew, upon his shoulders. The moon had travelled up above the forest trees, and shed its pale light upon the scene around.—Ornala's eye caught the spire of the church in N—, where his aunt worshipped. This was enough,—his reason for a moment fled.—Then instantly he arose, and broke forth in agony of soul:—"Oh! thou God of truth, hear I pray my moan. Oh! why have I been called to pass through this fiery ordeal. Thou knowest all—Thou knowest her heart, and the vilo deception she used for my ruin. Oh! torture me not with flattery; I am past recovery," sadly answered the young man.

"See, Ornala, the moon has begun to go down in the West; the night is far spent; let us go from here; thou art too feeble to be here, child."

"Then tell me who thou art," said Ornala: "I will hear thee now."

"I am the gardener's mistress; he has been my help for years: Nea is my child; know you fondly I have loved her, and it is for sake I have come to save you."

The Judge's lady led Ornala down the mountain, placed him in her carriage and chamber, and after having a day or two of good nursing, appeared quite like himself again. Mrs. L. then told the ladies all, who wept again with delight to know their son, and brother, was still the same, that all the sin rested upon Mrs. Jones, who was looked upon with an eye of contempt. The next week the Judge's lady turned to their homes. Mrs. B., and daughters were to visit N., in a few days.

The following week the widow and her daughters were at Judge L's; they arrived one day previous to Ornala's return with the Judge. They remained at N. until Ornala and Nea were married, and then returned home.

Happiness is again in the gardener's cottage, the old Judge was so pleased with Ornala, he offered him a place as son in his heart, and home. Ornala is often seen wending his way to Mt. Holyoke, while Fleeter is frolicking by his side, and his rambles are made pleasant by the sweet presence of Nea, THE LILY OF MYRTLE DALE.

North Woburn, 1853

cent face, and her room was like a fairy palace, filled on every side with flowers, whose odor filled the air.

The strangers stood gazing upon the fair girl, asking many questions concerning her illness, and expressing their desire to see her some other time, when she should be awake. Mrs. L. told the ladies to be seated and in a short time they should see and converse with the sleeper. Mrs. L. then related the cause of the fair girl's sickness, told her character to the strangers, and how one wicked woman had been instrumental in turning the happy home of this fair child, into an asylum of woe, that out of envy all this had been done, that another young heart had also been poisoned with the slanderous breath of this vile one, and that the mother of the young man had also been influenced against her own son, and all for mere envy, toward the girl they so much admired.

The young ladies buried their faces in their handkerchiefs, and sobbed aloud. The mother's lip trembled as she said, "Oh! that I knew that young man's mother, how would I plead for that young heart that is early crushed with the monster calumny." Mrs. L. then turned to the lady, and said, "It is in your power, madam, to restore that fair girl to health, and call back a wandering son to the arms of his mother."

"What mean you, lady?" enquired the stranger.

"Thou hast a son, madam, I have been told."

"Heavens!" cried the astonished woman, "tell me, oh! tell me, what has become of him; I am of all women most miserable. I see it now, oh, I've been too hasty. Thou canst not be satisfied here; this is not its home. Sent God to a mortal body, to guide and guard it in the hour of temptation, to cheer it with immortal hopes in the hour of bereavement, from heaven where all is purity; its temporary dwelling place, mortal body, full of conflicting passions; why should it be satisfied? does it not long for heaven? does not the earthly nature struggle against it; and does not the soul plead in the beautiful language of the poets?—

"Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life."

Strive on thou restless nature, human nature; the trusting soul it has no terrors; it leaps to embrace it; for it has learned this one glorious truth, that the life of this world is death, but its death is life eternal.

WOBURN RECORDS.

BIRTHS CONTINUED.

Knight Sarah, d. of Ebenezer and Mary, born July 19th.

Carter Lois, d. of Jabez and Abigail b. Jan. 18th.

Eames Caleb, s. of Caleb and Sarah, b. Nov. 7th.

Walker Sarah, d. of Ezekiel and Sarah, born Nov. 20th.

Lock Joshua, s. of Joshua and Hannah, born July 22d.

Holden David, s. of Thomas and Rebekah, b. Sept. 15th.

Carter Sarah, d. of Thomas and Susanna, born March 8th.

1733.

Richardson Isaac, s. of Benjamin and Judith, b. April 18th.

Richardson Phoebe, d. of Aaron and Bethiah, b. April 24th.

Richardson Hannah, d. of Jonathan and Abigail, b. Oct. 29th.

Carter Mary, d. of Thomas and Hannah, born Feb. 5th.

Dean John, s. of John and Sarah, born Dec. 22d.

Lock Lucretia, d. of Samuel and Rebecca, b. Nov. 5th.

Boutwell John, s. of John and Rebecca, born Feb. 20th.

Walker Ruth, d. of Edward and Esther, born Jan. 26th.

Richardson Levi, s. of Joseph and Martha, b. Feb. 8th.

Johnson Mary, and twins of Seth and Mary, b. March 24th.

Peirce Mary, d. of Zurishaddai and Abigail, b. Jan. 10th.

Richardson Silas, s. of Jacob and Abigail, b. March 9th.

Belknap Isaac, s. of Samuel and Lydia, born Dec. 14th.

Laughton John, d. of John and Hepzibah, b. April 23d.

Flegg Abigail, d. of Gershem and Martha, b. Dec. 13th.

Converse Josiah, s. of Josiah and Sarah, born Jan. 27th.

Johnson Judith, d. of Benjamin and Mary, b. Feb. 28th.

Bruce James, s. of John and Isabel, b. Feb. 12th.

Fowles Joshua, s. of Samuel and Susanna, b. June 21st.

Richardson Reuben, s. of Reuben and Esther, b. May 23d.

Wyman Jerusha, d. of Solomon and Mary, b. Aug. 7th.

Richardson Ruth, d. of Reuben and Esther, b. May 23d.

1734.

Johnson Sarah, d. of Joseph and Elizabeth, b. March 17th.

Eames Jonas, s. of Caleb and Sarah, b. March 17th.

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—MESSRS. NICHOLS, WINN & CO. agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—DR. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

STONEHAM.—MR. G. W. DIKE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., in that vicinity.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"CORA OF THE VALLEY."—Received, and very acceptable.

"S. P."—We are much pleased with this letter from California; it will be read with double interest, coming as it does from a former resident of our town. We hope to hear from you again; it will appear next week.

"O. J. P."—Your lines are hardly intelligible—they are written with a pencil. A moment's reflection would have taught you that it is not possible for printers to set up type from such manuscripts. The subject is good, and the poetry fair, (as far as we can read it.) Put it in plain writing with ink, and it would then be accepted.

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Next Tuesday evening we are to listen to Dr. Geo. M. Chapman, who was announced in our paper a fortnight since, this will be the closing lecture of the course, and we hope to have a large audience present.

"E."—The Phalanx Assembly Wednesday evening, at the Central House, passed off to the satisfaction of all parties. There were 80 couples present including delegates from military companies of Boston, Lowell, Salem, and other places. They are to have another, one fortnight from that evening at the same place.

"E."—Matters at Washington, are moving easily; the new President acts as though he meant to be independent in his appointments; there will be many disappointments, and no doubt some grumbling. This is to be expected, and is the result of our free institutions, all having an equal claim to offices, makes the scramble somewhat desperate, and requires a firm head and prompt decision on the subject of appointments. There is a satisfaction in being in a private station. You don't have those feverish hopes and constant fears; it is a terrible position to be placed in; this office expectancy, with the last dollar left from the pile spent in supporting our candidate, and being left in the rear at last. Too bad, certainly.

New England has a world-wide fame for her schools, and for the liberal provision made for educating her children, and there is no country on the face of globe where the masses are so intelligent, and generally so well educated as in New England. It is all well that it should be so, for our seminaries and schools are the ornaments of every town, and we boast of one of the best systems of education of the present day.

We have only to look through the report of the Board of Education, and with the noble energy and persevering industry of the Secretary of the Board, Rev. Barnabas Sears. It would be gratifying to us, and no doubt to our readers, to give liberal extracts from this report, and we intend occasionally to do so, for we consider the Common Schools of New England to be the main root from which spring all those vigorous branches spreading through society, and bearing the improvement of the mind, which is made to unfold its beauties as it progresses to maturity, and drawing around the homes of New England the charms of mental cultivation, intelligence, and love of home. The report says:—

"The means of improving and extending our public system of education, now under the control of the Board, are the Normal Schools, Teachers' Institutes, and the system of Agencies authorized by the Act of April 24th, 1851.

The Normal Schools have been visited during the past year by the Secretary of the Board, and by the usual committees appointed for that purpose, and the Board are gratified in being able to speak of their prosperous State, and bearing testimony to the skill and faithfulness of those employed in their instruction."

The Teacher's Institutes are prosperous, and seldom has one of them been held in a place without exciting a fresh feeling of interest and professional ardor in the mind of teachers, and of producing an immediate improvement in the schools under their charge. The number of those who attend the Teachers' Institutes as members, is rapidly increasing in all parts of the State. The popular mind is imbued with the same spirit. Such occasions are now regarded, not merely as a scene of professional interest, but as an intellectual and moral festival, in the neighborhood where they occur. Of the ordinary class of Teachers' Institutes, ten have been held during the year with great success."

The number of public schools in this State is 4056, with 4342 teachers in summer and 4568 in winter. The whole number of scholars of all ages attending school in summer is 185,762, and in winter 199,183. The number of scholars under 5 years is 18,260, and the number over 15 years is 21,695, making in the total number near 200,000 children of our glorio's Commonwealth daily attending our common schools, receiving moral impressions and acquiring learning and principles which have enabled thousands who have gone abroad from us to spread the influence of New England education, and making the wilderness "blossom like the rose." The amount of money raised by tax for the support of schools, including only the wages of teachers, board and fuel, \$910,216.

The returns for Middlesex County shows the number of scholars attending schools in summer 33,301, and in winter 34,010, with 258 male teachers, and 666 female teachers.

The number of scholars in Woburn is 707 in summer, and 717 in winter, with 1 male and 18 female teachers in summer, and 4 males and 10 females in winter, and 12 public schools.

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Woburn is set down in population 3954, and in valuation \$1,962,577, taken in 1850.

Winchester population 1353, and in valuation in 1850, \$649,346; 8 public schools and 260 scholars in summer, and 271 in winter; 2 male and 6 female teachers in summer, the same in winter.

Stoneham population 2085, and valuation in 1850, \$481,862. 10 public schools and 382 scholars in summer, and 379 in winter; 8 female teachers in summer, and 1 male and 6 females in winter.

Wilmington population 876, and valuation \$399,643 in 1850; 5 public schools and 154 scholars in summer, and 90 in winter; 5 female teachers in summer, and 2 male teachers in winter.

Burlington population 547, and valuation \$287,868, in 1850; 5 public schools and 97 scholars in summer, and 90 in winter; 2 female teachers in summer, and 2 male teachers in winter.

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"E."—The New England Baptist Educational Convention is in session, in Boston, attended by a large number of eminent men of the Baptist persuasion. One of the prime objects is the establishment of a "Baptist Historical Society," for the collection of pamphlets, books, &c., illustrating the history of Baptists. Many interesting remarks were made, urging the necessity of forming an Historical Society and a Committee appointed for that purpose. This progressive age is constantly starting up objects of usefulness, which have lain dormant for ages, every movement made for the improvement of the human mind, should be sustained. The true history of the Baptist Church, would be no doubt interesting and valuable.

"E."—Several of the Charlestown rioters have been arrested, and examined before Justice Warren of Charlestown, some were discharged as mere lookers on, others fined and bound over to keep the peace, the excitement does not appear to be ended, some fears are entertained for the safety of the Catholic Church, but the efficient measures of the mayor, will soon put down all disturbance. It is to be hoped the affair will peacefully subside, now the "missing girl" has returned.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

Written for the Journal.
OLD AGE.
BY MARY RITCHIE.

The old have many claims upon our regard. Where should many of us have been, were it not for the timely counsels of the aged! I tremble at the thought!—A young man has been early thrown upon the world. Temptations environ him. He is about yielding to the baneful tempter, when, of a sudden, the advice of some good old friend comes to his mind. Mark the result! he is saved. Treasure up, young man, treasure up, young woman the counsels of the aged! Experience has taught them a lesson. They see the path that you should walk in. Permit them to point it out to you. Learn a lesson from them. Gray hairs should command respect, and the head that has survived the "frosts of many winters," is deserving of the greatest honor. Oh, youth, impetuous youth! pay all the reverence due old age!

THE WEATHER.

Thursday, March 3.—Morning overcast; nearly clear through the forenoon; afternoon rainy, with a mingling of snow and sleet; wind in the morning N. N. E., then East and S. E.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 29 $\frac{1}{2}$; 2 P. M., 41; 10 P. M., 30.

Friday, March 4.—Partly cloudy in the morning; after 8 o'clock generally clear and pleasant until late in the P. M., afterward cloudy; wind westerly most of the day; about 5 P. M., changed to N. E.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 25; 2 P. M., 41; 10 P. M., 31.

Saturday, March 5.—Snow began to fall about midnight, and continued until noon; it came very fast for a few hours; the ground was covered six or seven inches; evening clear; wind in the morning N. N. E., then N. and N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 30; 2 P. M., 41; 10 P. M., 27.

Sunday, March 6.—Generally clear and very pleasant through the forenoon; afternoon nearly overcast; evening again clear; wind light from N. to N. W.; thermometer 7 A. M., 20; 2 P. M., 40; 10 P. M., 29.

Monday, March 7.—Pleasant, mild, and sky nearly clear; snow melting fast; sleepy and disagreeable travelling; wind W. to W. S. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 31; 2 P. M., 40; 10 P. M., 34.

Tuesday, March 8.—Clear and very fine; wind in the morning S. and gradually came round to N. W.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 33; 2 P. M., 40; 10 P. M., 30. Snow rapidly disappearing. In the evening the aurora was more brilliant than at any time in some months.

Wednesday, March 9.—Cloudy, rain fell with some intervals, through the day; travelling bad; snow nearly gone; wind S. E.; thermometer at 7 A. M., 33; 2 P. M., 40; 10 P. M., 37.

The past week has been mild, but rather stormy. The pleasant days have been much marred by the bad condition of the streets. We cannot hope for a much different state of things however for a month to come.

FRANKLIN.

CONVICTED.—George Palmer, of Bath, and Samuel Allen, of Wirt, N. Y., were tried and convicted at the late term of the Allegany County court, on a charge of obstructing the track of the New York and Erie Railroad, at Andover, last fall. They were sentenced to state prison five years each, being at the extent of the law. One of the prisoners, after conviction, confessed their object to be plunder; the obstruction being on a high embankment, they expected many of the passengers would be killed, and thus enable them to rob their bodies.

Our statutes are not severe enough for such wholesale murder cases as this, and the public should demand a change to imprisonment for life.—*Dunkirk Journal*.

THE inmates of the Charlestown State Prison, are 313 Americans, 170 foreigners, 35 negroes, and 12 mulattoes, 21 are in life; the earnings of the prisoners for the last 8 months have paid all expenses, and left near \$7000 surplus; a profitable State Institution.

CAMBRIDGE Cattle Market.

Wednesday, March 9th, 1853. 95 Cwt. came over the Fitchburgh Railroad; 74 Cwt. came over the Boston and Lowell Railroad, bringing 837 cattle, consisting of working oxen, cows and calves, &c.

19 Sheep and Lambs at market.

Beef, extra—\$7.25 to \$7.75 per cwt.

First quality—\$7.

Second quality—\$6 to \$6.75.

Third quality—\$5 to \$5.25.

Barreling Cattle—\$5 to \$5.50.

Working Oxen—\$6 to \$14.

Cows and Calves—\$97 to \$53.

Sheep and Lambs, extra—\$6 to \$11.50.

" " by 10—\$375 to \$5.50.

327 Sheep in market. Wholesale 40c; retail 7c to 7c per lb.

The market is lightly stocked. Sales quick, and quotations firmly maintained. Stocks excellent, both in size and quality.

Special Notices.

Ex-Governor GEO. S. BOUTWELL will deliver the seventeenth Lecture of the Course before the Literary Association of Stow, on Thursday evening, March 17th, 1853. Lecture commences at 7 o'clock.

DEATHS.

" And what's a life? the nourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to day
Wears her green plaid, and is tomorrow hay."

March 7th. Freeman Wood, son of James and Eliza Wood, aged 3 yrs. and 3 mos.

Feb. 28th. Mary E. Nichols, daughter of William and Sally Nichols, aged 10 yrs. and 2 mos.

A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

Mrs. TEMPLE & MISS PENDLETON, at the request of many of the citizens of Woburn, have concluded to remain and give a second Course of Lessons in Penmanship. It is to be hoped that all who are desirous of improving their hand, will avail themselves of the opportunity so offered. First lesson in the course commences on Monday evening, March 14th.

Cottage House for Sale.

THE Subscriber offers for sale a Cottage House in Woburn, situated on Franklin Avenue, containing seven rooms, with wood shed, poultry house, one room above the kitchen,—rain water brought into contiguous room; cellar built-in cemented. About 13,000 feet of land, of the best quality, set with fine Fruit Trees, consisting of Apple, Pear, Apricot, and Cherry, and various kinds of Shrub and Grapes, Quince, Raspberry, and Black Currant bushes. Railroad Depot, Academy, and the best of Free Schools. Terms of payment made easy. For further particulars enquire of EZRA C. INGALLS, near the premises.

EDWIN PIERCE,
Woburn, March 12, 1853.

Lowell, Mass.

DOCTOR SCALES, HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN,

AS removed to the house of Mr. Remond, corner of Main and Railroad streets, (the tenement nearest the R. R. Depot). Grateful for past patronage, he respectfully solicits a continuance of the same, at his former prices. Ordinary visits, within one mile, 50 cents each, until after 9 o'clock, P. M.

Woburn, March 5th, 1853.

3m.

BOOTS!!

P. CALF BOOTS, a serviceable article adapted to the season. For sale by AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

Newhall's Unrivalled WATER-PROOF BLACKING.

THIS Blacking is acknowledged by those who have used it, to be the best article they have ever found for the purpose intended, as it renders the leather perfectly impervious to either Fresh or Salt Water, and at the same time imparts Beauty, Durability, and Elasticity. Prepared only by G. CHALLIS, Woburn, Mass.

CERTIFICATE.

We, the undersigned, do certify that we have used the above-named Blacking, and give our names in testimony to its value.

John Underhill, Dr. Remond, Charles Choate, Nathan Richardson, Simon Weymouth.

This Blacking can be had of the subscriber at wholesale, or at most of the stores by the single box.

G. CHALLIS.

BOYS and Children's Kid and Calf Boots. For sale by AUGUSTUS ROUNDY, corner of Main & R. R. Sts.

3m.

Kip Boots.

GENTS double upper and double sole Kip Boots, at the Shoe Store of AUGUSTUS ROUNDY.

3m.

To the Honorable J. P. Fay, Esquire, Judge of the Court of Probate, in and for the County of Middlesex, in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and to the Honorable J. P. Fay, Esquire, Judge of the Probate Court, in and for said County, of Middlesex, widow deceased, intestate, *Humby* shaws that there are debts, and expenses, now owing to the estate of her deceased husband, and to the heirs of her deceased husband, together with charges of administration, and future probable charges, amount to the sum of three hundred and sixty-eight dollars; that the value of the personal estate of the said deceased by the inventory thereof duly exhibited in the Probate Office, is estimated five dollars above the amount of debts, and expenses, now owing to the estate, and the sum of five hundred and fifty dollars, is fifteen hundred dollars that his estate consists of about three and one fourth acres of land with a dwelling house and barn thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County; that the same is incapable of sale, and that a sum of one thousand dollars per cent. per annum, is due to the said deceased for the last two years, and the same is now payable on those that are expiring.

At the annual meeting of the corporation held January 24th, 1853, it was voted that the sum of \$2,232,07, be paid to the said widow, by said Spaulding, James Spaulding, Reuben Hunting, John Gordon, E. C. Spaulding of Brightwood; David R. Briggs, Brookline; Seth Davis, J. Bacon, and W. Plimpton of Newton; Stephen Smith, Curtis Davis of Cambridge; Enoch Hawley of Woburn, and W. Sprague as reelected President, A. M. Cobb, Secretary and Treasurer.

EDWARD C. SPARHAWK, President.
A. B. COBB, Secretary.

E. HINCKLEY, Agent for Woburn and vicinity.

FRANKLIN.

Middlesex, 22. At a Court of Probate held on the 1st of March, 1853, OLIVER W. RICHARDSON.

Upon the petition of OLIVER W. RICHARDSON, of Stowham, in said County, administrator of the estate of Susannah Richardson of Stowham, in said County of Middlesex, widow deceased, intestate, *Humby* shaws that there are debts, and expenses, now owing to the estate of her deceased husband, and to the heirs of her deceased husband, together with charges of administration, and future probable charges, amount to the sum of three hundred and sixty-eight dollars; that the value of the personal estate of the said deceased by the inventory thereof duly exhibited in the Probate Office, is estimated five dollars above the amount of debts, and expenses, now owing to the estate, and the sum of five hundred and fifty dollars, is fifteen hundred dollars that his estate consists of about three and one fourth acres of land with a dwelling house and barn thereon, situated in Woburn, in said County; that the same is incapable of sale, and that a sum of one thousand dollars per cent. per annum, is due to the said deceased for the last two years, and the same is now payable on those that are expiring.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1853.

POETRY!

Written for the Journal.

TO ANN MARY.

I've seen the bright sun in his course ascending,
I'm now the hill-top with a golden sheen;
At eve I've seen him, his gay brightness bending,
To beautify earth's rich attire of green.

But thy gay smiles have been to me more cheering,
I eat "in beauty's circle proudly gay,"—
They words have been to me far more endearing,
Than is to earth the splendid "king of day."

Reading, March, 1853. B. P.

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive."

FARM WORK FOR MARCH.

The first of the spring months is at hand, and farmers must be preparing for spring work.

It is now generally conceded that gravel is the right article to cover roads with. No other kind of earth is worth carting a single rod to coat a road. But gravel is not so easily dug and shoveled as loam and mellow soil. Therefore highway surveyors who incline to make a show in their districts, are much inclined to make use of a soft covering, in preference to gravel.

They will plow up the rich wash which has accumulated in the gutters by the roadside, and instead of using it in their corn fields, make a muddy road of it. They would not practice this so generally, could they have ready access to good gravel. But gravel must be plowed up, or otherwise moved quite early in the spring, as soon as the frost is out of the ground.

Towns therefore should not only provide gravel pits where the article may be procured, but they should direct the surveyors to see that the gravel is moved quite early, before it is so hard as to require a pick axe.

It would be well to make the highway taxes quite early. Roads may be made or men led in many places before it is proper to plough fields for sowing or planting. Farmers have more leisure immediately after the frost is out of gravel pits, than at any time before haying, and this is the best time to remove gravel.

March is not a month for ploughing fields in this quarter, though we sometimes begin to stir dry ground, and we have sowed acre before April, in very early seasons. The days are now longer and more work may be done at the wood pile. All should be cut and split that it may be well dried for the stoves.

Cattle require more attention now, and better hay is wanted than in the coldest weather. Cows which are to calve soon, need particular attention. They must never be left over night in their bows or chains, but should have a pen where they may lie loose. Meal is better for them than roots at this time, and their flow of milk need not be increased.

Cattle should be examined in March, and if any lie are found on them, they should be exterminated as soon as possible. Young cattle are more likely to be troubled with them than old ones. Snuff is the most convenient article to apply to their hides, and snuff will not be likely to injure the cattle as tobacco will. A card is used with good effect at the time of sifting in the snuff.

Yoke up the steers now and make them ready by the time you will want them on the 1st. Card them and let not the whip be used so freely as to make them hate the sight of you—Miss. Ploughman.

ORNAMENTAL.

The season for setting trees is near at hand. We take from the *Horticulturist*, the following on trees:

The AMERICAN Weeping Elm (White Elm) is the first on your list, and on some accounts it is worthy of pre-eminence. It is truly a noble tree—a magnificent tree—in the statelyness of its trunk, its gracefully curved branches and delicate drooping spray. What can equal it? Taken altogether, we must regard it as the finest of its genus in either hemisphere. For avenues it has no equal, where it has sufficient space for the free and full development of its natural form; but for narrow streets and side walks, where the houses are edging on them, does it not spread and droop too much for convenience? We think it does; and on that account would only recommend it for streets and avenues of extraordinary dimensions, with spacious sidewalks, and the houses well set back. For ordinary streets, we think the more compact headed species, such as the English elm and its varieties, better adapted. The English elm has smaller leaves than ours, but they remain green much longer in the autumn.

The Horse Chestnut is one of the most extensively planted and well known of all foreign trees. For common street planting, it possesses probably as many qualifications as any in the whole catalogue—easily propagated and grown, transplanted successfully at all ages, clean and healthy, with large foliage and superb flowers. Its head is compact and roundish, inclining to the pyramidal. When in full bloom, it presents a gorgeous sight. Those who have planted this tree will have no good reason to regret it.

The Red Maple and White, or Silver Maple, are both good street trees; rapid in growth—extremely so,—regular and symmetrical in form, and cleanly. There is, however, a sort of lowness, that strikes us even in the finest old specimens; owing to a thinness of foliage that compares badly with the rich, luxuriant, tufty leafage of the sugar maple. The silver maple bids fair to become the most extensively planted, on account of its rapid growth. In new, treeless streets and villages, rapid growth is an argument too powerful to be resisted, especially in a community where there exists an active rivalry as to who shall produce the greatest results in the shortest period of time.

Villages spring up and acquire importance in a year or two; and trees to correspond, must be none of those that grow by inches.

Now SEDDING GRAPE.—C. M. Hovey states in his *Magazine of Horticulture*, that a new seedling grape has been produced from a native vine, fully equal to the Isabella, and ripening at least one month earlier than that variety. He received specimens of the fruit as early as the middle of September, which were the very last of the crop. The berries were round, black, and covered with a dense bloom; bunches as large as those of the Isabella; skin thin; flesh tender, with scarcely any pulp, "exceedingly sweet and delicious." The vine is hardy, vigorous, and productive. The name of the originator is not given, as it would, if known, subject him to a flood of orders. The vine will probably be secured in the hands of a few, and in due time be offered to the public, who will of course make some allowance for the charms which novelty throws around every new horticultural production. Should this prove nearly so valuable as is hoped, and the same result be verified by Dr. Valk's new seedling, and Longworth's newly discovered hardy foreigner, we shall soon have quite an addition to our list of valuable varieties.

CURE FOR A COLD.—The following excellent recipe for a cold is going the rounds of the papers:—Take three cents' worth of liquorice, and three cents' worth of gum arabic; put them into a quart of warm water, simmer them till thoroughly dissolved; then add three cents worth of paregoric, and a like quantity of antimonial wine. Let it cool, and sip whenever the cough is troublesome. It is pleasant, infallible, cheap and good. Its cost is fifteen cents."

BUSINESS CARDS.

Philip Tenre,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
KNIGHT'S BUILDING, MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

Garments Cut and Made in the best manner, and warranted to fit. Decltlf

George W. Fowle,
BOOKSELLER, STATIONER,
AND

JOB PRINTER.

Agent for all the principal
NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS,
MAIN STREET, WOBURN.

N. B. Old Books and Periodicals bound to order. Job
Printing of all kinds, executed with neatness.

Gage & Fowle,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
Nos. 1 & 2 Wade's Building, Main St.

HAVE on hand a complete stock of Overcoatings,
choice Pantaclony, Vestings and rich Furnishing
Goods.

R. GAGE. J. L. FOWLE.

Woburn, December 4, 1852. ff

N. WYMAN, JR.,
—DEALER IN—
FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

No. 8 Wade's BUILDINGS.

WOBURN.

oct 18 ff

JOHN HAMMOND,
REAL ESTATE BROKER,
No. 15 Congress Street,
oct 18 ff

M. A. STEVENS,
TEACHER OF THE PIANO AND VOICE,
No. 52 Myrtle Street, BOSTON.

(Boards at J. M. Randall's, Esq., Woburn.)

dec 6

DANIEL H. WHITNEY,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW
75 Nassau Street, NEW YORK.

THOMPSON & TIDD,
NO. 3, WADE'S BUILDINGS.

Offer for sale a large stock of WEST INDIA
GOODS, Foreign and Domestic DRY GOODS,
Crockery and Glass Ware,

Paper Hangings, Hard Ware, Paints and Oils, Flour and
Grain, Provisions, &c. &c.

oct 18 ff

OTIS & BAILY.

HOUSE, SIGN & FANCY PAINTERS,
GRAINERS, GLAZIERS AND PAPER HANGERS.

DEALERS IN—

Sashes, Blinds, Paints, Oils and glass.

Geo. H. OTIS. JAMES B. BAILEY.

oct 18 ff

E. SANDERSON'S

WINCHESTER & BOSTON
DAILY EXPRESS,

Leaves Winchester at 8 o'clock, A. M. Leaves Boston
at 3 o'clock P. M.

WICHITA—order boxes at the Union Store, and A. Taylor's Store. BOSTON—Thayer, Hovey, and Holmes
4 & South Side Faneuil Hall. Hill, Candler, & Co's.
27 South Market Street.

jan 17

ff

MENZIES & WHITE.

—DEALER IN—

FOREIGN & DOMESTIC DRY GOODS

371 Washington Street,

Next Door to the "Adams House," BOSTON.

6 MENZIES. H. H. WHITE.

One Price... All Representations Warranted.

jan 24

ff

NEW, IMPROVED, ORNAMENTAL
DRYING AND REVOLVING MACHINES,

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.

Orders left at Amos Waite's, 43 Brattle St., Boston,
AND Fowle's Book Store, Woburn.

ff

52 Ladders, &c., always on hand.

oct 30

6 mos

EDWARD E. COOPER,

—DEALER IN—

Fancy Goods,

Perfumery,

Chemicals,

Dye Stuffs

No. 5 & 6 WADE'S BUILDINGS,

WOBURN.

Medicines delivered at all hours of the day and night.

Pharmacy prescriptions carefully prepared. Fresh For

nia Leeches constantly on hand.

jan 27

ff

W. H. WESTON,

MAIN STREET, WOBURN,

ff

DEALER IN

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry, Gold and Silver Pencils

Table, Tea, Salt and Mustard Spoons, Cream Ladles,

Butter Knives &c.

jan 27

ff

Clayton's Rheumatic
CURE.

WARRANTED a sure cure for the Rheumatic, and

all nervous Affections, and Cramp and Pain in the

Stomach and Bowels, and Tooth-ache, and all Bilious

Complaints, and it will cleanse the Blood of Humors of

the body.

RECOMMENDATION

This is to certify that I am associated with the

inventor of this CURE, (see above)

Mr. W. E. CLAYTON, Randolph, is composed

and from their well-known safety and efficiency, excell-

ent remedy for Rheumatic complaints.

E. A. ALLEN, M. D.

Randolph, July 13, 1852

Also Agent for Woburn, E. E. COOPER.

oct 16 ff

ff

POND'S IMPROVED UNION RANGE.

1850.

THE subscribers

having had in use for

several months a new improvement

in the UNION RANGE,

which they have thor-

oughly tested, are pre-

pared to offer them to

the trade, and to ad-

vertise them for the

use of families, board-

ing houses, hotels,

etc., etc.

They are equally well suited for wood and coal,

and are made of six different sizes, adapting them to

large and small fires.

THE RANGES are

made of cast iron, and

are very safe.

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made of cast iron, and

are very safe.

THE RANGES are

made of cast iron, and

ONE MORE VOYAGE.

Wind blew the keen March wind everywhere; along the dark dreary waste and through the lamp-lit streets of the crowded city, sweeping with fierce gusts the grassy downs, and careering over the ocean with a force no bark could stem. But nowhere did its voice sound louder or more dismal than while roaring and howling among the rugged rocks of Duffer's Point, and around the dwellings of the few villagers. Every now and then a louder blast than common tore away a fragment of some roof, while every cottage trembled as though the next breath would lay it low.

But whatever spirits rage without, the spirit of love can shed light and peace within; and in one cottage, where three persons sat around the bright clear fire—a girl working, her mother knitting, and a young man telling tales of other lands—the gale was little noted.

At length, as the cottage was trembling beneath a furious gust, the young man paused abruptly in his narrative, and observed, glancing towards the window, as though he could have gazed through the darkness afar on the tossing waters.

"Tis a wild night afloat! We shall hear something of this gale."

The girl dropped her work; and though the speaker quickly resumed his story—and it was a deeply interesting one—with, "Well as I was telling you," she no longer heard the words uttered by the voice that was so dear to her, but after a moment rose, and, leaning against the easement, listened anxiously to the wild sounds without. Then, when the roar of another terrific blast had died into the usual tones of the tempest-voice, she came suddenly to the young man's side, and murmured—

"Oh, William, how wretched I should feel if you were at sea to-night!"

"But I'm not at sea, my dear girl," said he, laughing; "so there's no need of your being wretched about the matter. Come, do not look so melancholy; it is enough to be unhappy when one cannot help it—is it not, Mrs. Weston?"

"Quite enough," said Mrs. Weston. "Sophy would make a poor sailor's wife, if she went on in this way."

Sophy shuddered. "Oh, how dreadful it must be, year after year, to hear the tempest howling and waves beating, and know that on you love is exposed to all their fury!"

"But you are not to be a sailor's wife," said William, smiling. "This voyage over, and then, Sophy, I shall come into port for altogether."

"But why should there be this last voyage?" sighed Sophy, while tears trembled in her eyes.

"Because it is prudent," said her mother. "It will give you the means of settling with more comfort, and beginning the world with out the difficulties and hardships you would otherwise have to struggle with."

"Comfort!" thought Sophy—"at what a price it must be bought! Oh, William!" she sighed, when they were alone. "I would sooner bear any hardships, any difficulties, than that you should brave danger for my sake. And if our home was humble, I should like it better than to see things around me which could but recall the fears and anxieties with which they had been purchased."

Perhaps William Collins might have been won over by Sophy's simple eloquence, for there was a voice within his heart over whispering, "how pleasant it would be to hear her soft tones and look on her fair face every day, instead of dreaming of them in absence." But Mrs. Weston's prudence carried the day; she called William a foolish child, and talked of the great importance this voyage would be in setting them forward in the world—for William was just made first mate of a South American trader, and the higher pay of his new post, and the expected success of a few private ventures, promised to double the young couple's means of beginning housekeeping. Indeed, Mrs. Weston would have preferred that William should retain his situation, but that his uncle wished him to give up the sea altogether, and come and assist him in the management of his mill, with which he had been acquainted from his boyhood; and, as the old man said, he would continue to have sail to trim, and find the wind of so much consequence that he might have all the delight of fancying himself still looking out for rocks and shoals.

So it was arranged—yet one voyage more! The first-mate of a large vessel would be thought somebody in the village, and pride as well as prudence prompted this decision in the elders of both families.

Never until this stormy night, had even Sophy shrank so fearfully from the thought of a separation; and not all the arguments of her mother, or the encouraging gayety of William, could reconcile her to the idea of his voyage, or convince her of its propriety.

But when the morrow's sun shone over the sea, Sophy's late fears seemed like a fevered dream, and it was easy for William to laugh them away, and win her to listen to his dreams of the happy hours that awaited them in

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WOBURN, MASSACHUSETTS, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852.

NO. 23.

future years—when, if thorns and shadows should sometimes come, there would be a loved one nigh to pluck away the thorn, and smile hope's welcome through the gloom.

At length the hour of parting came, and Sophy wept bitterly; but there was another whose tears flowed fast as her own—for William's mother had no child but him.

But the sea wore its fairest summer aspect, and the wind blew steadily over its bright blue waves; and now came tidings of some vessel having spoken the *Peruvian* on her passage, and, after a time, the gladder news that she had safely reached her port. Then there were letters from William, telling of all he thought, and felt, and saw, and awaking smiles almost as bright as though his own cheerful tones were uttering each welcome word. Letter after letter came, to be smiled over, and wept over with the mingled emotion which bids us tear on the characters traced by the love and absent. And then William wrote that they should hear from him no more until he reached the British waters, for the *Peruvian* would sail in a day or two, and perhaps be home almost as soon as the ship which brought his letter.

A bright sunny morning smiled on Sophy Weston, as these glad tidings greeted her eyes, and her joy appeared uncontrollable, as with a light step and buoyant spirit, she ran up to the mill, to share her happiness with Mrs. Collins. How pleasantly she and the fond mother talked over the bright hours in prospect!

Sophy slept the calm deep sleep of youth that night, but towards daybreak the howling of the freshening gale penetrated her mother's lighter slumbers. In an instant she was wide awake, and lay anxiously listening to the wild blasts which swept hoistlessly by, and to the quiet breathings of the unconscious sleeper at her side, who was dreaming, perchance, of William's ship floating over a summer sea. Louder and louder still the wind blew, and Mrs. Weston listened with a painful intentness, as she seemed to know not for what. Then the gale appeared suddenly to gain in fury, and roared like thunder around the cottage, which shook to its very foundations, while a few bricks, loosened from the chimney by the violent gusts, clattered on the roof, and fell loudly to the ground.

Sophy awoke with a start. It was daylight, and, springing up, she looked from the window on the waters of the little bight which, only partially sheltered by the high land, was covered with foam. "Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "I cannot—dare not think of where William may be now!"

Neither dared her mother; yet she went on dressing herself as she said, soothingly, "My dear child, it is not likely that his ship should be so near the land; and you know that on the open sea these gales do little damage."

"This must be terrible anywhere!" said Sophy, shuddering. "Oh, that I knew he was safe, were it ever so far away!"

It took but few minutes for the anxious girl to dress, but as she was hastily banding her soft brown hair, her hands fell, clasping each other. "Oh, mother!" she cried in agony, "what was that?"

Mrs. Weston was deadly pale; she could not answer; for it was indeed the sullen boom of a gun, which, amid a lull of the tempest, had reached their ears. Without another word, Sophy caught up her bonnet and shawl, and hurried out of the house.

Early as was the hour, and wild the weather,

Sophy was not the first to reach the high land which afforded a view of the open sea, now raging and tossing with all its fury. Again and again had the fearful sounds of the minute-gun thrilled to her heart, and now, as she gained the spot where the wide wilderness of foaming waters burst on her sight, it fell once more on her ear.

"There!" cried a little boy eagerly, thoughtless of the misery of his listener.

Yes—there lay a large vessel, scarce, it seemed, a cable's length without the breakers, which stretched in long lines of gleaming foam for miles on either hand. Her foremast had gone by the board, and, crippled as she was by its loss, she was making strenuous but vain endeavors to struggle with her fate, and beat up against the heavy gale, which was driving her towards the shore. But the canvas spread on her remaining masts availed little but to make her labor more heavily amid the billows, that leaped and raged madly around her, dashing fiercely over her decks, and casting their spray high over her yards; and, though her head was turned seaward, it soon became evident that the wind and sea were bearing her gradually in upon the rocks.—

Headless of the crowd of villagers quickly gathering along the land, headless of the cold rainy wind, Sophy stood gazing on the fearful scene, with feelings which seemed paralysed by their intensity.

"They are brave fellows; but 'tis no use, unless the gale abates—which it won't do until their log is ended," said one near her, in an undertone.

Sophy started at the well-known voice, and sprang to the side of an old sailor, Barret, exclaiming, "Oh, tell me, is it not his ship?"

The old man beat on her a pitying look, which involuntarily revealed what he would gladly have withheld—that the keen eye of the experienced seaman had recognized the *Peruvian* by those distinguishing points which, to a skillful mariner, are plain as the features of a friend. Then, without speaking, he walked away some yards, and resumed his examination of the vessel with his glass.

Sophy pressed her hands lightly on her bosom, and gazed on the plunging, struggling bark as though her very soul was in the look, which became only more painfully intent when, as often happened, the dark hull was lost to view among the encircling waves, and the slender spars alone told that they had not engulfed her. But once, when she reappeared, she was tossing more violently than before. Then, after a moment, her head fell off from the point to which it had been kept, and in another she lay in the trough of the sea, utterly helpless and unmanageable, rolling from side to side, gunwales under, as though at every roll she would upset.

A low cry escaped Sophy's lips; at the same moment she heard Barrett say—

"Her tiller has been washed away; it is all over with the poor fellows! God help them!"

God help them! Ay, how often, amid the wild war of the elements, is that prayer the only aid man can give his fellow-man! How often from the wave-washed deck, or iron-bound shore, must he behold his fellow-creatures sink into their watery graves within his sight, all human succor unavailing—vain; and sadly he looks on, and breathes in a brief and soul-felt "God help them!" the most humble and eloquent confession of his helplessness and dependence.

"God help them!" was echoed by many a lip and heart among the villagers, who knew that it was William Collins' ship they looked on.

"And God help her, also!" murmured a young woman, glancing for a moment at Sophy Weston.

"Oh, for a life boat!" said Barrett; "no other boat could live one moment in such a sea."

"Save him! save him! Will no one save him?" wildly cried Sophy Weston, rushing to the old man's side.

"Tell her, Martin, that it's no use," said the seaman, turning away, for he could not bear the sight of her anguish.

"Indeed, my poor girl, we can do nothing," said Martin—one of the coast-guard—in a tone of deep sympathy. "If even they could send us a rope, no man could reach the shore alive through these breakers. Their only chance is being washed in on the fragments of the wreck."

Spars and planks were already scattered on the foaming waters; every wave that broke over the unfortunate vessel, bore away some trophy of its share in her destruction. A few minutes more, and it became obvious that she was rapidly breaking up. But it was more rapidly even than they thought. She heaved violently, as if agitated by some terrible convulsion; then, by a sudden wrench, she was broken in pieces; the several parts fell off into deeper water, and all that remained of the *Peruvian*, that had bravely stemmed many a fierce gale and stormy sea, were the fragments of her floating wide among the breakers.

A cry of horror arose among the spectators. The mother bowed her face in her hands, and wept: from the first she had felt there was no hope. The day passed on—the gale abated—and the starry heavens looked calmly down on the troubled deep: then, wearied and exhausted, Sophy Weston was led home; and all that night she sat silent and abstracted; not giving way to sorrow, but revolving in her thought every possibility of William's escape—of the ship not being his; and sustained by the feverish excitement of uncertainty, which forbade her bowing her head in passive grief.

The calm morning air was sleeping softly on land and sea, as Sophy left the cottage. An

exclamation of mingled voices struck on her ear, and she hurried to the beach. Several men and boys were collected in a group; she darted forward. Yes, it was he—all hope was over—it was the lifeless body of William Collins!—beside which she flung herself, to weep in all the anguish of the despair against which she had so long struggled.

"Oh, mother, why did you advise this fatal voyage? What need had we of the gold which he had died to win?" cried the poor girl in her agony, when her mother strove to draw her from the spot.

It was the only reproach that ever passed Sophy's lips, but it sank deeply into Mrs. Weston's heart; and long and bitterly she sorrowed over the thought that her pride and value of the world's consideration should have urged the fatal decision. Yet one more voyage!

WHAT MAKES A MAN?—The longer I live, the more certain I am that the great difference between men, the great and insignificant, is energy—invincible determination—an honest purpose once fixed—and then victory. That quality will do anything that can be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunity will make a two-legged creature a man without.—*Goethe*.

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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852.

WOBURN JOURNAL.

JOHN A. FOWLE,.....Editor.

WOBURN, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852.

33 The proprietors of the "Woburn Journal" propose, at the close of Volume First, to submit the original pieces contributed to this paper to a committee; and in accordance with their decision, they will distribute to successful authors two or three PRIZES, each to consist of one or more of our most costly ANNUALS.

AGENTS.

NORTH WOBURN.—Messrs. Nichols, Winn & Co. are agents for this paper.

WINCHESTER.—Dr. DAVID YOUNGMAN, Lyceum Building, is agent for this paper, and will receive subscriptions, advertisements, or orders for Job Printing.

STONHAM.—Mr. G. W. DIXE will act as our agent to receive subscribers' names, advertisements, &c., &c., that vicinity.

BOSTON.—Messrs. S. M. PETCHING & CO., Statestreet, are agents for this paper.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Civis."—Of course we are glad to get articles from you, and to publish the same.

"Typo."—Your account of "Veto, No. 2's" supper is received and published. We are obliged to omit a portion of it, however, owing to the press of other matter.

"D."—Your "old times" article we are obliged to, and have to more of the same sort.

"Annie."—The subject you write on is of great importance, and well treated.

"Clara Clifton."—Are happy to hear from you again; the piece is accepted. We could only object to its length, and that only because we have so little room.

"Smile."—came duly to hand. We pronounce it good and life-like as a hit.

"Publico."—Your suggestion is a good one, and commends itself to the Society—that is to be.

"A. R."—We could do as much here, if the thing is started.

"Addie."—Your pretty piece is accepted.

"C."—Yours, in answer to B. M. H., is at hand, and will be used. We like to see such topics discussed.

"Laura L."—The beautiful lines you send will be used, with the wish that we may get more from the same pen.

"P. D."—The book you refer to is out of print. You had better look in Cornhill, Boston, for it.

"Unaldo"—treats of a subject that should receive the attention of all our young readers.

"Claude Melnotte."—We are still further indebted for a "Charade," "Curiosities," &c., all of which will appear in due time.

"S."—Winchester.—Your "inflections," as you call them, are received and accepted. In regard to former articles sent, you will find in No. 4, and 14, your poetry, they being the only original pieces we have received. The selections were excellent, but could not be used on account of room.

Our California correspondent gives us a letter of interest, worthy of perusal.

"D."—We would recommend an interview in such a case; then perhaps it could be done.

CAN AND CAN'T.

Some words seem to express a world of meaning; they seem to be a sort of concentration of sentiment, that looms up enormously before our vision, when gazed upon, and we know of no two words that seem to mean more than the little ones at the head of this article. They are also much used, especially with the young, and when so much used in early life, they seem to grow up with our growth, and strengthen with our years, invariably exercising an important influence over the individual's life and habits.

When we hear a little boy say "I can!" and at the same time give an emphasis to it that means something, we make up our minds that he will make a man of power, and when we hear individuals bring out the same expression, we are satisfied that they also mean something. In fact the contrast from "I can't" is so pleasant, that we almost reverence the brave, manly, and energetic spirit which prompts the "I can!"; it is indeed the evidence of a stout heart, bold eye, and a strong arm, and we might say an indomitable spirit.

Who ever knew a person filled with the "I can" spirit, that did not accomplish a good deal. We care not in what position in life you place such a person, you will find they will not rest satisfied until they attain eminence of some kind; indeed it must be so, from the very nature of society; it is an inevitable event, and one that it needs no spirit of prophecy to foretell. How such a spirit kindles the latent energies of a man, fixing him with ambition and new seal in his calling, and leading him to lay plans that must be accomplished, because he has the watch-word for his guide, "I can."

On the contrary, take a child who invariably says "I can't," and follow him through life, and you will never find him to make anything. Take that man who in his business, and in his daily walks in life carries with him this spirit, and you will find a drone and a sluggard, one who possesses none of the elements that makes a man respected or useful; a man who hardly deserves the title, and one who ought to have the motto "I can't," branded on his forehead; but, perhaps, he shows it in his bearing as plainly as though we might have other evidence of his character.

Give us for a good representation of God's noblest work, a person of energy, one who is ready, when called upon, to say "I can,"—one who is earnest, sober, serious, energetic, and determined, and no matter what his calling, however humble, he is a man entitled to respect, and one that is of more real value to a community than hundreds of your "I can't" individuals. Let the young adopt as their motto "I can," and they will find through life a talisman,—a "lamb" better than Aladdin's; something that under trying circumstances will serve them to still greater efforts, and above all, something that will give them the true secret of success in life.

THE SOCIETY.—The meeting of Monday evening last, adjourned to meet this (Saturday) evening, at 7 o'clock. Let all attend.

Written for the Journal.
RATTLE OF WATER LOW.

A PARODY.

There was a pond of revelry one night,
And Pleasant Street had gathered them
Her beauty and her "chivalry," and bright
The lanterns shone o'er the women and the men.
A dozen frogs croaked merrily, and when their
Music arose, with a tremendous "swell,"
All eyes looked "wondrous wise," which spoke a *swell*,
And all the frogs jumped in—and swam a *swell*.
But, hark! hark! the Town Clock strikes a dingy
knell!

Did ye not hear it? No! 'twas but the wind
Blowing 'thru' that fence on yonder "scale"!
On with the swim! and water never mind;
There's rest for none, till men and women meet
On yonder bridge, to stamp the mud and water from their
feet.

But, look! see! that big fat man has gained the shore!
As in such a swim he "can't be beat,"
And nearer, dittier, comes a dozen more,—
But, crackle! only hear "these waters" roar!

Ah! then there was hurrying to and fro,
And cheeks all red with blushings of distress,
And hoots all mud, which but an hour ago
Shone in all their bright, black loveliness.
And there were sudden stampings,—brushings of the dress
But have our "Woburn fathers" seen the mess?
Perchance if they would look, t'would widely ope their
eyes!

See the beauties of the spot. Who would guess
To such a *Pleasant street* such an awful pond could rise?
Woburn, March, 1852. SMILE.

WEEKLY SUMMARY.

This has been a cold and disagreeable week, with snow storms and high winds.—The King of Wurtemburg has awarded the State medal to Prof. Morse, for the American Telegraph. This is the third crowned head in Europe who has conferred that honor on our country.—In Pitcairn's Island, the women are allowed to vote; it is said they are a happy people.—The convention to try Bishop Doane, met at Burlington, New Jersey, last week, and decided that the investigation ought not to take place. Judge Judson, of the United States District Court, in New York, committed Dr. Burnett, for refusing to answer as a witness against the Cuban expeditors, now on trial in New York.—Mr. Lawrence, the American Minister, and Mrs. Lawrence, dined with Queen Victoria on the 2d. We hope they had a good dinner.—The whole number of criminal prosecutions in this State, last year, is 4970,—convictions, 2108—the amount of costs \$71,078 18.—West Cambridge has voted to build a new Town Hall.—Engine Company, No. 1, of Somerville, have challenged Engine Company, No. 3, of Cambridge, to a trial of skill on Feb. Day.—The past winter was the coldest since 1838.—It is proposed to build a monument to the Pilgrims, at Plymouth Rock, and Mr. A. Jackson has offered a lot near the Rock, valued at \$1200, to erect it on; it should be built.—The supposed incendiary who set the barns on fire, at South Reading, has been arrested.—Deaths in Boston, last week, 64, of which 41 were foreigners.—A bill is reported in the House, incorporating the Winchester Gas Light Co.—5,150,641 pounds of maple sugar are made annually in Vermont.—A man in New York is undertaking to walk 1050 miles in the same number of half-hours, and has finished 570 miles, and still progressing.—Deaths in New York city, the last week, 405.—The annexation excitement continues in Roxbury.—117 clergymen in Philadelphia have signed a petition for the Maine Liquor Law.—300 inmates of the Charlestown State Prison have signed a petition for the Maine Law.—Essex County is the most densely populated County of its size in the United States, it has 323 inhabitants to a square mile.—7,984,057 persons were carried on railroads in the United States last year,—about 86 killed and 47 injured.—The State Treasurer gives notice, that the money constituting the school and sinking funds, will be loaned to cities and towns for two years, or more, at 6 per cent. interest.—The shilling lectures in New York have been very successful.—Gerrit Smith, the reformer of New York, has given to the poor, within a few years, 175,000 acres of land, and \$30,000 to those who have settled on them; these are acts, as well as professions.—About 200 men assembled at the Russell House, in Charles-town, last week, to draw a lottery, the prizes consisted of jewelry, furniture, &c.; the police made their appearance, and arrested three of the principal men. They gave bail in \$3000 each, for trial at the Court of Common Pleas, Concord, in June.—Washington Village, in Dorchester, wants to be annexed to Boston. There is a live horse in New York, with a living snake or eel, three inches long, moving in his eye. We don't vouch for the truth of this.—There has been very heavy freshets at the West, which has destroyed large amounts of property. The docks and cellars in Albany were overflowed.—Shade Tree Societies are becoming very popular. East Boston is making a strong effort to have one, every town should have one.—Kossuth has gone to New Orleans.—See Ocean Steamer left New York last Saturday, for Europe and California, all full of passengers. Fulton should have seen that great and glorious sight.—Measures are taking to erect a monument to the Indian Chief 'Red Jacket,' in Buffalo. They are closing the liquor saloons, on the Sabbath, in the city of Hudson.—36 drunks were taken to the lock-up in Boston last Saturday and Sunday nights. What a horrible state of morals.—Travellers can reach Cincinnati from New York in forty hours, via Erie Railroad, Lake Erie, and Central Railroad. This is the power of steam.—The population of Toronto, Upper Canada, is 30,760. The committee in Congress, on the other subject, have reported in favor of Dr. Morton, of Boston, giving him one hundred thousand dollars for the discovery.—Entry thieves are

plenty about these days. Strolling peddlars should be watched.—They can't get a Mayor in Lynn; they are to have a third trial soon.

—A lot of land, in the upper part of New York city, containing 1000 lots, which thirty years since cost \$4400, was sold at auction last week, and realized the sum of \$800,000. That was a fair price.—The "Maine Law" has passed the Minnesota Legislature, with a proviso submitting it to the people.—629 deaths in Lowell the last year. The population of Lowell is about 35,000.—The Tremont House, in Boston, is offered for sale.—The city government of Salem was organized on Monday.—Charles W. Upham as Mayor.—Marblehead is increasing in new fishing vessels. This ancient town has reared many eminent men, who began the world in a fishing smack.—Many of the pear and peach buds are said to be blasted, owing to the severe winter.—303 legal voters of Charlestown have petitioned for the "Ten Hour Law."

—80 California passengers have returned to Philadelphia, who purchased the worthless tickets of Palmer & Co., New York.—The City Council of Boston propose to sell the "Faneuil Hall Market."—The Atlanta Railroad Bank, in Georgia, has been robbed of \$20,000.—Messrs. Hubbell & Co.'s Olympic Circus is supposed to be lost at sea.—The last news from Europe is not of much importance. France is quiet, and trade improving. England is engaged in speculations about the new ministry. Money was very abundant, and matters generally quiet.—The latest news from California is encouraging,—new discoveries of gold almost daily.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

On Monday next, the Institute will commence in our town, a notice of which will be found under "Special Notices." We hope these meetings will be fully attended, and that our citizens generally, who can make it convenient, will show their hospitality by inviting the strangers who may attend, to their houses.

We think any one will be amply repaid for attending the lectures that may be given, both in the actual knowledge they may gain, and in the new interest they may feel in the matter of public schools. Persons sometimes complain about school taxes, school improvements in ventilation, scholars' comforts, &c., but it must be through ignorance of the value of schools, and of the vast importance of perfecting our admirable school system. In no way can we better get an idea of the progress in schools, than by occasionally looking in to these Institutes.

Typo. We are obliged for a copy of the last Report of the "Female Moral Education Society," Boston, from which we gather that the Society is in a prosperous condition, and also learn that they are accomplishing a good work in educating females as physicians. The object of this Society is one that commends itself to the attention of every friend of female education, and one that has awakened a strong interest in its favor, and we learn that they have now three thousand annual members, at one dollar a year. Persons in our midst, who would like to aid the operations of this excellent and worthy Society by becoming members, can do so by applying to or addressing Samuel Gregory, Secretary, Boston.

Reward.—Engine Company, No. 1, have had a meeting, and concluded to offer a reward of seventy-five dollars for the rogue who removed the nuts from the wheels of their engine. We like the spirit manifested by them on this occasion, and hope they will be successful in finding the person who did the mischief. We hope the day is not far distant when this company will have a "brain new tub," so that they can show as good fight as any of our neighbors. We like to see economy in all town affairs, but in such matters as this, *liberality in economy, town votes, &c.* to the contrary, notwithstanding.

Typo. We have received several suggestions about a "Hook and Ladder Company," and there can be no doubt but what if we had a company, equipped and manned "according to law," it would be an excellent thing. At any rate, the matter is worth considering.

Typo. In another column, Mr. D. H. Whitney, of New York, offers his services as a lawyer. Should any of our readers require the services of a good attorney in New York, they cannot do better than employ our talented New York correspondent.

Typo. Dr. Jewett was in town last Tuesday night, and lectured on the "Maine Law," &c. The Doctor is one of those matter-of-fact men who always speaks to the purpose, and he appeared to be pretty well posted up the other night in regard to his favorite topic.

The BARKER FAMILY.—gave quite an interesting entertainment last Tuesday night, and the audience seemed quite pleased with their music. The pieces were well selected, and given with taste, and we should call them quite a talented family.

Sears' New Work on China.—Mr. Alfred Adams, of Maryland, is in town obtaining subscribers to Sears' New Work. It is a most splendid one, and we recommend to our readers this new and valuable work.

Typo. The "Living Age" is always welcome, and comes to us regularly, with its pages full of useful matter. We wish all our readers could take it. They can find it at Fowle's bookstore.

Typo. Bonaparte's house, at Longwood, St. Helena, is now a barn; the room he died in is a stable; and, where the imperial body lay in state, may be found a machine for grinding corn.

Typo. We call attention to the article on the High School, in another column. It is from the pen of one who understands the subject fully.

THAT "OYSTER SUPPER."

"Veto Engine Co., No. 2," of North Woburn, gave a grand "oyster supper" at their hall, last Saturday evening, and the "Veto" boys and a few invited guests—*ourselves* among the lucky number—sat down to the feast with a determination to fully discuss the merits of the "hasty plate of soup." And such oysters, Mr. Editor! But they must be eaten, to be appreciated; and the manner in which they disappeared before the appetites of the company, must be considered a great compliment to the "chief cook." After all the "goodies" had been attended to, and had disappeared into the "hasty plate of soup." And such oysters, Mr. Editor! But they must be eaten, to be appreciated; and the manner in which they disappeared before the appetites of the company, must be considered a great compliment to the "chief cook." After all the "goodies" had been attended to, and had disappeared into the "hasty plate of soup." And such oysters, Mr. Editor! 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WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852.

Written for the Journal.

HIGH SCHOOL.

MR. EDITOR:—The question is always raised, whenever the subject of a High School is under consideration, whether the town of Woburn is required by law to establish and maintain such a school. It is asserted that we have not four thousand inhabitants, and that the law does not demand the establishment of a High School without that number. What, then, is the law, relative to this subject? Are we required by it to open a school for the benefit of the whole town, or may we rest quietly yet a little longer? If your readers will refer to Chap. 23d., Sect. 5th, of the Revised Statutes, they will find the law in the following words:

Woburn, March 20, 1852. CIVIS.

LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1852.

FRIEND FOWLE:—In my last letter I advised you that I thought I should go the mines, but I have not as yet been able to go; there are so many attractions and curiosities here, which attracts a man's attention, that time passes very quick, and as I am determined to see and learn all I can before I make up my mind as what I shall do, I am in no hurry about the mines. There are parties arriving here from different parts, with news of fresh discoveries of gold, and I do not see that there is any end to the "gold diggings." I find many old acquaintances here. Some who have been in better circumstances at home, have come out here, and by a foolish course of life lost all they had, and ruined their health, and are now obliged to do menial labor to get a living.

Society, at the first settlement of California, was composed of an irregular assortment of human beings. They had little character, and were desperate adventurers, and gold was so easily obtained at first that they became nearly crazy with excitement, and did not value the gold because it was so easily got. They spent it freely in all sorts of dissipation, and of course became lawless, and all the furious passions of human nature had free scope, and villains of all nations and colors took advantage of these loose state of things, and made California almost a den of thieves and robbers. Our Public Committee soon brought matters to a better bearing, and society and morals are becoming much better; but even now, crimes and dissipation stalk in our streets. This city is filled with men of all sorts of occupations. We have our "loafers," who won't work; we have gentlemen even here, who quietly sit down and expect gold to drop in their laps; we have thieves and robbers, and we have a large number of first-rate men, and those who will eventually, with other like emigrants, purify the city of those rascals who live by plunder. We must have more stringent laws. For the last week there has been a talk of reorganizing the "Vigilant Committee," but I hope we shall not need them.

The emigration from old Massachusetts is wonderful, and Boston is sending her clipper ships, fully loaded with Yankee notions and passengers. Foreigners are perfectly astonished at our ships, and wonder how the Yankees can build them to sail so fast. Our market is well stocked with all kinds of goods, and there must be heavy losses on them. The "Quartz Rock Companies" are doing the best, at present; some companies have realized from \$400 to \$450 per ton. I have become interested in two of them, and intend to send some shares to Boston for sale. I am more satisfied every day of what California will be, and the time is not far distant when she will command a noble position amongst the States. Our new Governor is a statesman—is popular—and is sound on the "Union." California is fast coming out of the woods.

In agriculture, we are making a good beginning. Amongst the emigrants now coming are many farmers, who are able and industrious. The lands are good and easy of tillage. Gov. Bigler, in a special message, gives the quantity of arable lands at twenty million acres, and there is not a single mining county which has not superior arable lands. We shall soon be raising wool for your manufacturers. The sides of the Sierra Mountains are capable of raising sufficient wool for your markets. I find many letters in the papers sent me, written from California, discouraging emigrants from coming here, and giving sad pictures of living and prospects. The authors of these letters have doubtless seen hard times, and they still remain in the same swamps. I have witnessed many of these scenes, and could possibly write a gloomy letter, but there are always two sides in the matter. I have never found any difficulty here in good living, and good company, and good prospects. I avoid the opposite, and therefore see plainer what this country will be, and what it must be. I do not advise people to come here for a reckless course of life—they will pay dear if they do, as thousands have done; nor do I think a man can get rich here without labor, but I do say, that ere many years California will be one of the greatest States in this Union.

Our friend L. B. is here, in good health, and getting rich, by industry and perseverance. We often talk of absent friends; we feel their loss, and hope to gather up some gold, and then we will pay you a visit. I think I shall go to the mines soon, and may pen you a few lines from the mountains.

Yours, A. S.

AN infant girl, 13 months old, named Adelia Bannier, died in New York from a singular cause, as reported by the Coroner's jury, will not this be almost sure to turn the scale in making his choice, and bring him among us? Such are the men we want. Such are the men who will prove an honor to the town. A few such have already established their

homes with us. They are men who cheerfully put their shoulders to the wheel, and lend their aid to every worthy object. Let us seek to allure others here, like them, and find that we are richer by what we give.

Let our citizens act wisely, then, in reference to a High School. Let every step be taken that none shall need to be retraced. Let the School be what the intelligent framers of the statute contemplated. And when established, let it be cherished and guarded with unceasing vigilance, that it fail not of accomplishing all that its warmest friends hope for it—the intellectual and moral elevation of the youth educated in it.

Woburn, March 20, 1852. CIVIS.

Written for the Journal.

TREES.

A Tree Association was formed a few years since, in Beverly, and has been able to prosecute, with abundant success, its object, which was as follows:—

To set trees on the public avenues, as ornaments, and for shade.

To those persons owning the land, all or a part of the expenses were paid, and those unable and unwilling to incur the expense, the Association paying for them, provided they set them out. It was provided two lectures should be given, during the season on the subject of trees, and transplanting the same.

The funds were raised by the tax of \$1 for each member, a year, and by liberal subscriptions of the friends of the object.

The Beverly Association have purchased and set out about three hundred trees.

With respect,

Woburn, March 1852. A. R.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—The hay scales seem to be a public mark. I must have a shot. Why is that fence like a town pauper? Because they are both *boarded* at the public expense.

M.

Written for the Journal.

MR. EDITOR:—For the amusement of your young readers, I send you the following conundrums, and request answers:—

Why are teeth like verbs?
Why is Constantinople like a gizard?
Why is a blacksmith's apron like the gate of a convent?

Woburn, March, 1852. F.

ANSWER TO "J. L. M.'S" ENIGMA.

S. finds a constant dwelling-place,
I—every heart of the human race.
N—ever may you touch the drunkard's bowl,
G—is "kills the body and the soul."
S—is the cause of every crime,
I—in every station, age, and clime.
N—was England's son, to Morse akin,
G—s to the South her Cotton-Gin.

Winchester, Mar. 1852. S.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 11, 12, 13, is an agricultural implement.
9, 2, 2, is a public resort.

1, 2, 2, 1, 3, is used by gentlemen.
5, 9, 2, 1, is the name of a lady.
5, 9, 2, is a useful article.
5, 9, 8, 8, is a nickname.
5, 6, 2, is an equivocation.
4, 9, 2, 3, is an imported article.
14, 13, 2, is a bright luminary.

My whole is much desired in Woburn.
Woburn, March, 1852. MARY.

Written for the Journal.

AN ENIGMA.

I am composed of 6 letters.
My 6, 4, 5, is a kind of liquor.

2, 4, 5, is a very useful article.
1, 4, 3, is a word of respect.

My whole is something which all are glad to see.

Woburn, March, 1852. SCHOOLBOY.

The answer to "J. L. M.'s" enigma is "Sing Sing," and it has been answered by "Schoolboy" and "J. A. C. R." East Woburn.

AN man has ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notice.

The citizens of Woburn & vicinity, are invited to attend the meetings of the TEACHERS' INSTITUTE, to be held at the UNITARIAN CHURCH, in this town, on MONDAY, March 29th, and continuing day and evening until Saturday noon of the same week.

Pen order of the Committee of Arrangements, Woburn, March 27, 1852.

Teachers' Institute.

Arrangements have been made for holding a TEACHERS' INSTITUTE in the town of WOBURN, in the County of Middlesex, to commence on MONDAY, the 29th of March, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and to continue until the afternoon of Saturday, of the same week. The following regular meetings will be held:

All applicants must present themselves punctually at the time specified for the meeting.

2. The Institute is designed for those who are teachers in Public Schools in Massachusetts, who have a reasonable prospect of becoming, within a year from the time of which this Institute shall be held.

3. Each applicant must come provided with a Bible, Pen, Ink, Paper, a Dictionary, and a blank book for taking notes.

The expense of instruction, Lectures, Room, Lights, &c. &c. is defrayed by the Committee, and the superintendence and government of the Institute is placed by the Board of Education in the hands of its secretaries.

School Committees, and all the friends of Common Schools, are respectfully and earnestly requested to render such aid as may seem to them proper, and just, to facilitate the attendance of the members of the Institute.

BARNABAS SEARS, Secretary of the Board of Education, Boston, Feb. 28, 1852. mar 6 ff

97 Fowle & Wells, PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS, assisted by Mr. D. P. Butler, have opened a Cabinet and Bookstore in Boston, No. 142 Washington Street, where professional examinations, with charts or written descriptions of character, may be obtained.

Books on Phrenology, Physiology, Hydropathy, and Phonography, for sale. AGENTS and Booksellers supplied on the most liberal terms. Jan 24 2m

MARRIAGES.

In Salem, 23d inst., by Rev. Luman Boyden, Mr. Chas. P. Saunders to Miss Harriet C. Parrott. In Lowell, 23d inst., Mr. Josiah L. Frost to Miss Maria J. Frost, both of West Cambridge.

DEATHS.

In this town, Feb. 25th, Emma S., daughter of John and Selina Shepherd, 2 yrs., 8 mos.

At Mauch Chunk, Penn., 23d inst., Mr. Benjamin L. Cutler, of this town, 23 yrs. [The deceased will be buried from his father's house this (Saturday) afternoon, at 3 o'clock.] Friends are invited to attend without a funeral service.

In Medford, 23d inst., Martha Edwards, wife of Mr. Francis E. Foster, and youngest child of Gilbert Blanchard, Esq., 34.

At his residence, corner of Salem and Main streets, Charlestown, Joseph Small, 22, formerly of Portland, Me.

AN infant girl, 13 months old, named Adelia Bannier, died in New York from a singular cause, as reported by the Coroner's jury, that of holding the breath in crying, so that she could not recover it again.

Gold is the god, the wife, the friend, and the money-monger of the world.

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TOWN WARRANT.

To either of the Constables of the Town of Woburn, in the County of Middlesex, Greeting:

I, you are hereby required to notify and warn the inhabitants of the said town of Woburn, qualified to vote in said town, in the name of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, on MONDAY, the 27th of April next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to meet at the Town Clerk's office, to act on the following articles, viz:—

Art. 1st. To choose a Moderator to preside in said meeting.

Art. 2d. To bring in their votes for a County Treasurer for the County of Middlesex.

Art. 3d. To hear and act upon the Report of the Special School Committee.

Art. 4th. To see if the town will instruct the Highway Surveyor to grade Clinton street.

Art. 5th. To see if the town will do anything in relation to a Fire Department.

Art. 6th. To see what the town will do with the Bay Bridge.

Art. 7th. To see if the town will do anything in relation to the Town Meeting.

Art. 8th. To see what the town will take on the petition of J. Coolidge Richardson, for a road from Woburn street to his house.

And you are directed to serve this warrant, by posting up copies in the public meeting-houses, and each railroad depot in town, and by publishing in the Woburn Journal, seven days, at least, before the time of holding said meeting.

Heredot not, and make due return of this warrant, with the time of meeting aforesaid.

Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-fourth day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifteen.

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Given under our hands at Woburn, this twenty-four

WOBURN JOURNAL, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1852.

POETRY.

Written for the Journal
A BIRD.

The following incident is mentioned in the "Life of Columbus":—

Brightly the morning sun arose,
And gilded with his dazzling light
Each hill, and tower, and opening rose,
So lately shaded by the night.

A gallant ship was sailing on,
Far o'er the deep and sparkling seas;
The golden cross in sunlight shone,
And waving banners caught the breeze.

Brave joyous hearts were on that deck,
Who watched with eager, longing eyes,
Until the promised land of wealth,
Before their sight, should lovely rise.

For He who led them forth, of realms
Beyond the foaming wave had told—
Of riches and of treasures vast—
Where e'en the very dust was gold.

With hearts of hope they voyaged on,
For many a long and weary day,
Around them was the trackless sea,
Yet still they kept their onward way.

Soon into murmuring changed their joy,
"It was too much," they sadly said,
"To follow thus a dreamer vain,
And by a madman to be led."

"Why have we left our sunny homes,
Forsook all to follow thee?
We will return, and thou shalt die,
Or lead us back beyond the sea."

Perplexed, but yet not in despair,
Columbus asked but three days more,
And then he said, "I will return,
If still unseen the promised shore."

The eve came on, and all around
The moon's resplendent light was spread—
Upon the wave, and that lone bark,
Her mild soft rays were shed.

But gloomily on it they gazed,
And heard the dashing of the wave,
And cursed the fate that lead them on,
To perish in a watery grave.

Morn came, and found them all as gay,
As when they first had sought the land
Of boundless wealth and treasure vast,
A sunny glorious strand!

Twas but a bird's sweet plaintive song,
Filling with melody the air,
That all those aching hearts had soothed,
And won them from despair.

M. Charlestown, Feb., 1851.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO PREVENT THE CROUP.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Mirror, a medical practitioner, in an article on this subject, says:—

"The prominent symptom of croup is a shrill, sonorous cough. The patient is not sick—has no fever, as often in a common cold—is lively, perhaps even gayer than usual; his hands are cold, his face not flushed, possibly a shade paler than usual. The solitary symptom may last for a few days, with no material increase or abatement, and without attracting any notice; suddenly, however, the disease, hitherto latent, bursts forth in all its fatal fury, and too often continues its ravages unchecked, to the dreadful consummation. The remedies for this symptom of croup are simple, and in most instances perfectly efficient. They are: a mustard poultice, or a strip of flannel dipped in oil of turpentine, or spirits of hartshorn, applied to the throat, and nauseating doses of Hives' syrup to be continued as long as the cough remains. By this timely employment of mild agents, I毫不犹豫ly assert that a multitude of lives might be saved every week that are now lost through negligence and delay."

"As I was going," said an Irishman, "over Westminster Bridge the other day, I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, I thank you, Donley,' says he. 'Says I, 'that's not my name,'—'Faith, no more is my name Hewins,' says he. So we looked at each other, and faith it turned out to be neither of us."

BLACK TEA.—As soon as the leaf-bud begins to expand, it is gathered to make Pekoe. A few days' later growth produces what is here called Black-leaved Pekoe. The next picking constitutes Souchong; as the leaves grow larger and more mature, they form Congou; and the last and latest picking is Bohea.

MELANCHOLY.—Mother, send me for the doctor.'

"Why my son?"
"Cause that man in the parlor is going to die—he said he would if sister Jane would not marry him—and Jane said she wouldn't."

A fellow out West recently told the bookseller that he had understood that Shakespeare was "a pretty smart writer," and if he would give him a copy of his writing, he would try to bring them to notice among his neighbors.

Franklin says if every man and woman would work four hours a day at something useful, want and misery would be banished from the world, and the remaining portion of the twenty-four hours might be leisure and pleasure.

Estimating the surface of the body of a middle-sized man to be sixteen square feet, it must contain not fewer than 2,304,000 pores. These pores are the mouths of so many vessels which perform the office of insensible perspiration.

STANZAS.

Come not when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
There let the winds weep, and the plover cry;
But go then by!

Child, if it were thin error or thy crime,
I care no longer, being all unblest;
Wed whom thou wilt; but I am sick of time,
And I desire to rest.
Pass on, weak heart, and leave me where I lie.
Go by—go by!

The grave is indeed hallowed when the grass of the churchyard can cover all memory, save that love. We dwell on every good gift of the lost one as though no unworthy thought could cross that little mound of earth—the barrier between two worlds.

Punch recommends, as a sure preventive of railway collisions, that each train has one of the directors securely fastened in a neat iron chair, placed directly in front of the locomotive.

"My friend has great reverence for the truth," said a baronet to a gentleman. "So I perceive," was the reply; "for he always keeps a respectable distance from it."

It is not the height to which men are advanced that makes them giddy; it is the looking down with contempt upon those beneath.

Who was the first unfortunate spectator? Jonah, for he was "sucked in."

AGRICULTURE.

"He who by the Plough would thrive,
Himself must either toil or drive."

GARDENER'S WORK FOR MARCH.

In New England we are generally precluded by frosts from the culture both of our gardens and fields from the middle of December to the middle of March, and often from the first of December to the first of April.

RHUBARB AND SEA-KALE.

The season has arrived when to commence the forcing and blanching of these fine garden productions. Put three or four barrels, divested of one head, or having no head, over so many stools of rhubarb, (pie plant,) and surround and cover them with recent stable or horse dung. The heat generated by the fermentation of the manure will cause the plants to grow vigorously, and in from 14 to 20 days they will have reached the top of the cask, when the stocks may be taken off for pies and tarts.

Sea Kale may be forced in the same way, taking small boxes, pots or kegs, to place over the plants, and taking care not to give too much heat. To blanch only, the stools should be covered with close pots, or with a small pyramid of sand. The rhubarb requires a rich soil. The sea kale is finest upon a light sand, without manure.—*Genesee Farmer.*

BROOM-CORN.

Charles Thompson, the Secretary of Congress, said he well remembered the circumstance of the first introduction of broom-corn into our country. Dr. B. Franklin chanced to see an impaled corn whisk in the possession of a lady, and while examining it as a novelty, he espied a grain of it still attached to the stalk. This he took and planted, and so at length we have got it in abundance among us.

The yellow willow among us was introduced from a similar accident, as told me by T. Mattack, Mrs. D. Logan, and Samuel Coates. All in our state came originally from some wicker-work found sprouting in a basket-state in dock creek. It was seen by Dr. Franklin, who took it out and gave the cuttings to Charles Norris of that day, who reared them at the grounds, now the site of the Bank of the United States, where they grew to great stature.—*Watson's Annals.*

BOOK AGENTS WANTED.

TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE,

AND TO THE FRIENDS OF OUR FREE INSTITUTIONS

GENERALLY.

THE SCIENCE OF GOVERNMENT,

and Compend of the Constitutional and Civil

JURISPRUDENCE OF THE UNITED STATES,

WITH A BRIEF

TREATISE ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

BY ANDREW W. YOUNG.

Twenty-fifth Edition.

The subjects embraced in the above entitled work, are:

I. The Principles of Government, in which are illustrated the nature, objects, and fundamental principles of Civil Government and Laws.

The Government of the United States, comprising the Constitution, the Federal and State, the nature and design of its several provisions, as expressed by the framers; and an abstract of the laws for carrying into effect the powers of the General Government, and organizing its several departments.

The Civil Government of the United States, including an abstract of the common law of the country, prescribing the rights, duties and responsibilities of citizens in the domestic and social relations.

IV. Political or Public Economy, in which the elementary principles of this science are familiarly explained.

While the interests of Education are deservedly receiving much attention, it is not a little remarkable that the Science of Government has hitherto been so generally neglected.

The knowledge of our Constitutional and Civil Jurisprudence can scarcely be too highly estimated. The very idea of free government, pre-supposes the knowledge, without it people cannot know how to govern. The elective franchise is valuable only as it is exercised intelligently.

Questions of public policy, not merely affecting the common interests of our country, but involving constitutional principles, and even liberty itself, are not frequently decided at the ballot box. Yet multitudes of our citizens are disposed to exercise the prerogative of freedom, and know not the true and safe way to do it.

The Civil Government of the United States is the most delicate and highly flavored of all others, both from their full allowance of the finest grain, and the constant health in which they are kept by living in a natural state, and having the full enjoyment of air and exercise.

It is a common practice with some housewives to coop their barn door fowls for a week or two, under the notion of improving them for the table, and increasing their fatness; a

practice, however, which seldom succeeds, since the fowls generally pine for their loss of liberty, slighting their food, lose instead of gaining additional flesh, the period being too short for them to become accustomed to confinement.

Sandy gravel and a little lime rubbish should be placed where they can be always accessible to fowls, and often changed. Small bits of charcoal, it is also said, will be swallowed by poultry, and prove beneficial to them. A sufficient number of troughs, for both water and food should be placed around, that the stock may feed with as little interruption as possible from each other, and perches for roosting on the same proportion should be furnished for those birds, which are inclined to roost aloft, which few of them will desire after they have begun to fatten, but which helps to keep them easy and contented till that period. By this mode fowls may be fattened to the highest pitch, and yet preserved in healthy state, their flesh being equal in quality to that of the barn-door fowl.

Barley and wheat are the great dependence for chicken poultry; oats will do for full grown hens and cocks, but are not so good as barley; both, when they have their fill of corn will eat occasionally cabbage or beet leaves. Steamed potatoes and oat meal mixed together make an excellent mess, but must not be given in great quantities, otherwise they render the flesh soft and flabby.

The dung of poultry, which is exceedingly rich, should be carefully saved for use, and the turf of any enclosure in which they may be kept, occasionally pared off for mixing with compost. A little molasses, or any other saccharine substance is very useful to mix with the food of poultry, which it is intended to fatten. Perhaps it might be well to boil a proportion of beets, carrots, parsnips, ripe and sweet pumpkins, cornstalks cut fine, sweet apples, or any other sweet vegetable substances with potatoes, for food for poultry which it is wished to fatten.

RHUBARB AND SEA-KALE.

The season has arrived when to commence the forcing and blanching of these fine garden productions. Put three or four barrels, divested of one head, or having no head, over so many stools of rhubarb, (pie plant,) and surround and cover them with recent stable or horse dung. The heat generated by the fermentation of the manure will cause the plants to grow vigorously, and in from 14 to 20 days they will have reached the top of the cask, when the stocks may be taken off for pies and tarts.

Sea Kale may be forced in the same way, taking small boxes, pots or kegs, to place over the plants, and taking care not to give too much heat. To blanch only, the stools should be covered with close pots, or with a small pyramid of sand. The rhubarb requires a rich soil. The sea kale is finest upon a light sand, without manure.—*Genesee Farmer.*

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